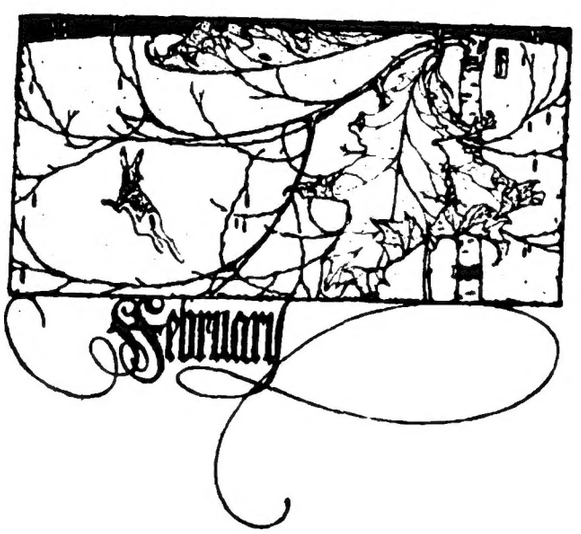

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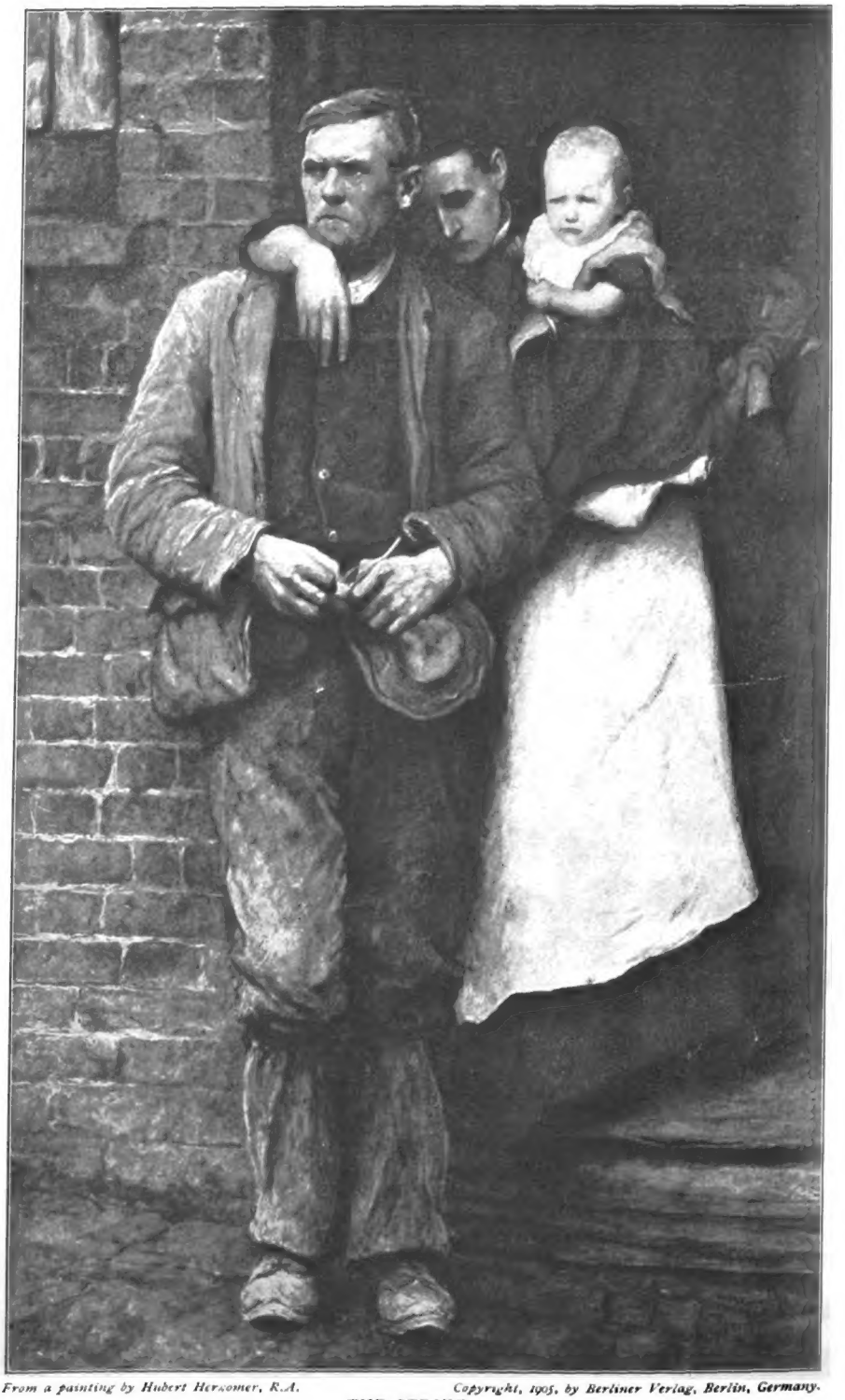

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THE STRIKE.

The ideal of the "Soldiers of the Common Good"—Mr. Charles E. Russell's inspiring series—is the hastening of the day when no painter may find a subject like this.

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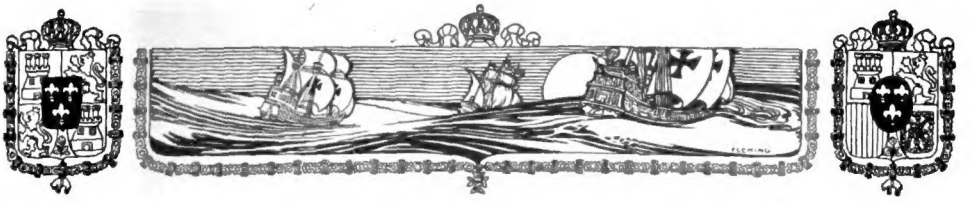
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV. FEBRUARY, 1906. No. 2.



His Majesty, the King of Spain

By VANCE THOMPSON

Illustrated with Photographs

I

IT was midday in Madrid; the Seventeenth of May, 1886; in the streets and great gray squares about the palace, throngs of people awaited the cannon-shot which should announce the birth of the posthumous child of the dead king, Alfonso XII, and Marie-Christine, "the Austrian." According to tradition, sixteen guns would be fired for a princess-royal and for a king a salute of twenty-one guns. Suddenly the cannon thundered. One, two, three—at the seventeenth gun the crowd broke into wild cheers and cries of "*Viva el rey!*" The king had come to his own.

Inside the palace, in the great hall, the dignitaries waited; old Sagasta, the president of the council, was there, the minister of justice, senators, deputies, ambassadors from all the courts of Europe, knights of the Golden Fleece, grandees and captains-general; to them came the great Duchess of Medina de las Torres, bearing on a golden dish the little naked king. "*Viva el rey!*" A little later they chose a name for him. The queen insisted he should be named after his father, and so—in spite of the old superstition—he became the thirteenth Alfonso. And the newborn king was solemnly consecrated to the Virgin at the Convent of Our Lady of Antocha; then they gave him back to his nurse, Raymunda. Not in many a day had there come so young a king to power. In Spain nine men out of ten are republicans; but the coming of the baby king put off the republic indefinitely—none had the heart to rob this baby of his crown. And when he was a year old he presided at the opening session of the Cortes. It was ludicrous, if you will; these old statesmen grouped for deliberation round a baby cooing in a chair of state; but the spectacle reestablished royalty in Spain and in the hearts of the Spanish people. When he was two years old he gave a garden-party to 12,000 school-children—a very, very small king in a white frock and a straw hat. His mother called him "Bubi." And the affectionate nickname went its way over Spain. In a little while the play-days were over. They taught him that he was the heir of Ferdinand and Philip and many another. He was about six when a friendly old grandee tapped him on the cheek and said:

"How are you, Bubi?"

"Bubi!" little royalty cried indignantly; "*no, no! Io so el re!*"

I am the king; from that time he took up

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THE KING AND OFFICERS OF THE PALACE GUARD, ALL OF WHOM ARE NOBLES.

the business of royalty, which is a trade like any other and not to be acquired without hard work. Tutors were gathered from half over Europe. They taught him many things—foreign languages, which he picked up readily; the sciences of the day, piano-playing, and, notably, the business of the soldier. From morning until night the lessons went on. The little king had no time to get into mischief.

These were the things I knew about His Majesty—things any one might know—when I went to Spain in 1896. I had been spending the summer at Biarritz and I crossed over to San Sebastian with a good Jesuit friend of mine. We drove out to the little red brick château of Miramar, where the queen-regent and the young king were staying. And the recollection I have is that of a small and taciturn boy—an ugly, sad little boy—standing by his mother's side. He was dressed in a sailor suit; and, with his long legs, his close-clipped hair, and lank face, was as dreary-looking a little king as you can imagine. In those days his health was very bad. No one thought he would live many years. But he was schooled into health and wisdom. Six years later he was crowned.

"May God reward me if I keep my oath; and if ever I break it, may He destroy me," he said, and they set him on the throne—the youngest monarch in the civilized world. I did not go to the coronation, but a year later I was one of those foolish folk who raced to Madrid in automobiles—a race wherein many were killed. We were to have been received by His Majesty, but the gloom of death was over everything. Though the projected gaieties were given over, Madrid could not do without its bull-fight. And there, in his royal box, I saw the king for the second time. The gloomy child had grown into a bonny youth. He was slim, supple, tall. It would have been flattery to call him good-looking. A nose long and thick and curved—a more than Bourbon nose; the heavy chin and protruding lower lip of the Hapsburgs; the eyes large and dark and bright; the skin, too, dark in the Spanish way—he was distinguished, remarkable, peculiar. And with all that, he was as vivacious, as frank and jolly as a college boy at a football game. He had the true Spaniard's enthusiasm for the bloody sport of the *corrida de toros*. It was easy to see why this big, natural, enthusiastic boy should be popular. In fact, Alfonso has the first requisite of a king: he understands his people—sympathizes with them and likes them. He cares nothing for royal etiquette. In Madrid he goes about as freely and familiarly as any other citizen. The afternoon of which I write, as he rode home from the bull-fight, a student jumped on the carriage step and handed him a bunch of roses.

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"Here, take these, Don Alfonso."

And the king took them, smiling.

Holy Friday, when he came from the church of the Knights of Calatrava, he sent away his escort and went home afoot through the crowd, talking first with one and then another of his subjects. More recently at Barcelona he visited one of the suburbs—a crowded slum of labor and discontent. As Barcelona is the center of the anarchistic movement in Spain, the police had taken great precautions and their uniformed men lined the street. When the king came up he ordered them to send away all the guards. The officials, who were responsible for his safety, protested.

"Come, come," said Alfonso, "order of the king."

And, unguarded, he passed through the crowd of working men, of unemployed, of revolutionaries. They had been sullen enough before, but they responded to his frank trust in them with courtesy and cheers. So he fills the difficult rôle of a modern king. Not many months ago, you remember, the Madrid reservoirs burst. It was a terrible catastrophe in which many were killed and many injured. The king, riding a swift horse, was one of the first to reach the place of disaster. There, too, he did all that could be done to aid the wounded and organize the work of rescue. Then he rode back to the palace, where it was his duty to preside at a ministerial council. When he had taken his seat at the head of the table, the Minister of the Interior rose, pompous and dolorous.

"Sire," he said, "it is my sad duty to inform you that this morning a terrible accident——"

"Never mind," said the king; "I was there."

To other royal qualities, you see, he adds a sense of humor.

II

In Madrid every one knows that the king rises at seven o'clock, winter and summer. So soon as he has said his prayers—he is very strict in his religious observances—he goes to the little breakfast-room where the queen awaits him. His early breakfast is always the same; it consists of boiled eggs, toast, and chocolate. After a short chat with his mother, he retires to his study. The greater part of the morning is given up to affairs of state. Two hours he spends in study. French and German he has spoken well since he was a child; now he is acquiring English and Italian. Every morning some one of the professors of the University of Madrid passes an hour with him. It may be Santa Maria de Paredes who instructs him in law; or Brieva, in history; or Arrilaya, in natural science; or Merry del Val—a brother of the cardinal—in English literature. Now and then he goes to the law school, takes a seat among the students, and listens to a lecture. One day the Deputy Azcarate lectured on the superior advantages of the republican form of government. When the lecture was finished the king went up to him, smiling, and shook hands.

THE KING OF SPAIN IN HIS UNIFORM OF AN ADMIRAL AND THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

"Accept my congratulations," he said, "but you know, professor—every man for his own trade."

Luncheon is at noon, and the rest of the day is the king's own. In the historic phrase, *le*

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roi s'amuse. More than any other king he is a sportsman and a lover of the open air. He is a skilled gymnast and keeps up his work in the gymnasium. That fine French sword-master M. Carbocel taught him to fence—an art at which his long, active, muscular body gives him great advantage; he has perfected his sword-play under such masters as Pini and Mérignac. Then he is a capital horseman. He rode before he walked—hoisted on the back of a fat, gray Andalusian pony. Near the royal domain of Rio Frio he has built a private track, with water-jumps, hedges, and hurdles, for obstacle-racing; and there are few better gentlemen jockeys in his kingdom than the king himself. Since he came to the throne the royal stables have been admirably kept up. At the last horse-show, in Madrid, two of his saddle-horses—Peter and Drum—took the blue ribbon. The royal breeding-farm at Aranjuez is as well equipped as any on the Continent. The king is a good whip, too, but reckless as may be. More than one accident has happened to him while speeding his blooded horses in the roads about his capital city. Once he ran over a little boy. In a moment he was down, had the child in his arms, and had carried him into a wayside inn. The child was more frightened than hurt, and the king soon brought him round. The landlord, coming in, found a tall young gentleman laughing and playing with a dirty but contented youngster.

"Well, you are a good fellow," he said, and slapped the young gentleman on the shoulder in friendly approval.

And the king was delighted. He gave his purse to the urchin and told the old landlord: "Hereafter you must call your wine-shop the King's Tavern."

Like every one else, Alfonso has come under the spell of the automobile. It was in October, 1904, that he drove his first motor-car. To-day he is an accomplished *chauffeur*. He has fifteen automobiles, chiefly the big racing machines, for he rides for speed. His wild races on the dangerous Spanish roads are famous. Neither the queen-mother nor the anxious ministers have been able to hold him back from this sport, which he makes doubly perilous. A few weeks ago President Loubet of France was the king's guest in Madrid; when the good old gentleman came home to Paris he had not yet recovered from his startling experiences.

TUTORS TAUGHT HIM MANY THINGS, NOTABLY THE BUSINESS OF THE SOLDIER.

"If you knew what that young man made me go through," said M. Loubet; "why, it is a wonder I am alive! There was one day especially. The young king took me out in his automobile. At first, remembering all the good advice his mother had given him, he did not go very fast. But no sooner were we out of the city than he forgot all his promises. And there was my King of Spain wild as a hawk. I don't like the automobile anyway, but when it goes like a comet—" and M. Loubet shook his gray head. With all that, the royal *chauffeur* brought him back in safety to the palace. A madder exploit was his race with the *Sud*-Express, one of the fastest trains in Europe. His cousin, the Prince of the Asturias, took the train at San Sebastian for Irun. The king bade good-by to him at the station and went back to his

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THE KING AT THIRTEEN DRILLING WITH HIS BOY FRIENDS.

automobile. Then, as soon as the engine started, he set off at full speed. From the one town to the other the road runs side by side with the railway track, so during the entire race the passengers on the *Sud*-Express could see the royal automobile. The pace was tremendous, and the king won. He pulled up in front of the Irun station just a moment before the train arrived.

Of course he has had his accidents, and some of them have been serious enough. Last winter he was coming down a mountain road at his usual reckless speed, when his automobile went over. He was thrown a great distance, but landed, fortunately, head first in a snow-bank.

As for the other sports, there is hardly one in which Alfonso XIII does not excel. He swims and yachts; he plays tennis and billiards; and, of course, he shoots. The Bourbons and the Hapsburgs have always been mighty hunters before the Lord. There are immense royal preserves at Aranjuez, at the Prado and the Granja, where this son of the Bourbons hunts the deer and the wild boar with horn and hound. Young as he is, he has already killed his three bears in the mountains of Santander. Not three years ago he took to pigeon-shooting. He had the two things necessary for success in this fascinating sport—a knack of the gun and ardor. And he won the San Sebastian championship, killing twenty-two pigeons out of twenty-two and beating the champion of

THE KING AND SOME OF HIS ROYAL RELATIVES OFF FOR A PICNIC.

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THE KING'S CHUM.

multiple cigarettes, betting with the young men of his court, knocking over innumerable birds, the king takes his pleasure there day after day.

As you see, this young man leads a busy life, made up of work and study and sport—such a life as any clean-minded, spirited young man might lead. And this is what has endeared him to his people. In no monarchy was the king's majesty more hedged about with ceremony. The young king has broken it all down. His ancestors gloomed behind the curtained windows of the palace. He has gone to the people. He is part of the national life. And his frank and boyish good-fellowship has done more to make the monarchy safe

Spain, the Marquis de Villaviciosa, one of the best guns in Europe. He won 32,000 pesetas, and gave them to the poor of the town. The pigeon-shooting grounds at Madrid are behind the Casa del Campo and near the royal gardens. Smoking and the monarch himself honored than all the king's horses and all the king's men.

III

It was in 1905 that the King of Spain began his tour of the European courts. His first visit was to the French Republic. France is the classic land of hospitality, and the reception of Alfonso XIII was worthy of France.

"THOSE CONFOUNDED PHOTOGRAPHERS AGAIN!"

THE KING TAKES THE KAISER YACHTING.

Never had more minute precautions been taken for a monarch's safety. From the frontier to Paris the railway was guarded by soldiers—a man to every mile. Every bridge and tunnel was protected by police. And His Majesty came safely to Paris. As he drove from the Gare du Bois de Boulogne the city acclaimed him. The streets through which he passed rang with "Long live the king!" for the Parisians have never lost their love for royalty. And the women bombarded him with flowers.

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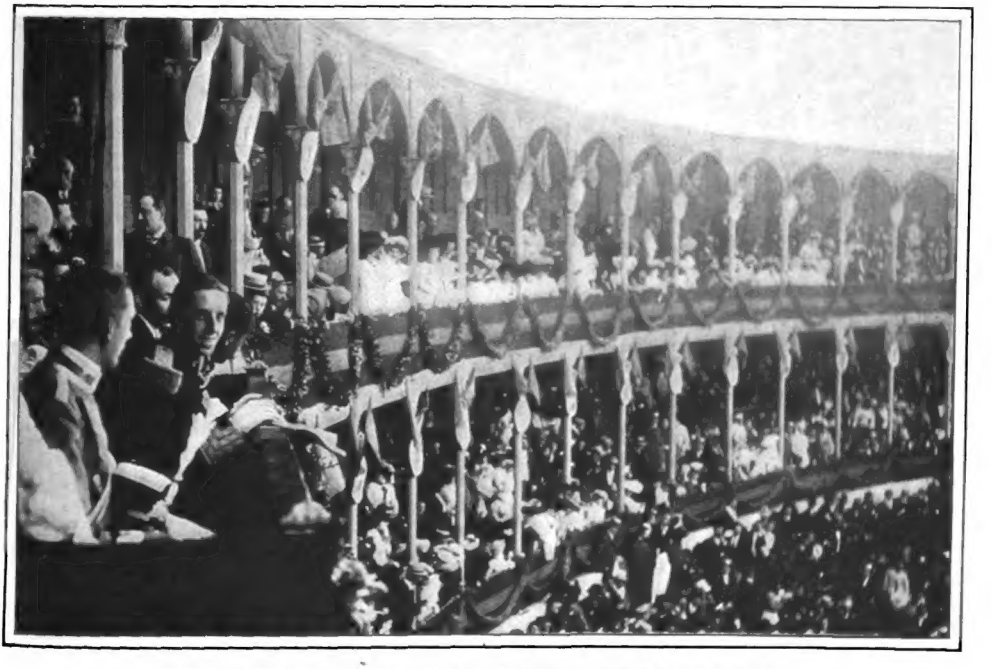
Never before had Alfonso been out of his country. The queen-mother, not without reason, feared for his safety, and she had especially requested President Loubet to watch over him. Every precaution had been taken. Two hundred and fifty Spanish detectives preceded or accompanied him to Paris. Five hundred inspectors of the *Sureté* mixed with the crowds in the streets, looking out for suspicious characters. Of the uniformed police two thousand kept the streets through which he drove. In addition he had a guard of honor, composed of a battalion of infantry and a company of the *Garde Républicaine*, and when he drove out his carriage was surrounded by cavalrymen with drawn sabers. You would have said this king, hedged round by loyal soldiery, watched from near and far by the best-trained detectives in the world, was as safe from attack as though he were hid in the vault of a bank. Yet an anarchist —without danger to himself, without being discovered—slipped through that network of precaution and very nearly succeeded in taking the king's life. It was the last day of May, a Wednesday. President Loubet and his guest had spent the evening at the Opéra. It was a gala night. A little after midnight the royal cortège left the Place de l'Opéra, conveying the king to his apartment in the Palace of Foreign Affairs. A great crowd, kindly and cheering, watched it pass. As usual, the presidential landau, containing the young king and the old president, was surrounded by armed troopers; everywhere were detectives and police—afoot, on bicycles, in uniform, in all sorts of disguises. The cortège went slowly down the Avenue de l'Opéra; as it turned into the little rue de Rohan, a bomb was thrown. Two cavalry horses ridden alongside the presidential carriage were killed —so near the bomb fell; a trooper, two policemen, five spectators, were wounded. When the explosion took place the king turned to M. Loubet. What he said was: "You are not hurt? I hope no one is hurt." He was absolutely calm and responded to the cheers of the crowd with a cordial wave of the hand. If he was popular before, the next day he was a hero. The Parisians admired the quiet courage with which he looked death in the eyes. They were glad, too, that no Frenchman was concerned in the outrage. An Italian, an Englishman, and three Spaniards were the active agents of the crime, but the bomb-thrower escaped.



THE KING HAS THE TRUE SPANIARD'S ENTHUSIASM FOR THE BULL-FIGHT.

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"What annoys me most of all," Alfonso said, "is having to telephone my mother about it."

He recalled another experience he had had with an anarchist. One day in the streets of Madrid—he was fourteen then—an anarchist ran upon him with a knife. He was entirely at the man's mercy, so he stood quite still. For a second the anarchist looked at him; then he dropped the knife.

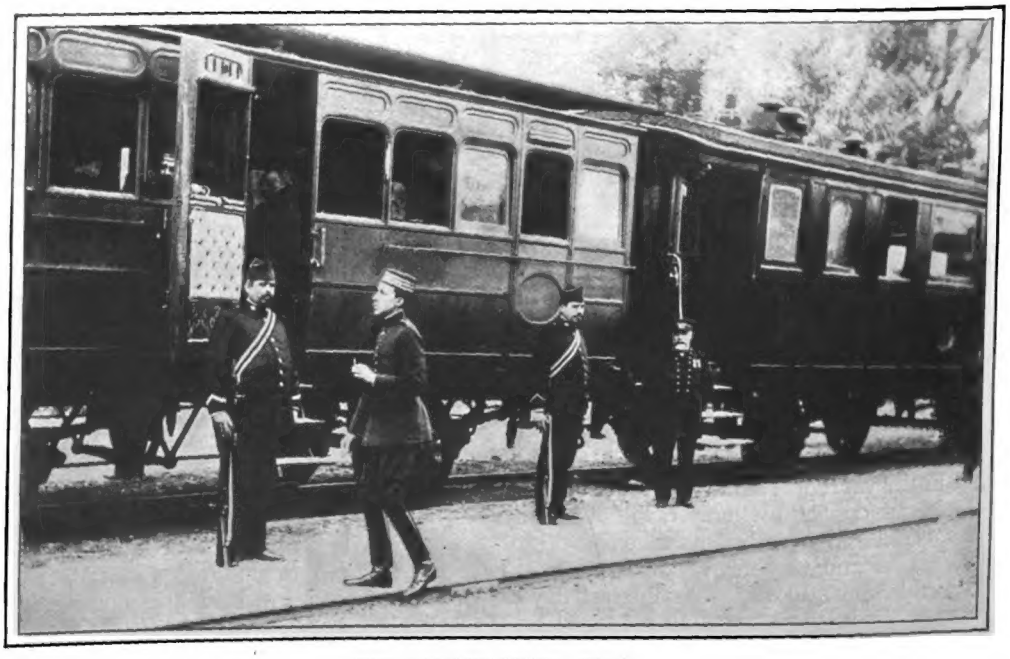
"No," he said, "no—you are too young."

Facing that kind of death is the ultimate duty of a king in these days. And the King of Spain knows how to face it calmly, without anger or fear—in quite a royal way. France, like every democracy, dearly loves a king, but she welcomed this frank and vivacious Spanish boy with far greater cordiality than any of the crowned heads that have come, as her guests, during the last decade. In a great measure this enthusiastic welcome was due to his sympathetic character and his youth; but there were many Frenchmen who did not forget they were cheering a direct descendant of Louis XIV.

After France, Germany. In the eleventh month of the year Alfonso XIII visited the court of Berlin. Behind these royal visits one may discern, of course, the political plans and aspirations of the makers of treaties and international friendships; but when a king of twenty travels there is always another motive. Just at present all the royal houses of Europe are in a conspiracy to marry the young king—England offers a Princess of Connaught, or another; Bavaria has a charming candidate in the daughter of Ludwig Ferdinand; there are German princesses more than one. And now, on the First of December, the word goes abroad that he is to marry the Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg, sometimes called the "Princess Ena," the niece of King Edward VII.

THE KING'S FIANCÉE, PRINCESS ENA.

Perhaps this is the blithest moment of his life; to be twenty years of age—the monarch of a fair land—and to ride abroad, from court to court, seeking the princess of his heart: it is like the things that come to pass in fairy tales. And, indeed, his life so far has been little else. What character can a lad of his age have? He is frank and cordial and good. No vices have taken hold upon him. He has courage and affection and what passes—in



KING ALFONSO'S SPECIAL TRAIN.

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AS HE DROVE THROUGH PARIS THE STREETS RANG WITH "LONG LIVE THE KING!"

kings—for wit and wisdom. Every year thousands of such boys come from the schools and colleges of every land and set about the business of life. He would be more than a prophet who could forecast the life of any one of them. Those who know Alfonso best can only say of him that he is a promising young man—brave and clean and good. His little life history so far is summed up in lessons and sports and the parade of royalty. Alfonso XIII is the fifteenth Spanish sovereign who was crowned while still a boy. Each of those who came before had his own destiny and went to good or evil, and of the last of these fifteen boy-kings, no man can say what the future will be. In 1898 he was too young to realize the tragic significance of the Spanish-American War. Since then there has come no great event to test him; but so far as he has had any influence, it has been for the good of his country. His very youth has served him. The chivalrous Spaniards made peace around him. The republican agitation has almost ceased—for who would rob a child of his throne?—and the Carlist rebels have cried a truce. All this is a tribute to youth. His destiny, as the destiny of Spain, depends upon the manhood into which he is entering.

When he was in Paris Alfonso XIII, accompanied by M. Dujardin-Beaumetz, Assistant Minister of Fine Arts, visited the great gallery of the Louvre. He stopped before a Spanish picture of the Escurial, and pointed out to the minister a door conspicuously represented in the painting.

"It is a curious custom," he said, "that the kings of Spain are only allowed to pass through that door upon two occasions—once during their lifetime and once after their death. As for me," he added, "I have not yet passed through that door for the first time."

He may have meant it for a symbol, for he is still on the threshold of life. And what waits for him behind the closed door he knows not at all. Only it is youth's golden hour and all the world cries: "Long live the king!"

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The Stake and the Plumb-Line

By GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Right of Way," etc.

Illustration by Allen True

SHE went against all good judgment in marrying him. She cut herself off from her own people, from the life in which she had been an alluring and beautiful figure, popular beyond any other girl of her brief epoch of girlhood, witty, and full of a humor not to be suppressed. Washington had never had two such seasons as those in which she moved; for the diplomatic circle who had had "the run of the world" knew her value, and were not content without her. She might have made a brilliant match with one ambassador thirty years older than herself—she was but twenty-two; and there were at least six attachés and secretaries of legation who entered upon a tournament for her heart and hand. All her fine faculties of tact and fairness, of harmless strategy and unexpected humor were needed to keep her cavaliers constant and hopeful to the last; but she never faltered, and she did not fail. The faces of old men brightened when they saw her, and one or two ancient figures who for years had been seldom seen at social functions now came when they knew she was to be present. There were, of course, a few women who said she would coquette with any male from nine to ninety; but no man ever said so; and there was none, from first to last, but smiled with pleasure at even the mention of her name, so had her vivacity, intelligence, and fine sympathy conquered them. She was a social artist by instinct. In their hearts they all recognized how fair and impartial she was—and she drew out of every man the best that was in him. The few women who did not like her said that she chattered; but the truth was she made other people talk by swift suggestion or delicate interrogation.

After the blow fell, Freddy Hartzman put the matter succinctly, and told the truth faithfully, when he said: "The first time I met her, I told her all I'd ever done that could be told, and all I wanted to do; including a resolve to carry her off to some desert place and set up a Kingdom of Two. I don't know how she did it. I was like a tap, and poured myself out, and when it was all over I thought she was the best talker I'd ever heard. But yet she'd done nothing except look at me and listen, and put in a question here and there that was like a baby asking to see your watch. Oh, she was a lily-flower, was Sally Seabrook, and I've never been sorry I told her all my little story! It did me good. Poor darling—it makes me sick sometimes when I think of it! Yet she'll win out all right—a hundred to one she'll win out. She was a star!"

Freddy Hartzman was in an embassy of repute; he knew the chancelleries and salons of many nations, and was looked upon as one of the ablest and shrewdest men in the diplomatic service. He had written one of the best books on international law in existence, he talked English like a native, he had published a volume of delightful verse, and had omitted to publish several others, including a tiny volume which Sally Seabrook's charms had inspired him to write. His view of her was shared by most men who knew the world, and especially by the elderly men who had a real knowledge of human nature, among whom was a certain important member of the United States executive called John Appleton. When the end of all things at Washington came for Sally, these two men, by tacit consent, united to bear her up that her feet should not stumble upon the stony path of the hard journey she had undertaken.

Appleton was not a man of much speech, but his words had weight; for he was not only a minister, but he came of an old family which had ruled the social destinies of a State, and had alternately controlled and disturbed its politics. On the day of the sensation in the fiery cloud of which Sally disappeared, Appleton delivered himself of his mind in the matter at a reception given by the President. "She will come back—and we will all take her back; be glad to have her back. She has the

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grip of a lever which can lift the eternal hills with the right pressure. Leave her alone—leave her alone. This is a democratic country, and she'll prove democracy a success before she's done."

The world knew that John Appleton had offered her marriage, and he had never hidden the fact. What they did not know was that of all the world, save her own father and mother and Freddy Hartzman, she had told him what she meant to do before she did it. He had spoken plainly, bluntly, to her, with a voice that was blurred and a little broken, urging her against the course toward which she was set; but it had not availed, and, realizing that he had come upon a powerful will underneath the sunny and so human surface, he had ceased to protest, to bear down upon her mind with his own iron force, through which there ran as fine an affection as was ever given to any woman, albeit he was fifty-five and she but twenty-two. When he realized that all his reasoning was wasted, that all worldly argument was vain, he made one last attempt, a forlorn hope, as though to put upon record in his mind what he believed was the truth.

"There is no position you cannot occupy," he said. "You have the perfect gift in private life, and you have a public gift. You have a genius for ruling. Say, my dear, don't wreck it all. I know you are not for me, but there are better men in the country, and out of it, than I am. Hartzman will be a great man one day—he wants you. Young Tilden wants you; he has millions, and he will never disgrace them or you, the power which they can command, and the power which you have. And there are others. Your people have told you they will turn you off; the world will say things—will rend you. There is nothing so popular for the moment as the fall of a favorite. But that's nothing—it's nothing at all compared with the danger to yourself. I didn't sleep last night as I thought of it. Yet I'm glad you wrote me, it gave me time to think, and I can give you the truth as I see it. Haven't you thought that he will drag you down—down, down, wear out your soul, break and sicken your life, destroy your beauty—You are beautiful, my dear, beyond what the world sees, even. Give it up—say, give it up and don't break our hearts. There are too many people loving you for you to sacrifice them—and yourself, too. . . . You've had such a good time!"

"It's been like a dream," she interrupted, in a far-away voice; "like a dream, these two years."

"And it's been such a good dream," he urged; "and you will only go to a bad one—from which you will never wake. The thing has fastened on him; he will never give it up. And penniless, too—his father has cast him off! My girl, it's impossible. Listen to me. There's no one on earth that would do more for you than I would—no one."

"Dear, dear friend!" she cried with a sudden impulse, and caught his hand in hers and kissed it before he could draw it back. "You are so true and you think you are right. But, but"—her eyes took on a deep, steady, far-away look—"but I will save him; and we shall not be penniless in the end. Meanwhile I have seven hundred dollars a year of my own. No one can touch that. Nothing can change me now—and I have promised."

When he saw her fixed determination, he made no further protest, but asked that he might help her, be with her the next day when she was to take a step which all the experience of the world would say must lead to sorrow and a miserable end.

The step she took was to marry Jim Templeton, the drunken, cast-off son of a millionaire senator from Kentucky, who controlled railways, and owned a bank, and had so resented his son's inebriate habits that for five years he had never permitted Jim's name to be mentioned in his presence. Jim had had twenty thousand dollars left him by his mother, and a small income of three hundred dollars from an investment which had been made for him when a little boy. And this had carried him on, for, drunken as he was, he had sense enough to eke out the money, limiting himself to three thousand dollars a year. He had four thousand dollars left, and his tiny income of three hundred, when he went to Sally Seabrook, after having been sober for a month, and begged her to marry him.

Before dissipation had made him look ten years older than he was, there had been no handsomer man in all America. Even yet he had a remarkable face: long, delicate, with dark brown eyes, as fair a forehead as man could wish, and black, waving hair, streaked with gray—gray, though he was but twenty-nine years of age.

When Sally was fifteen and he twenty-two, he had fallen in love with her and she with him; and nothing had broken the early romance. He had captured her young imagi-

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nation, and had fastened his image on her heart. Her people, seeing the drift of things, had sent her to school on the Hudson, and the two did not meet for two years. Then came a stolen interview, and a fastening of the rivets of attraction—for Jim had gifts of a wonderful kind. He knew his Horace and Anacreon and Heine and Lamartine and Dante in the originals, and a hundred others; he was a speaker of power and grace; and he had a clear, strong head for business. He was also a lawyer, and was junior attorney to the great business. It was because he had the real business gift, not because he had a brilliant and scholarly mind, that his father took him into his great concerns, and was the more unforgiving when he gave way to temptation. Otherwise, he would have pensioned Jim off and dismissed him from his mind as a useless, insignificant person, for Horace, Anacreon, and philosophy and history were to him the recreations of the feeble-minded. He had set his heart on Jim, and what Jim could do and would do by and by in the vast financial concerns he controlled, when he was ready to slip out and down; but Jim had disappointed him beyond calculation.

In the early days of their association Jim had left his post and taken to drink at critical moments in their operations. At first high words had been spoken; then there came the strife of two dissimilar natures, and both were headstrong, and each proud and unrelenting in his own way. Then, at last, had come the separation, irrevocable and painful; and Jim had flung out into the world, a drunkard, who, sober for a fortnight or a month, or three months, would afterward go off on a spree in which he quoted Sappho and Horace in taverns, and sang bacchanalian songs with a voice meant for the stage—a heritage from an ancestor who had sung upon the English stage a hundred years before. Even in his cups, even after his darling vice had submerged him, Jim Templeton was a man marked out from his fellows, distinguished and very handsome. Society, however, had ceased to recognize him for a long time, and he did not seek it. For two or three years he practised law now and then. He took cases, preferably criminal cases, for which very often he got no pay; but that, too, ceased at last. Now, in his quiet, sober intervals he read omnivorously and worked out problems in physics for which he had a taste, until the old appetite surged over him again. Then his spirits rose and he was the old brilliant talker, the joyous galliard until, in due time, he became silently and lethargically drunk.

In one of his sober intervals he had met Sally Seabrook in the street. It was the first time in four years, for he had avoided her, and though she had written to him once or twice, he had never answered her—shame was in his heart. Yet all the time the old song was in Sally's ears. Jim Templeton had touched her in some distant and intimate corner of her nature where none other had reached; and in all her gay life, when men had told their tale of admiration in their own way, her mind had gone back to Jim, and what he had said under the magnolia trees; and his voice had drowned all others. She was not blind to what he had become, but a deep belief possessed her that she, of all the world, could save him. She knew how futile it would look to the world, how wild a dream it looked even to her own heart, how perilous it was; but, play upon the surface of things as she had done so much and so often in her brief career, she was seized of convictions having origin, as it might seem, in something beyond herself.

So when she and Jim met in the street, the old true thing rushed upon them both, and for a moment they stood still and looked at each other. As they might look who say farewell forever, so did they dwell upon each other's face. That was the beginning of the new epoch. A few days more and Jim came to her and said that she alone could save him; and she meant him to say it, had led him to the saying, for the same conviction was burned deep in her own soul. She knew the awful risk she was taking, that the step must mean social ostracism, and that her own people would be no kinder to her than society; but she gasped a prayer, smiled at Jim as though all were well, laid her plans, made him promise her one thing on his knees, and took the plunge.

Her people did as she expected. She was threatened with banishment from heart and home—with disinheritance; but she pursued her course; and the only person who stood with her and Jim at the altar—she would be married in church, so sacred the task to which she had set herself—was John Appleton, who would not be denied, and who had such a half-hour with Jim before the ceremony as neither of them forgot in the years that the locust ate thereafter. And Jim's eyes were still wet when he knelt at the altar, with new resolves in his heart, and a being at his side meant for

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THE DEMON OF HIS THIRST HAD JIM BY THE THROAT.

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the best man in the world. As he knelt beside her awaiting the benediction a sudden sense of the enormity of this act came upon him, and for her sake he would have drawn back then had it not been too late. He realized that it was a crime to put this young, beautiful life in peril; that his own life was a poor, contemptible thing, and that he had been possessed of the egotism of the selfish and the young.

But the thing was done, and a new life was begun. Before they were launched upon it, however, before society had fully grasped the sensation, or they had left upon their journey to the far north of Canada, where Sally intended they should work out their problem and make their home, far and free from all old associations, a curious thing happened. Jim's father sent an urgent message to Sally to come to him. When she came, he told her she was mad, and asked her why she had thrown her life away.

"Why have you done it?" he said. "You—you knew all about him; you might have married the best man in the country. You could rule a kingdom; you have beauty and power, and make people do what you want. And you've got a sot."

"He is your son," she answered quietly.

She looked so beautiful and so fine as she stood there fearless and challenging before him, that he was moved. But he would not show it.

"He was my son—when he was a man," he retorted grimly.

"He is the son of the woman you once loved," she answered.

The old man turned his head away.

"What would she have said to what you did to Jim?"

He drew himself around sharply. Her dagger had gone home, but he would not let her know if he could help it.

"Leave her out of the question—she was a saint," he said roughly.

"She cannot be left out—nor can you. He got his temperament naturally; he inherited his weakness. From your grandfather, from her father. Do you think you are in no way responsible?"

He was silent for a moment, but then said stubbornly: "Why—why have you done it? What's between him and me can't be helped. We are father and son, but you—you had no call, no responsibility."

"I love Jim—I always loved him, ever since I can remember, as you did. I see my way ahead—I will not desert him. No one cares what happens to him—no one but me. Your love wouldn't stand the test—mine will."

"Your folks have disinherited you—you have almost nothing—and I will not change my mind. What do you see ahead of you?"

"Jim—only Jim—and God."

Her eyes were shining, her hands were clasped together at her side in the tenseness of her feeling, her indomitable spirit spoke in her face.

Suddenly the old man brought his fist down on the table with a bang. "It's a crime—oh, it's a crime, to risk your life so! You ought to have been locked up. I'd have done it."

"Listen to me," she said quietly. "I know the risk. But do you think that I could have lived my life out feeling that I might have saved Jim and didn't try? You talk of beauty and power and ruling—you say what others have said to me. Which is the greater thing—to get what pleases one, or to work for something which is more to one than all else in the world? To save one life, one intellect, one great man—oh, he has the making of a great man in him!—to save a soul, would not life be well lost, would not love be well spent in doing it?"

"Love's labor lost!" said the old man slowly, cynically, but yet not without emotion.

"I have ambition," she continued. "No girl was ever more ambitious, but my ambition is to make the most and best of myself. Place?—Jim and I will hold it yet. Power?—it shall be as it must be; but Jim and I will work for it to fulfil ourselves. For me—ah, if I can save him—and I mean to do so!—do you think that I would not then have my heaven on earth? You want money—money—money, power, and to rule; and these are to you the best things in the world. I make my choice differently, though I would have these other things if I could—and I hope I shall. But Jim first—Jim first—your son, Jim—my husband, Jim!"

The old man got to his feet slowly. She had him at bay. "But you are great," he said, "great. It is an awful stake—awful But if you win, you'll have what money can't buy. And listen to me. We'll make the stake bigger. It will give it point, too, in another way. If you keep Jim sober for four years from the day of your marriage, on the last day of that four years I'll put in your hands for you and him or for your child—if you have one—five millions of dollars. I am a

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man of my word. While Jim drinks I won't take him back—he's disinherited. I'll give him nothing now or hereafter. Save him for four years—if he can do that he will do all—and there's five millions as sure as the sun's in heaven. Amen and amen!"

He opened the door. There was a strange soft light in her eyes as she came to go.

"Aren't you going to kiss me?" she said, looking at him whimsically.

He was disconcerted. She did not wait, but reached up and kissed him on the cheek. "Good-by," she said with a smile. "We'll win the stake. Good-by."

An instant, and she was gone. He shut the door, then turned and looked in a mirror on the wall. Abstractedly he touched the cheek she had kissed. Suddenly a change passed over his face. He dropped in a chair, and his fist struck the table as he said: "By God, she may do it—she may do it! But it's life and death—it's life and death."

Society had its sensation, and then the veil dropped. For a long time none looked behind it except Jim's father. He had too much at stake not to have his telescope upon them. A detective followed them to keep Jim's record. But this they did not know.

II

From the day they left Washington Jim put his life and his fate in his wife's hands. He meant to follow her judgment, and, self-willed and strong in intellect as he was, he said that she should have a fair chance of fulfilling her purpose. There had been many *pourparlers* as to what Jim should do. There was farming. She set that aside, because it meant capital, and it also meant monotony and loneliness; and capital was limited, and monotony and loneliness were bad for Jim, deadening an active brain which must not be deprived of stimulants—stimulants of a different sort, however, from those which had heretofore mastered it. There was the law. But Jim would have to become a citizen of Canada, change his flag, and where they meant to go—to the outskirts—there would be few opportunities for the law; and with not enough to *do* there would be danger. Railway construction? That seemed good in many ways, but Jim had not the professional knowledge necessary—his experience with his father had been financial, not practical, workmanship. Above all else he must have responsibility, discipline, and strict order in his life.

"Something that will be good for my natural vanity and knock the nonsense out of me," Jim agreed, as they drew farther and farther away from Washington and the past, and nearer and nearer to the Far North and their future. Never did two more honest souls put their hands in each other's, and set forth upon the thorniest path to a goal which was their heart's desire. Since they had become one, there had come into Sally's face that illumination which belongs only to souls possessed of an idea greater than themselves, outside themselves—saints, patriots; faces which have been washed in the salt tears dropped for others' sorrows, and lighted by the fire of self-sacrifice. Sally Seabrook, the high-spirited, the radiant, the sweetly wilful, the provoking, to concentrate herself upon this narrow theme—to reconquer the lost paradise of one poor mortal soul!

What did Jim's life mean?—it was only one in the millions coming and going, and every man must work out his own salvation. Why should she cramp her soul to this one issue, when the same soul could spend itself upon the greater motives and in the larger circle? A wide world of influence had opened up before her; position, power, adulation, could all have been hers, as John Appleton and Jim's father had said. She might have moved in well-trodden ways, through gardens of pleasure, lived a life where all would be made easy, where she would be shielded at every turn, and her beauty would be flattered by luxury into a constant glow. She was not so primitive, so unintellectual, as not to have thought of this, else her decision would have had less importance; she would have been no more than an infatuated emotional woman with a touch of second-class drama in her nature. She had thought of it all, and she had made her choice. The easier course was the course for meaner souls, and she had not one vein of thin blood nor a small idea in her whole nature. She had a heart and mind for great issues. She believed that Jim had a great brain, and would and could accomplish great things. She knew that he had in him the strain of hereditary instinct—his mother's father had ended a brief life in a drunken duel on the Mississippi, and Jim's boyhood had never had discipline or direction, or any strenuous order. He might never acquire order, and the power that order and habit and the daily iteration of necessary

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thoughts and acts bring; but the prospect did not appal her. She had taken the risk with her eyes wide open; had set her own life and happiness in the hazard. But Jim must be saved, must be what his talents, his genius entitled him to be. And the long game must have the long thought.

So, as they drew into the great Saskatchewan Valley, her hand in his, and hope in his eyes, and such a look of confidence and pride in her as brought back his old strong beauty of face, and smoothed the careworn lines of self-indulgence, she gave him his course: as a private he must join the mounted police, the red-coated riders of the plains, and work his way up through every stage of responsibility, beginning at the foot of the ladder of humbleness and self-control. She believed that he would agree with her proposal; but her hands clasped his a little more firmly and solicitously—there was a faint, womanly fear at her heart—as she asked him if he would do it. The life meant more than occasional separation; it meant that there would be periods when she would not be with him; and there was great danger in that; but she knew that the risks must be taken, and he must not be wholly reliant on her presence for his moral strength.

His face fell for a moment when she made the suggestion, but it cleared presently, and he said with a dry laugh: "Well, I guess they must make me a sergeant pretty quick. I'm a colonel in the Kentucky Carbineers!"

She laughed, too; then a moment afterward, womanlike, wondered if she was right, and was a little frightened. But that was only because she was not self-opinionated and was anxious, more anxious than any woman in all the Northland.

It happened as Jim said; he was made a sergeant at once—Sally managed that; for, when it came to the point, and she saw the conditions in which the privates lived, and realized that Jim must be one of them, and clean out the stables, and groom his horse and the officers' horses, and fetch and carry, her heart failed her, and she thought that she was making her remedy needlessly heroical. So, she went to see the commissioner, who was on a tour of scrutiny on their arrival at the post, and, as better men than he had done in more knowing circles, he fell under her spell. If she had asked for a lieutenancy he would probably have corrupted some member of Parliament into securing it for Jim.

But Jim was made a sergeant, and the commissioner and the captain of the troop kept their eyes on him. So did other members of the troop who did not quite know their man, and attempted, figuratively, to pinch him here and there. They found that his actions were greater than his words, and both were in perfect harmony in the end, though his words often seemed pointless to their minds, until they understood that they had conveyed truths through a medium more like a heliograph than a telephone. By and by they began to understand his heliographing, and when they did that they began to swear by him, not at him.

In time it was found that the troop never had a better disciplinarian than Jim. He knew when to shut his eyes, and when to keep them open. To non-essentials he kept his eyes shut; to essentials he kept them very wide open. There were some men of good birth from England and elsewhere among them, and these mostly understood him first. But they all understood Sally from the beginning, and after a little they were glad enough to be permitted to come, on occasion, to the five-roomed little house near the barracks and hear her talk, then answer her questions, and, as men had done at Washington, open out their hearts to her. They noticed, however, that while she made them barley-water, and all kinds of soft drinks from citric acid, sarsaparilla, and the like, and had one special drink of her own invention, which she called cream nectar, no spirits were to be had. They also noticed that Jim never drank a drop of liquor, and by and by, one way or another, got a glimmer of the real truth, before it became known who he really was or anything of his story. And the interest in the two and in Jim's reformation spread through the country, while Jim gained reputation as the smartest man in the force, officers or privates.

They were on the outskirts of civilization; as Jim used to say, "One step ahead of the procession." Jim's duty was to guard the columns of settlement and progress, and to see that every man got his own rights and not more than his rights; that justice should be the plumb-line of march and settlement. His principle was embodied in certain words which he quoted once to Sally from the prophet Amos: "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? And I said, A plumb-line."

On the day that Jim became a lieutenant his family increased by one. It was a girl and they called her Nancy after Jim's mother.

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It was the anniversary of their marriage, and, so far, Jim had won, with what fightings and strugglings and wrestlings of the spirit only Sally and himself knew. And she knew as well as he, and always saw the storm coming before it broke—a restlessness, then a moodiness, then a hungry, eager, helpless look, and afterward an agony of longing, a feverish desire to break away and get the thrilling thing that stilled this demon within him.

There had been moments when his doom seemed certain—he knew and she knew that if he once got drunk again he would fall never to rise—humiliation would break his spirit. On one occasion, after a hard, long, hungry ride, he was half-mad with desire, but even as he seized the flask that was offered to him by his only enemy, the captain of B Troop, at the next station east of them, there came a sudden call to duty, two hundred Indians having gone upon the war-path. It saved him, it broke the spell. He had to mount and away, with the antidote and stimulant of responsibility driving him on.

Another occasion was equally perilous to his safety. They had been idle for days in a hot week in summer, waiting for orders to return from the rail-head where they had gone to quell a riot, and where drink and hilarity were common. Suddenly, more suddenly than it had ever come, the demon of his thirst had Jim by the throat. Sergeant Sewell, of the gray-stubble head, who loved him more than his sour heart had loved anybody in all his life, was holding himself ready for the physical assault he must make upon his superior officer if he raised a glass to his lips, when salvation came once again. An accident had occurred far down on the railway line, and the operator of the telegraph-office had that very day been stricken down with pleurisy and pneumonia. In despair the manager had sent to Jim, eagerly hoping that he might help them, for the Riders of the Plains were a sort of court of appeal for every trouble in the Far North.

Instantly Jim was in the saddle with his troop. Out of curiosity he had learned telegraphy when a boy, as he had learned many things, and, arrived at the scene of the accident, he sent messages and received them—by sound, not on paper as did the official operator, to the amazement and pride of the troop. Then, between caring for the injured in the accident, against the coming of the relief train, and nursing the sick operator through the dark moments of his dangerous illness, he passed a crisis of his own disease triumphantly; but not the last crisis.

So the first and so the second and third years passed in safety, but the end was not yet.

"***The Stake and the Plumb-Line***" will be concluded in the March number.

An Encounter

By HARRIET MONROE

WHO cares for the burden, the night and the rain,
And the steep, long, lonesome road,
When at last through the darkness a light shines plain,
When a voice calls hail, and a friend draws rein
With an arm for the stubborn load!

Though his way lie over the prairies green
And mine up the sunrise hill,
Though no more in my path may his light be seen,
And I never may travel the leagues between,
His succor aids me still.

For life is the chance of a friend or two
This side of the journey's goal.
Though the world be a desert the long night through,
Yet the gay flowers bloom and the sky grows blue
When a soul salutes a soul.

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THE BOY

By CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD

Author of "The Cat and the Cherub," "Under the Jackstaff," etc.

Illustrations by Herman C. Wall

THE Boy sat in his bed. Above his head a dim Noah's Ark procession marched around the frieze of his room. On the floor stood a file of wooden soldiers, their wooden captain at their head, their shadows cast against the base of the window-seat. The Boy's clothes lay neatly ordered on the cushion of the window-seat. Who would have thought that underneath that cushion there lay a mysterious door? It was narrow; but it was large enough to admit, at a pinch, a full-grown man. It was the door to a robber-baron's cave of an astounding spaciousness—well out beneath the roof one saw from the window; and the cave was laden with the spoils of nearly seven years. But there was no other entrance to this dark retreat—no exit for a time of need; and it was necessary to dissimulate the entrance and to guard it with soldiers, while one slept in innocent pretense without, to the utter deception of The Great Tin Bogy, who haunted the roof and always drummed on rainy nights.

But the robber-baron had said good night to his dear wooden captain. His brow was furrowed with a nearer thought. "Muvva!" he commanded, fixing his eyes on the door to her room.

Her pale smile came to him, from depths where smiles were few; but it flickered out at his quick questioning.

"I want to know where Favva *went!*" he insisted. "You didn't tell me where he *went!*" he repeated to her silence. She moved to seek the book on the table, avoiding his waiting eyes.

"There was a man—on the street," the Boy was saying. "I didn't like him; he had eyes that looked at you. He asked me where Favva was. I said I didn't know. He said: 'You *do* know!'—and his eyes looked at me; and I ran home. I hate him! I—I think he wants to hurt Favva—?" he stated questioningly.

She came, and with lowered eyelids put her hand upon his head.

"Favva's gone away," she said. "It's a long way—I don't know just where. The man can never find him. Some day we shall leave this place to go and live with Favva again, in a place where that man can't come."

"When?" said the Boy. "How soon shall I *see* Favva?" he breathed expectantly.

"I don't know—I don't know—!" she murmured. Her fingers tightened, then hurried to open the book. "We must read—'Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp'!" She made herself smile to him.

She ran over the pages toward the story; but the small hand took her arm. "Muvva, did he say good-by to *you*, Muvva?" She caught herself shaking her head.

"Muvva," said the Boy, "doesn't Favva love us? He didn't say good-by to *me*, too, Muvva. Muvva——?"

She bent over him. "You don't understand," she said. "He had to go; he didn't have time. But he does love you. You're not to think about it. A little boy can't hope to understand everything. Now I'm going to read to you."

The Boy stared at the door to the corridor, through which his father used to come to say good night to him. But presently she heard him lie back upon his pillow. Aladdin and his lamp wove among the animals of the Ark around the frieze. Dimly his mother's voice receded and the tale thinned out.

Long afterward the light still shone in the next room; but sleep had at length come to the Boy's mother. Some one turned off the light and closed the door behind him, passing into the Boy's room; then closed the door to the corridor and turned on the light above the small bed. Something pressed the Boy's brow; his eyes opened and stared at the face above him. The Boy sat up.

"Favva!" he said, with a sleepy smile.

"Sh!" said John Holman, glancing at the door. "We mustn't wake Muvva! She's too tired."

The Boy watched him tiptoe and fetch a

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"WHENEVER YOU ARE TEMPTED TO LIE, FOR GOD'S SAKE STAND UP STRAIGHT AND TELL THE TRUTH!"

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chair to the bedside and put it down without a noise.

"Have you come back, Favva?" said the small voice.

The man turned the light on the Boy's head and kept his own haggard face in the gloom.

drawn shades and all closed save the one by the bedside. The wagon passed below them, and such stillness succeeded as New York knows in the hours before dawn. The man took his son's hand.

"It's a strange fact," he said gently: "one can learn how to live, how to be happy, only

"TELL ME THE TRUTH. TELL ME WHERE YOUR FATHER WENT."—

"I've come back only to see you," he whispered, clearing his throat. "When I'm away and I never hear your voice nor see you running about, then I get thinking of what might happen to you, if something happened to me—so that I never came back."

The Boy looked closer at him. There was something unwonted in the way his father spoke, and in the way he sat.

"Will something happen to you?" said the Boy. "Will you die?"

"No!" said John Holman. "I'm going to *live!* I'm going to live for you! Only," he went on, with lowering cadence, "if something *should* happen to you while I'm away, then I keep thinking—sh!"

A wagon was approaching on their street. The man looked at the windows, all with

by experience. One tries and tries to teach one's little boy the dangers of this life—all the things oneself has paid so much to learn; and one can't teach him much. I've never tried hard enough to make you understand some things, though, Puddy; and now you must understand! I want you to know how I thought of you when I was away. When I'm away Muvva has you, and you have Muvva; but I have no one—only myself."

The Boy kept peering at the face in the shade. New lines were there; gray hairs were interspersed on the temples; the figure was bowed and worn, and the voice portended like some solemn bell.

"Will something happen?" asked the Boy. "Something bad——?"

"No!" said John Holman, setting his

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mouth. "It's only that we shall not live in New York very long. I——!"

He had started up from the chair; a current of air had scraped the shade across the window-sill, and it bellied as though some one flying through the air had pushed it in to look at him. He let out his breath and

"MUVVA, DOES THAT MAN WANT TO HURT FAVVA?"

glanced at the Boy, half-smiling. Then his voice sank back again.

"We shall have new friends—people who don't care so much for money, I hope. At any rate, we shall be among people who know how little it is worth sometimes. That's what you've got to learn," he said, with sudden emphasis; "that's what I'm here for—to make you remember that no one can keep on forever getting richer. Do you understand? Somewhere, every one must stop!"

The words seemed to pass through the Boy's wide eyes without their whispered vehemence being noted.

"Why?" said the Boy.

"Because money costs too much," said John Holman severely. "Because sooner or later you'll come to the point where you'll have to lie for it; because sooner or later the people you lied it away from will find it out; and if they can they'll take it away from you, and take you away from it."

The man leaned over into the light and laid a hand on the Boy's shoulder. The shadows were deeper in his face and the fire of his eyes burned brighter. "You're to remember these two words," he said. "Money and lies; lies and money. Some day you'll reach a point where you stand alone; there won't be any Muvva or Favva to tell you what to do; and in front of you there'll be a lot of money—money to buy the things you want, money to make you prouder than your friends. You'll be able to get that money only by telling a lie—a lie big and strong enough to look like the truth, a lie that you think no one will ever discover. And you mustn't tell that lie!"

"I won't tell it, Favva!" said the Boy eagerly.

"How do you know?" the man retorted. "How do you know how much you already love, not the money, but the things you can buy with it? How do you know?"

The Boy did not know what he was expected to say. He kept silent, wondering at his father, missing in the passionate eyes something that they had never lacked before. But presently there seemed some return to the old manner and the accustomed bedside topics. Had Muvva bought him any toys this month? No.

"If you could have anything you wanted —*anything*, what should you wish to buy?" asked the man.

The Boy smiled and flushed.

"Anything?" he repeated. "Oh! Then —then—Muvva says I'm old enough, now. I should want a pony—a live, big one, to ride —in the Park—to be my own! A real pony!"

He watched the face; it told him nothing. But then the hands drew forth a pocket-book and showed a roll of bills.

"But a pony wouldn't cost much over two hundred dollars," said the man. "Isn't there something you really want—something that would make you the happiest boy in the world? Something that other boys have not?" he asked keenly. The Boy gasped; his father had broken the band around the bills and was rubbing them between his fingers.

"But—but—" stammered the Boy, "it's

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too aspensive. It—it's more than a pony. It runs on a track," he ventured, searching the eyes. "It's a little real one," he proceeded cautiously.

"What is it?" asked his father.

"Of course it's too aspensive," said the Boy, with an unsteady breath. "It's big enough to draw a little car with people in. It goes with real steam on a little track. It's a locomotive. It costs eight hundred dollars!" he gasped.

Then he began to smile sheepishly; but the smile was interrupted. His heart jumped at the sight of a thousand-dollar bill, drawn from the roll and lying on the coverlet.

"*And* the pony—?" he uttered. "Favva! O Favva!—Favva!" The finger was raised in warning to his father's lips, and instead of clapping his hands the Boy patted the coverlet and wriggled his feet to the tune that was dancing in his eyes. "Favva!" he breathed. "It has a bell and a whistle; it will go in the garden, up at the lake! You put coal in, and water; and it makes steam; and——"

"And it makes you feel superior to all the other boys. It gives you power. No other boy can ride on it unless you allow him; and all of them will want to be your friends; and you'll think yourself just a little bit better than any one of them," said John Holman, slowly nodding.

"But I'll let the other boys ride—I will, Favva," said the Boy, in hasty denial. "It can go backward, too! It's just like a big one!" he added, shiningly. His smile ran along two rows of little teeth, the nostrils quickened and the cheek glowed. He saw the men laying the track by the lakeside; groups of strange boys, of every age and class, watched and whispered and pointed at Puddy Holman, president of the road. Now the day had come when all was ready; steam was up and Muvva, with her white parasol——"

"Now," said John Holman, leaning intensely over him and pointing to the banknote on the coverlet, "suppose you had no right to use that money. Suppose you could keep it and spend it only in return for telling a lie—a great white lie, all beautiful outside, all rotten within—suppose you could never have that pony, never have that locomotive, without the lie—would you have the courage to give me back that money, then?"

"But—but you gave it to me!" pleaded the Boy uneasily. "And I didn't lie; and I wouldn't tell a lie; and it's mine—and it has a sand-box, just like the big ones; and——"

"Listen!" said the man: "You'll have a chance to act like a man, now—just like a big one. The money isn't yours. I didn't give it to you."

The smile ceased. The eyes clung to the man's face. Surely—such a blow as this could never really fall upon a little boy—?

"I can't give you the money," said John Holman. "It isn't mine."

The Boy no longer saw. Some admonition for silence reached him through the mist. He tried to straighten his mouth; he tried to breathe. The man glanced at the doors.

"Still!" he commanded. He pulled the Boy away from the wet pillow and faced him about. He snatched the small hands away from the eyes. "Stop this!" he said, with fierce anxiety.

"But you—you said I could have it—!" sobbed the Boy. "And I did want it—Favva——!"

"Of course you wanted it!" smote John Holman. "We all want it! And now," he dwelt upon the words, "how do you like going without it, giving it up? Is it easy? Do you understand, now? Answer me!"

"But you—said I could have it—!" broke out the Boy.

"Suppose I had said so? Would you take it from me if it wasn't mine to give? Answer me! Sit up here!" said John Holman, through his teeth. The Boy resisted. His head spun with the wrench of his body in his father's hands; he found himself face to face with one who ground the flesh of his wrists.

"What did you—say, Favva?" he panted, his color gone.

"I say that suppose in all your life you can never have that pony, never have that locomotive—without lying for it—then what are you going to do about it?"

The Boy saw his life before him. The sweet future, wherein all things swim in fragrant hope, was soured with a dreadful certainty.

"I—I don't know!" he cried, through showered tears.

"You don't know—?" exclaimed John Holman. "My God! what have I been trying to tell you? What have I been trying to make you understand?" he demanded between white-pressed lips, shaking the small thing in the night-dress with each word. "I said that you were not to lie; not to lie for anything! Not to lie; though *I—I* myself should beg you on my knees. And whenever you are

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"WAS I BRAVE, FAVVA?" SAID THE BOY.

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tempted to lie, no matter what or whom you think you'll save by it, then for God's sake stand up straight and tell the truth, and save yourself! Now! Can you remember that? Can you?" he hissed, with trembling hands.

"Yes, sir—yes, sir!" hurried the Boy, without tears. "I'll be good! Favva—I will be good!"

The man's fingers left him. The Boy moved back against his pillow. The man's frown had gone; he looked at a small white face whence love seemed fled. The Boy saw the man's face twitch strangely, saw his hands go clutching at his breast, then dropping hopelessly. John Holman wheeled to the table and buried his head in his arms.

"It's no use!" he said. "It's no use. I've frightened you—that's all!"

The Boy stood up. A new and nameless fear possessed him. The tower of strength for mind and body, whereon he had leaned all his life, lay broken.

"Muvva—!" he started to cry.

"No, no!" whispered the man. "We mustn't wake her! Puddy!" he breathed, encircling the Boy—"Puddy—I didn't wish to frighten you. But I might never see you again. Tell me you'll never lie, that's all—not for any one—not for me!"

"I'll be good, Favva," whispered the Boy dolefully. "I'll be good." He patted the man's cheek a few times, still not quite reassured. John Holman straightened up and smiled and kissed the Boy, with such a kiss as never woman had received from him.

"I was tired—worn out," he said, shaking his weakness from him. "God keep you, little one! And now——"

He had shot to his feet. In the servant's room above them the electric bell from the street door had begun to ring, long and loud. The color had forsaken his face; he slid a foot heavily along the floor. A whisper from his tightened throat entreated the Boy to sit down, to be silent. Feet were hurrying about overhead. Without looking at the Boy, the man reached up and put the room in darkness.

The Boy sat listening. He saw a tiny spot of light appear from the keyhole of his mother's room. He heard his father steal to the door to the corridor and open it a crack. Now he heard his mother moving about; the maid was descending the stairs, and presently a glimmer arose from two flights below and he heard the unlocking of the street door. The voice of a man down there was shut away by his father's closing the door to the corridor. He knew that his father had crossed the room and halted by the window-seat. What was his father doing? What new dreadful thing was coming now?

"Favva—!"

"Don't speak!" whispered the man. "Say you don't know where I am! If you do, and they go away, you shall have the pony—you shall have the locomotive. Say you *don't know* where I went!"

A few tin toys rattled in the window-seat; then there was silence. The spot of light came again. The Boy knew that his father was hiding in the well-concealed space beneath and beyond the narrow window-seat.

There were more than two pairs of feet ascending the stairs. He heard the maid knock at his mother's door. A man spoke.

"I don't know," the Boy heard his mother say, steadily. "For a month I have not seen him."

Nothing was clear: the strange men walking about his mother's room; the hiding of his father; the new offer of the locomotive; all the scene of vehemence and emotion with his father—nothing was clear. The elements harassed him to a tearful impatient protest, against something—he could not have told what. This was what looked from the Boy's eyes when from the other side of the room the light was turned on. He was confronted by his mother and a policeman, at her door; and, at the other door, by the man who had stopped him on the street and had asked him about his father.

His mother avoided his gaze. He looked at the policeman, then at the wooden soldiers, scattered on their backs; then again at the man with the eyes.

The small, close gray eyes, over a long, large nose, owned the strange quality of suggesting that they smiled, while they were not smiling, but staring with a purpose which the Boy felt was hostile. The eyes waited, drilling into his; then they spoke:

"Do you know what perjury is?"

"No, sir," said the Boy, shortly.

"It's telling a lie when you ought to tell the truth," said the eyes. "They take you to jail for that, and shave your head, and call you Number 1010; and you can't see your friends but once a month. Now do you know what perjury is?"

"Yes, sir," said the Boy, with unchanged tone.

"Then," the eyes said, "tell me the truth. Tell me where your father went."

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"They wouldn't send a little boy to jail and shave his head!" flashed his mother. "Why do you try to frighten him?"

"Are you trying to get the boy to lie—?" said the eyes. They did not wait for an answer, but turned again to the Boy. "Your father came home to see you. If he hadn't wanted to see you he'd have stayed away. We want to see him," he concluded, colorlessly. He waited, watching the Boy, without impatience and without relenting. The Boy turned to his mother; nothing understandable came back from her pained face.

"Muvva—does that man want to hurt Favva?" he asked. She hesitated; then, with a purpose, she answered: "Yes!"

"Madam, that isn't true," said the eyes, promptly. "You're more apt to hurt your case by talking, madam, than you are by keeping still." He turned to the Boy: "I don't want to hurt him, and if you want me to go away from here I'll make a bargain. Tell me where your father is and I will go away. Then I can't hurt him—can I?" said the narrowing eyes.

"But the policeman—" began the Boy's mother. She checked herself and turned away with wretched chagrin. The policeman darted a look from her to his superior. But the eyes affected not to have heard her.

"But—if you don't tell me," they said, "I shall stay here till you do."

The hated individual stood motionless. The Boy turned again to his mother, but she would not look at him; the policeman avoided his appealing gaze; the wooden soldiers lay lain upon the floor. He could not ask his mother what to do; he could not call to his father. If he told where his father was, it would be against his father's command; if he did not tell, then the eyes, the hateful eyes, would stand there burning into him forever. And if he said he did not know—? The pony and locomotive would be his, but what could the eyes do? And *would* the locomotive and the pony be his? Had they not been given to him already and taken away? He could not tell what to expect: his father had ceased to be absolute, had become vague and doubtable, like some boy. For the first time in his life the Boy was alone, hopelessly alone, and he must decide for himself. The locomotive had somewhat faded: the man with the eyes seemed to say that he could not have it, that it ought to be taken from him, even if he got it. The man with the eyes stood with projecting head, as if nearing him, insolently compelling him—rousing him to passionate, angry fear. The man took a quick step forward and brought his fist down terribly against the dressing-table.

"Now, then!" he cried.

The Boy jumped up and back against the wall.

"I'm not afraid of you!" he cried. "I'm not a perjury! I'm honest like my Favva! I'm not going to tell a lie; my Favva told me not to tell a lie—not for anything! My Favva's in there!" he cried, pointing to the window-seat. "Now go 'way! Go, go—go!"

He had not heard his mother's sob. He had not seen the policeman move to the window-seat. He had advanced with blinded fury on the man with the eyes, shaking his fist at them. The man had retreated down the stairs. The Boy stood breathless, smiling and crying at once.

John Holman stood up straight in the narrow opening. He placed a finger on his lips, looking at the policeman. There was something on his face beside defeat, something of a greater dignity. In a moment the Boy leaned weakly against his father's shoulder.

"He's gone, Favva—!" he murmured, catching his breath.

John Holman stood the Boy in his white night-gown beside his mother. She did not raise her eyes from the floor.

"Nothing else need count, Mary," said the man, quietly. "You have *him*. He's yours; and your work in the world goes on in him, all to your glory. The rest—needn't matter."

Once more he took the Boy in his arms and gazed deep into his eyes.

"Was I brave, Favva?" said the Boy.

"Yes," said John Holman. "Never forget that I said so. And now," he finished, "I'm going to take this policeman and go and look for that bad man."

John Holman went down the stairs he was not to mount again for many years. The dawn came feebly through the windows. The Boy had rescued his dear wooden captain where he lay wounded near the window-seat. His mother held the Boy in her lap, tearless, looking far beyond the smoky roofs. He gazed up into her face, wondering why she did not look at him.

"Was I brave, Muvva—?" said the Boy.

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"'OBSERVATORIO JESSYITICO,' I ORDERS."

The Padre's Volcano

By HENRY M. RIDEOUT

Illustrations by Peter Newell

"D'YE see that peak?" asked Captain Pratt, poking his old brass telescope shoreward.

Nostra Señora de Buen Viaje, our battered lady of ninety tons, ran N. 65 E., skirting the coast of Mindanao. Off her quarter ran a white curve of sand-beach, along which a few *nipa* huts peered out from an ambush of drooping greenery, the newer bits of thatch shining here and there like gold. Behind them, over a tall grove of cocoanut-palms, the earliest flying-foxes veered in their sunset flights. Far behind the grove, in turn, rose a range of sharp, sullen hills of cloudy green, above whose edge circular fronds, on trunks invisible in the distance, showed like bombs of foliage bursting in mid-air. And above and behind them all, the land gathered itself mightily, and in two long, graceful hollow curves ran high to the shattered pinnacle of the volcano—a dark, scowling, Malay version of Fuji-yama.

"Is she active?"

The little captain wagged his mutton-chop whiskers, fiercely amazed. "Be George, ye *might* say she was up an' about. I see 'er blow 'er bloomin' 'ead off!"

"That must have been exciting," the listener returned.

"'Twasn't."

Captain Pratt looked pensively, with unwinking blue eyes, at the fiery disk of the setting sun.

"Drawin' on time for chow," he concluded; then stepping briskly forward to the verge of the poop, he called:

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"Boy! Two gin-and-bitters!"

A little Tagalog, squatting over a tin basin on the deck, looked up with wide eyes, one brown fist clutched full of boiled rice, like a snowball.

"*Seegy, seegy!*" roared the captain. "Dirty *hombre*, d'ye 'ear? Ye black son of a gun, don't ye set there starin' at *me!*"

When at last we had given the solemn pledge, "Here's fun!" the captain sat down in the other bamboo chair.

"'Twas a tejious interference with shippin'," he remarked. "But one thing come of it, I didn't ever expect to be doin'.

"I was takin' on copra at Pacatlog when she e-rupted; an' the *Seenoria* comin' back to Manila, o' course it was told that she'd been the only ship to lay there at the time. So I comes into the 'ead office, an' fust off, young Fosdyck ups and says:

"'Cap'n, there's a letter for you 'ere from the true church. Are ye takin' orders?'

"'I ain't takin' no more orders,' I says to 'im, 'from windy youngsters to bring 'em back no more free bananas or papaia,' I says.

"'I'm not rottin' you,' says Fosdyck. 'It's a letter from the Jessyits, very particular.'

"'Oh, you be blowed,' I says. But just then, sure enough, out comes the Old Man 'imself from his private coop, an' says: 'Letter for you, Captain'—an' 'ands it over. An' my word, 'twas that big an' square, with figger'eads an' scrollwork. An' inside it says 'Captain Gregory Pratt (dear-sir) bein' informed that your schooner was the only vessel at Pacatlog durin' the recent'—but, rot! I can't mind the wordin' of it now, ye know. But it was all in the King's English, an' the substance was that some Padre Francisco or Tomasso or Bartolomeo wanted to talk the volcano over with me up at the Observat'ry. Well, I don't know just what to do.

"'You'd better go,' says the Old Man.

"'Well, I can't just exactly tell,' says I. 'I know where the Observat'ry is, lyin' out in the 'arbor,' I says, 'but when I get ashore the bloomin' thing jumps back somewheres away amongst the 'ouses.'

"'Get 'im a *carromata*,' the Old Man tells 'em. So the boy calls one, an' I brushes me 'air an' steps out an' boards it.

"'Observatorio,' I says.

"No move does Mr. Cochero make.

"'Observatorio Jessyitico,' I orders.

"Me Little Brown Brother 'e just stares at me like a sleep-walker.

"'Observatorio telescopio!' I says. 'Telescopio Jessyitico, allee same wantchee look-see moon, makee look-see stars. *Poco mas!*' I says to 'im.

"IF YOU COULD 'AVE SEEN THAT LONG GHOST FALL TO PIECES LAUGHIN'!"

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"AN' IN A LULL O' THE THUNDERIN', I FIRED TWICE AMONGST THE COPRA."

"If 'e'd been a Chino or a Jap I'd 'a' been all proper, but I've never learnt their lingo over 'ere. Well, young Fosdyck 'as to come out an' direct 'im, an' 'e lays on to the pony cruel 'ard, an' off we goes.

"By an' by the *carromata* sheers in through a gateway, an' 'eaves to before one o' these old ancient dobe buildin's that look as if they was 'avin' leprosy an' spotted fever. Out I 'ops, while me bold *cochero* climbs over into me seat an' curls up sound asleep. Inside there was a courtyard o' sorts, ye know, an' a little brown padre in a black robe an' beads, 'e meets me, an' bows an' grins, an' seems to talk English.

"'Well, what d'ye want o' me?' I says.

"'E spreads 'is fat 'ands out, so. 'It is for the señor to say what 'e wishes of us,' says 'e.

"'Oh, is it?' I tells 'im. 'Well, all the señor wants is to transact business, an' get back, be-'anged, aboard ship afore the cook vamooses off to a cock-fight ashore, an' no tiffin,' I says. 'I'm Captain Gregory Pratt o' the *Nostar Seenoria*, schooner, an' I came be reason o' this letter.'

"'Ah, *el Capitan*,' 'e says, an' grins. 'Please to come up-stairs.'

"So we go up topside. An' there I sit down an' wait in a little room all rigged up with books, an' a globe o' the world on the table, with England on it, d'ye mind, in green—where I wish I was now, too, be-'anged.

"After they'd kept me waitin' long enough, in came two padres all in black, as slow an' solemn as if they was goin' to confess me sins for me. One was a little fat man with a red nose an' blue eyes, but the other was the longest, thinnest, melancholiest black Spaniard ever was strung together.

"'*Buenos dios, señor*,' the Don says, an' inclines 'is long 'ead, an' gives me a speech beginnin' somewhere round '*mucho gusto*' and endin' at '*profundamente*.'

"'No intendy,' I says. 'Business is off. 'Oo wrote the letter for ye, then? If I'd 'a' known this, I'd 'a' brought me first officer;

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it's all the bloomin' goo-goo's fit for, is to talk Spanish.'

"The little red man's eyes they twinkled proper.

"'Faith, Captain Pratt,' says 'e, 'me own name is Reilly, an' 'tis a kind av an English I'll be spakin' for ye.'

"'Oho,' says I, 'the kind they speak across Saint George's Channel, an' that's handy sometimes, Father Reilly. What does his holiness there want o' me?'

"'Ye see, Captain,' 'e says, 'the Padre is at the hid av our sheismic deparrtmint, an' that's as much as to be sayin' that he's in charge av all the volcannyers an' earthquak's in the Arrchypilago.'

"'My respects to a chap with that billet,' I says. 'An' tell 'im, Father, as a seafarin' man I wish 'e'd keep the bowels of his Archypelago a damned sight quieter.'

"My word, that Irish padre laughed! 'E leaned back till 'e made a lap with 'is black skirts, an' pounded 'is fat knees and shook. An' when 'e could find breath, 'e ups an' tells the Spaniard. And then if you could 'ave seen that long ghost fall to pieces laughin'!

"'Sure, the Padre thinks ye misundherstood me,' says Father Reilly at last. 'He has no control over the ilimints; he only makes raypoorts in the inthrest av sci'nce,' 'e says. 'An' he'll be obliged to ye, Captain, for an account o' what happened to the Pacatlog volcannyer. 'Tis a spicial pint o' the Padre's,' 'e says to me.

"'Why, she blew 'er 'ead off,' I tells 'im.

"'Faith, is that all?' says Father Reilly, lookin' disappointed like.

"'"Twas enough,' I says. 'Seemed to satisfy every one down there. 'Twas well received in the immedjit neighbor'ood.'

"'Ah, now, Captain, ye can tell us longer than that,' says 'e. 'Whativer did ye see an'

"LOOK INTO THIS 44-CALIPER MUZZLE," I SAYS

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do, an' you lyin' there in perr'l av a catty-chism av nature?' 'e says.

"'What did *I* do?' I answers 'im. 'Now, why didn't ye ask me that afore? Thought 'twas the volcano ye were anxious about—What did *I* do? That's simple to tell.'"

Captain Pratt paused, staring at the ominous peak as if to refresh his memory.

"I got into Pacatlog," I tells the two padres, "I got in there Wednesday the tenth, at daylight, in the mornin', an' tied up alongside the *pantalan*. An' the agent comes down an' we 'as a row because 'e 'asn't 'is boys ready to 'andle cargo. So I tells me own crew to begin, an' pacifies 'em into it with a few pieces o' stingaree over the back; an' be the time we gets out sixty bags o' Saigon rice, along comes the agent's cargodores an' takes 'old. Then we discharges all our rice, an' begins to load copra. Work was goin' smart enough, when all to once, mind ye, the *pantalan* begins to shake like a mess o' jack-straws, an' fifty foot of it settled.

"The coolies was for knockin' off then an' there.

"'Go on, ye *hombres* o' Satan!' I notifies 'em. 'D'ye think we're to stop for a triflin' earthquake or two?'

"Then I looked aloft and seen smoke a-smotherin' up out o' that there mound, an' knowed it wasn't no earthquake. An' all of a sudden the land an' all gives a 'eave like a cross sea, an' a rumble like—like a thousand-ton wagon gallopin' over a ten-mile bridge. An' then—bum-bum-bully-bum-bow-row-shooroo bang! She blew 'er 'ead off.

"An' all was up in the air, an' it come on dark.

"'Oo's switched off the blessed sun?' I thinks furst. An' then through the smut an' red cinders droppin' I could see the crew down on their knees prayin' amongst the copra bags.

"I runs down into me cabin and fetches me gun—a 44-caliper it was, mind ye, too—an' up topside again.

"'Ye Phillipyne sons o' guns,' I says, 'get back to loadin' cargo, or I'll let a bigger hole through ye than yonder mountain can,' I says. An' in a lull o' the thunderin', I fired twice amongst the copra.

"One be one, they took it up, staggerin' with the bags an' pitchin' 'em on deck. Then comes the noise o' the agent runnin' down the *pantalan* like a bloomin' ghost, an'——

"'Shove off, shove off, cap'n!' 'e yells. 'The town's destroyed! We're lost!'

"'Young man,' I says, shoutin' back to where 'is voice come from in the dark, 'we're not a bloomin' gig-boat to be shoved. We'll drift out o' 'ere, be-'anged, on the 1.45 P.M. ebb-tide, God sendin' us wind to catch,' I says. 'You'll take charge o' loadin', too, while I gets me papers made out proper,' I notifies 'im.

"So I takes Nam Sing, the cook, 'oo was the only man aboard to keep 'is 'ead, if it did 'ave a pig-tail 'angin' to it. An' followin' orders 'e shuffles out with all the candle-lamps lighted to the *pantalan*, so they could see. Then I takes out a Chinese lantern an' me blackthorn stick in one 'and, an' me pistol in the other.

"'Now,' says I to the agent, 'oo was knockin' of 'is knees, 'you take this blackthorn an' rap any goo-goo over the 'ead as doesn't work.' So I left 'em there stowin' be candle-light, an' makes off up the *pantalan* to the customs 'ouse.

"It was night all the way, an' red coals fallin' like the shake-down of a furnace.

"There be me Chinee lantern I sees under your blue-barred ins'lar flag with the yellow chicken in the jack, the customs man on 'is knees, likewise prayin'.

"'Git up,' I tells 'im. 'This is no time for prayer. For twenty years ye've lived, an' gambled, an' cock-fought, an' drank, an' committed bigamy, etcetera,' I says, 'under the shadder o' this mountain. An' now she acts, ye're troublin' a busy 'Eaven for the fust time,' I says. 'She's active, an' it's for you to be,' I says. 'Look into this 44-caliper muzzle,' I says. 'The *Seenoria's* clearin' an' wants 'er papers.'

"'E yowls miserable, gets up, sees the pistol starin' at 'im under the lantern, an' falls to scribblin'.'

"Meantime, lookin' out o' winder, I sees a red brook run down a side street like melten—molted—tomayters! A cripple nigger is 'obblin' before it. It overtakes 'im, an' flows round 'im, an' the smoke flies up round 'is shin-bones, an' down 'e disappears in it, 'owlin'.

"I grabs the papers off the customs man, an' says, 'Run for the landin'—*pantalan, seegy!*' Then I makes off for the church; inside it was all tall shakin' candle-light, an' a crowd o' black padres prayin'.'

"'Make an end o' this!' I yells at 'em, 'an' ring yer bloomin' bell afore the villagers gets burnt alive. Send 'em to the *pantalan!*' I says.

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"Back I puts for the ship. An' there be Nam Sing's candles, they'd stowed all but twenty bags o' copra. There was some good in that agent, after all, for 'e'd stretched six *hombres* on the plankin', an' the rest worked. We pitched 'em all aboard, bags an' men.

"'Stand by to cast off!' I orders 'em. Both ends o' me ship, bow an' stern, was burnin' fire. Nam Sing dodges round slushin' 'em out with buckets.

"Then the villagers begins comin' thicker an' faster. My word, they seemed to be thousands all on the run in the dark.

"'Cast off!' I orders.

"There on the end o' the jetty ye could 'ear 'em crowdin' an' screechin'.

"I grabs me trumpet, knowin' some of 'em spoke English.

"'Get into your *cascos* an' *bancas* an' lurchers!' I says. 'Paddle out, follow me lights and catch me 'awsers astern, an' under God I'll tow ye to Carigao.'

"An' all this time the night black with ashes afore noon, an' them scramblin' an' yellin' an' tumblin' into *bancas*, an' red coals droppin' on deck, an' a cobweb o' tow-ropes over the stern, an' them thick as ants paddlin' to catch up. An' the volcano! All we could 'ear was bum-bum-bow-row-bang! an' up shoots flame an' 'ot rocks like balloons. Be-'anged, if they 'ad such a firework at the Crystal Palace, they'd think their bloomin' fortunes was made!"

Captain Pratt, leaning far back, contemplated the dog-vane in an ecstasy of remembrance. At last his mind reverted to the Jesuit Observatory.

"'Well,' Father Reilly says to me, 'what ivintually happened?'

"'We drifted out,' I told 'im, 'an' nigh fouled a coral reef, an' afterward caught a breeze, an' towed the whole shebang to Carigao, an' took the copra, too, an' ship's papers proper to show.'

"The Irishman sits there thinkin' an' twiddlin' 'is beads a while.

"'Faith, now,' says 'e, 'ye've tould us what ye did, an' a cridit the same is to yoursilf, Captain,' 'e says. 'But I'm thinkin' what the Padre wants is more av a scientifical description av the phaynomenum,' 'e says.

"'Description is it?' I tells 'im. 'We was there on the owners' business. D'ye think I'd took along an easel an' a bucket o' paints an' a white umbrella?—I was spreadin' canvas, not daubin' it. But be-'anged, if ye'd 'a' instructed me be telegraph, I could 'a' painted all that dirty rumpus with just the coal-tar an' the red lead,' I says.

"Father Reilly gives me a queer look, an' then begins talkin' to the old Spaniard. 'Twas a long speech. At the end, the Don crosses over to a desk, opens a book, begins to write, an' then asks a question.

"'''Tis an inscription of a gift he's writin' for ye,' says Reilly. 'What's the corrict name av yer ship, now, Captain?'

"'*Nostar Seenoria dee Bon V'yage*,' I tells 'im.

"The Don makes a remark an' bows to me. The Irishman interprets:

"'The Padre says, "Our Lady of Good Voyages, 'tis an auspicious tithle."'

"And the other one give me a scientifical kind of a book, in Spanish, all about the notorious old volcanoes that 'ad blown their 'eads off back to 1492. An' Reilly says:

"'''Tis a valuable contribution, the Padre bids me say, ye've made to the sci'nce av the subject.'

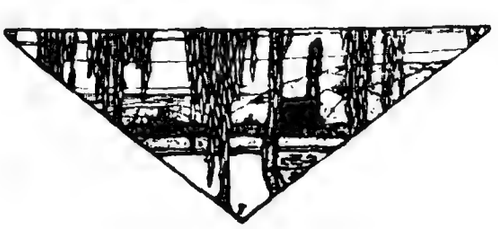
"An' then I came away——"

Captain Pratt leaped from the bamboo chair, his arm rigid, his mustache bristling; even the Filipino steersman was electrified.

"Let 'er go sixty-five!" he roared. The wheel spun swiftly.

Deep in thought again, the captain stood looking astern to where the sullen mountain thrust its shattered peak through a ring of woolly vapor. Over the summit glowed the last sunlight, as an ambiguous smile might play upon a cruel face.

"I've wondered," said he slowly, "whether that Irish padre didn't wink at me, d'ye know, now?"



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Soldiers of the Common Good

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL
Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The magnificent work of the German Government in acquiring and managing its railroads is described in these chapters of Mr. Russell's progressingly powerful studies of economic uplift throughout the world. He tells of the bold tactics of von Maybach, "the man of the snow-plow jaw," in using against the railroads, on behalf of the Government, weapons which our railroad barons use for the sandbagging of one another. The German Government owns twenty-nine out of every thirty-two miles of railroad in its territory. The railroad management is devoted to the convenience, comfort, and safety of the people and not to private gain. Capital, which is thus almost stopped from playing its game of grab and hold, still fights viciously to save what is left of its illegitimate power. Significant analyses of the German Government's institutions of workingmen's insurance and old-age insurance are important features of this instalment of Mr. Russell's great constructive work.

CHAPTER VII

RAILROADING WITH THE KAISER IN GERMANY

THE station-master of Bomburg-Pomburg, standing erect in approved military attitude at the end of the platform that bounds his dominion, is one of the grandest sights in nature. His magnificent uniform of blue and gold shines conspicuous in the sun. His red cap of office is adorned with much gilt, and the occasion, let us say, being festival, he wears with pomp and circumstance a massive sword. As Napoleon upon the field of battle, he from his coign of vantage surveys the scene of action—calm, imperturbable, majestic, full of thought and command. A long train is drawn up at the station, and he stands where all the passengers can derive pleasure and edification from gazing upon him. He looks down the platform and observes that his adjutants are properly herding and shoving about the low, degraded third-class passengers, but he gives no sign.

After a time three or four guards from the train run excitedly down the track shouting "*Einsteigen!*" Presently they return still more excited. The first shouts "*Fertig!*" the second shouts "*Fertig!*" the third shouts "*Fertig!*"—each in a different key. The conductor of the train looks carefully up and down to see that the guards are not deceiving him, that all is indeed ready for the ceremony. Then the first assistant station-master rings an electric bell. The conductor, his face full of concern and doubt, again scrutinizes the train. Then slowly and with caution he takes a whistle that hangs by a cord about his neck and looks at both sides of it to be sure it is in good working order. Then he puts it to his lips with the air of a man deciding the fate of nations and blows a blast. Slowly and sadly the engineer answers from the locomotive. The conductor whistles again, and presently you may perceive that the train is simulating motion. And then comes the climax of the day. There stands the station-master of Bomburg-Pomburg, representing the Kaiser, the Imperial Power of Germany, the state and majesty of the Grand Duchy. As the train moves by him the engineer, the conductor, and all the guards stand respectfully at attention. Before this august figure each in turn salutes and receives the curt acknowledgment due from a superior to an inferior officer of the Imperial Government. And

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with that the ceremony is ended, the *Schnellzug* is launched upon its way.

This is the invariable performance at every railroad station in Germany and is typical of what is certainly the most remarkable transportation system in the world. In Germany, the Government owns the railroads and operates them through labyrinthine miles and miles of red tape. In England railroad travel seems to be a form of devotion to be undertaken alone, if possible, and always in sad silence and meditation. In Germany it is a state function; you ride by the permission of the Kaiser and the Government, and care is taken that you shall not forget your obligations. The cars, the stations, and the platforms are adorned with innumerable notices and warnings forbidding you to do one thing and commanding you to do another. You must walk here and must not walk there; you must show your ticket at the gate and again to the conductor before the train starts. You must not enter into disputes with the ticket agents or trainmen, because they are government officers and to quarrel with them is a form of *lèse-majesté*. If you travel third class you must be content to be herded as cattle are herded at Western shipping stations, and with as little courtesy. You will see the class lines drawn very clearly before you in the behavior of the employees, who uniformly hold that persons of rank and consideration travel first class, men and women second class, beasts third class. You will see very curious exhibitions of autocratic authority and of objectionable servility from the same officers, and you will sometimes feel your blood tingle at the difference.

And yet, in all the essentials of getting about with ease and despatch the service is so good that your democratic and American soul will surely be tempted to disregard everything but the comfort, the cheapness, and the convenience. The German Government may regard its third-class passengers as of little esteem in the social scale, but it carries them wherever and whenever they wish to go and for wonderfully little money. In some parts of Germany where fourth-class cars are used the peasants travel for less than a cent a mile. As the first object of the German railway organization is not to make money but to provide public service, the time-tables are arranged solely with the idea of meeting the general demand. Hence trains are frequent in all directions. As nothing need be scrimped or stolen to make up dividends on watered stock and fraudulent bonds, the outfit is

A GERMAN TRAIN IN THE STATION AT BREMEN.

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uniformly good, the road-beds and track are in excellent condition, and the stations great roomy places, often of elaborate and handsome design. The Government takes a reasonable pride in its architecture; the frightful and ramshackle sheds to which in small American towns we must resort for stations are unknown in Germany; the smallest village has at least a tolerable *Bahnhof*. The through German trains make fairly good speed. The express from Berlin to Hamburg is scheduled at fifty-one and a half miles an hour, including stops. No long-distance train in Germany equals in speed such trains as the Empire State Express and the fastest Chicago-New York trains, but the Cologne-Berlin and Frankfort-Berlin expresses do forty-five miles an hour. The local trains seem slower than the mills of the gods, but they are fast enough to suit the people that use them. Accidents are almost unknown. Trains are seldom late. The whole vast system works with the precision of a perfect machine, for all its cheapness it returns every year great profits to the national treasury, and after many years of experience the people of Germany would regard as something straight from Bedlam a proposal to return to the private ownership of their railroads.

Like the man that commended honesty to his son, they have tried both. We have in America a pleasing way of assuming that the Government of Germany operates the German railroads because the spirit of enterprise and achievement is lacking among the German people; the Government, we Americans think, must needs do these things because private individuals don't know how; and this in spite of the fact that German enterprise has conceived and carried on commercial undertakings as great and daring as anything we ever dreamed of. The truth is that in the beginning all the German railroads were privately owned, and until thirty-five years ago nobody in Germany supposed there would ever be any other kind of ownership. *The Government woke up in* 1871 *to recognize two facts—first, that whoever owns a country's transportation service owns the country; and second, that it needed the national highways for national use.* The war with France first jolted the private ownership idea, for the Government had found the railroad companies exorbitant, unreasonable, and given to grafting when it came to transporting troops and supplies, but we also had our share in effecting the transformation. It was the time of Tom Scott, the Pennsylvania monopoly, Jay Gould, the wrecking of Erie,

THE RAILWAY STATION AT COLOGNE.

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ALBERT VON MAYBACH,

By whose tremendous efforts government ownership of railroads was established in Germany.

the beginning of legislative bribery as a fine art. No important development or manifestation around the world escapes the hawk-like watching of the German Government. Tom Scott's performances were known and understood in Berlin as thoroughly as ever they were known in New York. The appearance of a new factor in Government able to control legislatures, nullify laws, and operate illimitable schemes of public plunder made a strong impression on the German mind. Moreover, much German capital had gone into American railroads about that time and very little had come out, and following its dizzy revolutions through debenture bonds, consolidated mortgages, equipment bonds, common, preferred and hocus-pocus issues, and the vast and sailless ocean of watered stock, showed the Germans some highly disagreeable possibilities of the private system. So the Government determined as a matter of safety to run the railroads on its own account.

Under the German system the thing had to be done through the states of the Empire for the reason that while all these states stand as one against the foreigner they are still peculiarly jealous and sensitive about their local prerogatives. Prussia, the laboring steam-engine of the Empire, took the lead. And here comes in the inevitable one man

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mighty that dominates the scene and with his two hands drags down the castle. What the obscure laborer Alexander McLeod was to Cooperation in Woolwich, Minister von Maybach was to Public Ownership in Germany. He was the man with the iron will, the unbeatable and unturnable, who kept hammering away until he got what he wanted. In America von Maybach would have been a boss of Tammany Hall, or a railroad magnate, or a trust builder. In Prussia he was the man that wrested the railroad system from the hands of individuals and did it without splitting hairs over the means employed.

The air was filled with a million objections to every proposal.

"How are you going to compensate the owners?"

"And what about the stocks and bonds?"

"And there are the widows and orphans that really own the railroads—what about them?"

"And you can't take private property for public uses, you know."

And so on, a dismal chorus.

"No?" said von Maybach one day. "You watch me." He had a jaw like a snow-plow and eyes as cold as glass. *He went quietly into the stock-market and bought the control of one or two railroads. On these he instantly slashed all rates and reached out for all the business.* It was knife for knife in brutal fashion on the tariff sheets, but in the end the private competing company found that von Maybach had the stronger weapon and the better nerve. He did not care for any protests about vested rights or the sanctity of dividends, but thrust his good blade right and left. The stockholders took fright at the vanishing of their dividends; with a hard, brutal person like that to deal with the widows and orphans seemed to have no chance in the world, and *in the end the private competitor was glad to make the best terms it could with the Minister and get out with Prussian Consols at three and one-half per cent. in exchange for stock.* As fast as he added a new line to his system von Maybach extended his rate-cutting until he was practically master of the situation. Then the rest of the companies surrendered at discretion.

A GERMAN RAILWAY PORTER.

The other states meanwhile had taken heart from the bold von Maybach and followed his example—more or less. The private ownership of railroads all over Germany gradually passed away. In 1904 there were in the Empire 32,090 miles of railroad trackage, of which 29,375 miles were owned by the Government and 2,715 miles were owned by private companies. Most of the privately owned railroads were small branch lines, or lumbering or factory roads. For reasons of convenience the state managed 140 kilometers (eighty-five miles) of privately owned railroads and allowed twelve miles of state railroad to be managed by private interests.

In its total railroad operations from first to last the state (that is, all the governments of Germany collectively) has invested so far $3,129,943,965, or about $75,000 a mile of trackage. But this, of course, includes everything. The annual earnings are about two billion marks, or $500,000,000; the annual expenditures are about $332,000,000, and the gross profits about $167,000,000. A compilation from the railroad reports of all the German states made for 1901 showed for the full-gage lines a total income of 1,972,879,586 marks, expenditures 1,310,092,257 marks, profit 662,786,829 marks, or a profit of 33.59 per cent. Besides the full-gage railroads there are 1,183 miles of narrow-gage lines. Gross profits are figured at about thirty-three and one-half per cent. For the whole of Germany the net annual profits on all state railroad lines, after charging off most liberally for depreciation, renewals, improvements, and interest, have for ten years been between 5.14 and 6.06 per cent. The tendency is steadily upward. Every year shows a slight gain in

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APPROACH AND ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT RAILWAY STATION AT FRANKFORT.

UNLOADING THE PARCELS POST ON A GERMAN TRAIN.

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FAÇADE OF THE RAILWAY STATION AT STUTTGART.

the net earnings, which are now a great item in the national budget. It is really the railroad earnings that save the Government. German national expenses, like all others, mount year by year with the increased cost of armaments, ships, and military supplies, but as these items increase the railroad receipts keep pace and the burden of taxation falls no more heavily upon the people. In Germany the foreigner does truly help to pay the taxes, for every alien traveler contributes mile by mile to the national treasury.

The plan whereon the German railroad system is built seems at first glance something to guarantee a hopeless confusion. Theoretically every state and province in the Empire contributes to the general service a certain quota of equipment over which it has sole jurisdiction. As a matter of fact there is no confusion at all, but practical harmony. An Imperial Railroad Department at Berlin smooths out the difficulties, sees that the equipments are up to standard, arranges for the distribution of supplies, and keeps the system working as a coherent whole. The tendency is toward greater powers for this central body; naturally, because the state divisions grow weaker, the central Government grows stronger, and Berlin is soon to rule all Germany. Some of the smaller provinces now unite with others in the furnishing of equipment (as Hesse has gone into partnership with Prussia), and some furnish money instead of rolling stock.

The annual passenger traffic on the German railroad is about 900,000,000 persons. More than half of these travel third class and thirty-three per cent. travel fourth class; eighty-eight per cent. of the passenger traffic is represented in these two classes and less than one per cent. in the first class, so essentially is the railroad a thing for poor people. The average distance traveled is twenty miles for each person. The annual freight tonnage of the German railroads is about 400,000,000 tons. The railroads employ 550,000 persons, pay $187,500,000 a year in wages, $700,000 a year in pensions to old employees, $350,000 a year to the widows of employees, and $15,000 a year for the burial of employees. *So far as any outsider can discover there is no grafting—and assuredly there is no stock juggling, bond juggling, rate juggling, rebates, discriminations, thefts, underbilling, wrong classifications, skin games, and frauds on shippers. Every shipper knows exactly what he pays and what his competitors pay, and the chief plaint of the Ameri-*

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can shipper is absolutely unknown in Germany.

On the whole, though comparisons are difficult, freight rates seem somewhat higher in Germany than in America, varying from one cent a mile for a ton to two and one-half cents, whereas the bulk of American freight traffic goes at from .61 cents to 2.08 cents a mile for a ton. But the differences in classification tend to equalize all this. The German tariff is very much simpler than ours. There are not one thousand items in the German classification list, and with us the Western classification alone has 8,044 items, the Southern 3,664, and the American Official 9,370.

Moreover, the German shipper has three great advantages over the American. In the first place, the German rates never change; the American rates go up and down with the exigencies of the only American rule for rate-making, which in railroad parlance is "the last cent the people will stand without rioting." In the next place the rates are absolutely the same to everybody, rich and poor, trust or no trust, campaign subscriber or peasant, Ogden Armour or Hans Schmidt—the rates are the same. In the next place there is nobody in Germany sneaking about at night with money under his hat lining, dealing out rebates—as there is in every American shipping center. I used to know a man in Chicago whose sole occupation for years was to hand out rebates for one railroad company to favored firms. Sometimes he used to go up dark alleys and push the money in at side doors and sometimes he used to meet a firm's agent in a saloon and change hats with him, a roll of bills being deftly concealed behind the lining of my friend's hat. I was told that he had given $60,000 in one month to the favored shippers of Chicago. For the greater part of the time he was engaged in this industry his operations were likely to land himself, his employers, and the firms he dealt with in the penitentiary, and for all of the time his work was utterly illegal and strictly prohibited. When Senator Elkins, justly famed in Washington as "the Guardian of the Passes," succeeded in getting his railroad bill enacted two years ago he removed imprisonment as a punishment for rebate-giving; but the act is still a crime and still punishable by heavy fines. Yet the Chicago firms that year after year violated the law and accepted these rebates are composed of the most eminent, respectable, and virtuous gentlemen in the city, strenuous champions of law and order, and not one of them would pick a pocket or rob a till. I suppose they have their own definitions of morality, but it is hard to imagine what the definitions can be. Once my friend in a fit of vinous exaltation passed the hat to the wrong man and there came near being an explosion that would have echoed through our best circles. I am told that the Interstate Commerce Commission has never inquired into these matters, though it is employed for that purpose, nor into the famous "dark rooms" maintained in the railroad offices of Chicago, to which favored shippers find their way by a mysterious instinct and pick up fat rolls of bills. There are no "dark rooms" in the German railroad offices.

The German railroad system is not complicated by any rebate issues, nor by lobbies, pools, combinations, dark-lantern deals, secret compacts, crooked Congressmen, purchased Senators, bribed District Attorneys. No part of the railroad earnings in Germany need be set apart for the expenses of gentlemen engaged in manipulating political conventions, or in electing certain candidates and defeating certain others. That makes a wonderful difference in the practical operations of the system and a wonderful advantage to the public pocketbook. In Germany railroad rates are based on the cost of transportation, the interest on the outstanding bonds, and a fair profit on the service performed. In America they are based on the traffic manager's nerve. That makes some difference.

In the next place the German shipper is never bothered about his damage claims. If goods are injured or delayed in transit the German Government pays for the damage out of hand and without hesitation. For a trifling sum you can insure the arrival of any shipment at any point within a stated time, and for every hour of delay the Government pays a heavy penalty. In America, except to favored firms and as a disguise for the illegal rebates, the damage claim belongs to the realm of humor; it is a jest. The railroads never pay it short of the pistol point. Not long ago I was shipping a carload from Brooklyn, New York, to a place in New Hampshire.

"Owner's risk or railroad's risk?" said the warehouseman, making out the bill.

"Railroad's risk," said I.

"Foolish," said the agent. "The rate is lower if you ship at owner's risk, and you

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couldn't get a damage claim anyway. If your whole carload were destroyed you couldn't get a cent in less than three years and your lawyer would cost more than the claim."

In Germany there is no quibbling about the responsibility of the railroad and no resort to the courts. The Government undertakes the full responsibility when it accepts a shipment of any kind. If the goods are lost the Government promptly pays the invoice value, and for leakage, shrinkage or injury it pays proportionately. When delivery is delayed the greater part of the freight charges are returned. In 1902 the German Government paid $325,000 on such claims, and in 1903, $305,000, and it was not necessary for any claimant to sue, threaten, bully, complain, wheedle, or swear over the telephone to get justice. American shippers will appreciate the difference.

There was one occasion in Germany when the Government did change the rates, and very suddenly. The summer of 1904 was exceedingly dry and the water in all the rivers was very low. Such German rivers as are navigable at all carry a commerce wholly disproportionate to their size. The upper Elbe, for instance, with about a cupful of water, is busy with steamers, barges, and rafts. The drought of 1904 left a great fleet of these high and dry. Many were loaded with goods the delay of which was causing great distress and loss to merchants, when the Government suddenly stepped in and carried all the delayed goods to their destination at low-water rates.

As to passenger business, the advantage is distinctly with the Germans. In Germany the regular first-class fares are about three and one-fifth cents a mile; second-class, two and one-fifth cents; third-class, one and three-fifths cents, and fourth-class four-fifths of a cent a mile. An additional charge of three-sixteenths of a cent a mile is made for first-class tickets on the fast through trains and of about one-seventh of a cent a mile for second- and third-class. A liberal system of round-trip reductions, workmen's tickets, circular-tour reductions, and tourists' coupons brings these moderate charges down to even lower levels. Travel in Germany is cheap. In America the prevailing rate is three cents a mile except on some through runs between large cities. In some parts of the country it is four cents a mile. One can go from New York to Chicago, 950 miles, for $18, but this is over the "differential lines," the regular charge being from $20 to $29. If we add the Pullman charge for accommodations, equal to "first-class" in Germany, it will be seen at once that the Germans have far and away the best of it. At one time private companies supplied all the sleeping-car accommodations on the German roads. The Government is now operating sleeping-cars of its own at rates calculated to make the American traveler weary. All the German sleeping-cars are of the compartment order, the idea of undressing in public and going to bed on a shelf not appealing strongly to the Continental mind. One can have on a German sleeping-car a room to himself with two berths and complete toilet accessories for $2.50 from Frankfort to Berlin. For the same accommodations on a Pullman car from Rochester to New York, a journey occupying about the same time as that from Frankfort to Berlin, the charge is $7.00, and about this difference between German and American sleepers prevails everywhere. But, of course, the American sleeping-car system is one of the most monstrous grafts in the world, and the Germans have the advantage of earning no dividends, of supporting no watered stocks, fictitious bonds or inflated securities, and of having no bribes to pay legislators.

The Prussian railroads are very much the biggest and on the whole the best part of the German system. The railroads of Saxony, Wurtemburg and Hanover do well enough, but everything in Germany is overshadowed by Prussia. In 1903 the Prussian railroads (Prussia and Hesse combined), covering 31,697 kilometers (18,810 miles) of track, earned $350,140,000, with a gross profit of $147,000,000, which, after deducting the interest on the Railroad Debt and the usual charges for deterioration and construction accounts, left a clear net profit of $23,000,000, against a net profit of $20,000,000 in 1901. In Prussia the Railroad Department covers all the expenses of construction, extensions, improvements of whatever kind, out of its surplus instead of issuing new bonds, and in spite of all that its net profits in 1901 were 6.41 per cent. on its investment; in 1902, 6.56 per cent., and in 1903, more than seven per cent. Moreover, it should be remembered that these percentages are calculated upon the total investment to date, including all improvements paid for from the surplus as well as the original purchase price. Hence it will be seen that Prussia has a good thing in her railroads. As the receipts increase at the rate of about eleven per cent. a year and the operating expenses do not keep pace with the

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increase of receipts, it appears that she has a still better thing for the future. Thus:

In 1879	the receipts	were	$40,000,000
In 1882	"	"	120,000,000
In 1891	"	"	250,000,000
In 1904	"	"	375,000,000

whereas the operating expenses were:

In 1901,	61.75	per cent.	of the receipts
In 1902,	61.34	"	" "
In 1903,	60.55	"	" "

and the working surplus increased from $125,000,000 in 1896 to $150,000,000 in 1904.

On the human side of these matters, the German railways carry nine hundred million passengers a year and kill and maim almost none of them. *Every week we kill more people on our railroads than are killed on the entire German railroad system in a year.* But the German people object to being killed and we do not. That again makes some difference.

Nothing done by man shall escape fault and flaw. The German railroad system has its merits and defects, and its worst and most glaring defect is that all the men that work for it, half a million in number, are disfranchised and have no share in the Government. The ruling powers were determined that the railroad should never be a factor in national politics, so they took the shortest and most radical way to that end. No political party in Germany can utilize the railroad vote, for there is no such thing. The fact is not so important in Germany as it would be with us, because Germany does not have equal and universal suffrage anyway, but it is important enough to keep alive a perpetual and well-grounded agitation. To the Socialists, naturally, the restriction is an incessant goad. It does not seem quite necessary. Switzerland has both national ownership of railroads and political parties, but has not found any reason to deprive its railroad employees of their rights. But it must be remembered that politically Germany is living in the sixteenth century.

Also the red tape tangles the railroad machine. Everything must be done in the manner of starting that train at Bomburg-Pomburg, with salutes and formalities, addresses to this bureau and that chief, and improvements are not to be had in a day. And yet the comfort and the speed of the trains do increase from year to year. The German people do not seem to mind the herding at the stations nor the overbearing arrogance of the men in official position, but they do complain that the Government does not extend the system so rapidly as it should and that many important towns still remain without railroad connections. The official answer to this is that the railroad profits are now a great item in the budget, and in the present state of warlike preparation the budget cannot be tampered with. The Government tries to meet the demand for extensions by building and encouraging others to build what are called "Light Railroads"; that is, short narrow-gage lines connecting at trunk-line points. But the progress of this development is slow.

What seems to many a better founded complaint is about the German coal rate. To help the German collieries to compete in Baltic ports with English coal a special rate, very low, is made on coal from Silesia and Westphalia. As the first object of the German Government is to push German commerce, the thing is defensible from a certain point of view, but it really taxes the rest of the country to help the collieries.

Not all the German state railroads show balance sheets equal to the Prussian. In Baden, for instance, the working expenses are 81.20 per cent. of the receipts and the net profits are only 2.39 per cent. But this is an exceptional case and Baden is a small province. In the larger kingdoms, Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemburg, the results are good enough.

CHAPTER VIII

THE STATE AS AN INSURANCE COMPANY AND THE STATE AS A COAL-MINER

I DIGRESS here long enough to point out that railroads are not the only government trading enterprises in Germany. The Government is in the insurance business and it is a miner and shipper of coal. In Germany, on the whole the last place in the world where you would look for such a thing, you can see Old Age Insurance, for instance, in full operation. The Government operates the whole machinery and, strange to say, with purely benevolent purpose, for the thing has nothing to do with war and nothing with the terrible Budget. All persons that take Old Age Insurance begin at seventy years to draw the income, whether they are able or unable to work. The premium is fifty marks a year, and this payment is divided equally between the working

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man and his employer. That is to say, if a working man has taken out an Old Age policy from the Government, wherever he is employed his employer must pay to the Government for him twenty-five marks a year, or $5.93. The insurance is accumulative and depends upon the age at which the policy is taken out. In the case of a man that begins at twenty the income at seventy will be about $120 a year. Thirteen and a half million people, practically the whole working class of Germany, share in this insurance. The Government sees to it that neither the working man nor his employer dodges the premiums. In Germany the Government can do this with ease because it never for a moment loses track of its citizens. It has a record of each of its 56,000,000 people and can at any moment put a finger upon any one of them. When a German working man changes his lodging-place he must notify the police; when he changes his employment he must notify the police; he can never escape from that watchful scrutiny until he dies or passes over the frontier.

I said something a few pages back about the care and intelligence wherewith the German mind observes the world's developments. It may interest Americans to know that every phase of the Equitable scandal was fully reported day by day in the German newspapers and most discerningly commented upon. The German editors understood perfectly the significance of the story and made the significance perfectly clear to their readers. The result was a quiet but promising movement to induce the Government of Germany to take over the remainder of the insurance business done in the country. In other words, Germany applied to itself the lesson of Equitable just as it took to heart the lesson of Tom Scott, and it is not the purpose of Germans to have their resources absorbed for the duck-and-drake playing of insurance companies. It is odd to reflect how much we have accomplished in the world by showing others what not to do.

The German Government also conducts a Working Man's Insurance Company in which membership is not voluntary but compulsory. All wage-earners must take out a policy in it and all government officers with a smaller salary than 2,000 marks a year. Others may come in if they wish, but these have no choice; the Government enforces providence upon them willy-nilly. The insurance is against incapacity, sickness, and accident. The premium is a weekly assessment of not more than four per cent. of the average weekly wages, two-thirds borne by the insured and one-third by the employer. The Government collects the assessment and holds the funds. Ten million persons are policy-holders in this enterprise, and the payments amount to $50,000,000 a year. When an insured working man dies the Government pays his funeral expenses from this fund, alloting therefor a sum equal to twenty times his daily wage. In case of sickness payment is made at the rate of 66⅔ per cent. of the annual earnings of the insured. The Government also conducts 354 Industrial Courts for settling disputes between working men and employers, and these courts have considered 90,000 cases in a year. They have never amounted to much in settling strikes actually begun, but they have prevented many disputes from growing into strikes.

The German Government operates the telegraph and telephone systems. All European governments look upon the telegraph as part of the postal system, and most of them take the same view of the telephone. Telephones in Germany cost $45 a year for an unlimited service in the district in which the subscriber lives, with small charges for long-distance service.

Do you suppose that Capital in Germany has looked with any favor on all these intrusions of the Government on the field of profits? Not at all. It has fought every step of the way, and sometimes it has shown there, as with us, that it knows how to circumvent any government, however powerful. They had a lesson of that kind lately in the governmental coal-mining business. The state of Prussia owns and operates about one-third of the collieries of Germany, possessing enormous fields and works in Upper Silesia and again in Westphalia. Side by side, at least, private ownership and public ownership do not seem to work very well. Last winter there were wide-spread strikes through all the privately owned German mines, and the government mines proving to be wholly inadequate to meet the demand, the coal supply broke down in the middle of winter. The Government thereupon concluded that obviously it must increase its mine holdings. So it decided to buy up the great Hibernia mine, one of the most profitable and prolific in Germany, and one, moreover, where strikes had been frequent and troublesome. Now the Government, in Polonius's phrase, went

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round to work. It carefully concealed its purpose and entrusted the purchase of the shares to certain financial agents in Berlin, under the impression that no one would know what was intended. But Capital learned in some way what was in the wind. There was a general feeling among moneyed men that this sort of thing had gone far enough. Some quick moves were made on the financial chess-board, and when the meeting of the company came on at which the Government was to spring its trap and take possession of the mine, the trap wouldn't work. Capital had laid hands on a majority of the shares and locked them up. The Government was left, therefore, in the rather foolish position of holding a lot of shares in an enterprise that it could not control, and the great "Hibernia" remains in private ownership.

But the coal situation is so acute that sooner or later the Government will be driven to deal with it in radical fashion. How, is not yet clear, for law-dodging is an art quite well known even in Germany. With the intent to secure at all times an ample coal supply Section 65 of the mining laws enjoins upon all the mining companies that they shall open up their coal-fields and produce coal as rapidly as public interest requires. The coal companies, perhaps taking a leaf from the American Coal Trust's book, construe this to mean that public interests first demand good fat dividends on coal stocks, and keep many mines idle and many coal-fields unworked. The Land Reform Party in Germany has taken up the agitation against the mine owners; the Government, with its navy to supply and, moreover, irritated by the "Hibernia" incident, is nothing loath, and something is due to drop on the mine owners.

Trusts make small headway in Germany because they can play no tricks with railroad rates and get no advantages over their competitors. No man with eyes in his head can visit Germany and fail to see that the railroad system with its cheap and easy conveniences is a great boon to the masses of the people. But so far as the World's Problem is concerned you will get little answer of hope here. While the condition of the German working man is better than that of the English working man, while the slum dweller of Germany may be a barbarian but is never a physical degenerate, yet caste and class dominate in Germany as in England, the great inherited estates envelop and absorb the country's resources, the palace and the slum lie side by side, superfluity and penury touch elbows. Out by the Thiergarten in Berlin you will see rows of the most beautiful dwellings in the world, great marble structures of an entrancing and flawless architecture, costly enough to make a king's ransom. And in another street the children fight for crusts.

And once every year, on New Year's eve, the slums shake the palace, for then the slums empty themselves and howling, ragged savages, the products of inequality and autocracy, the natural fruitage of a system that denies opportunity, pour through the streets in such huge mad mobs as even the Berlin police are powerless to control. For that one night riot holds Berlin, not merrily but with sour joy in mere destruction and violence. Then the peaceful citizens flee to their houses; signs are torn down, barricaded shop windows broken in, unlucky wayfarers caught and stripped in the streets, and nothing but a charge of cavalry can disperse the rioters. No witness of that most strange and menacing spectacle has any faith in Germany as a pioneer of the world's relief.

In the March instalment of ***"Soldiers of the Common Good,"*** Mr. Russell will discuss ***Government-owned Railroads in Italy*** and ***Government-controlled Railroads in France.***

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O Wind From the Golden Gate!

By VIRGINIA BIOREN HARRISON

NOW dies the salt wind—breath of Eastward seas—
And in the quivering leaves of whispering trees
Soft stirs the evening breeze.

From charmèd lands, O wind from out the West!
From slumbrous isles by sleeping waves caressed,
Thou bearest on thy breast
The languorous perfume of a thousand flowers,
The garnered sunshine of unnumbered hours,
The spice of Orient bowers.

Thy pinions touch peaks ermined by the snow
And search deep cañons where wild waters flow,
And mighty cedars grow.
Thou art the voice of silent places lone,
That call me day and night—pools shadow strown,
And forest haunts unknown.

Now on thy wide-spread wings bring tranquil rest
And sway the jeweled fringe of dreams, O blest
Sweet wind from out the West!

Twilight

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

FROM vales of dawn hath Day pursued the Night
Who mocking fled, swift-sandaled, to the west,
Nor ever lingered in her wayward flight
With dusk-eyed glance to recompense his quest,
But over crocus hills and meadows gray
Sped fleetly on her way.

Now when the Day, shorn of his failing strength,
Hath fallen spent before the sunset bars,
The fair, wild Night, with pity touched at length,
Crowned with her chaplet of outblossoming stars,
Creeps back repentantly upon her way
To kiss the dying Day.

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OVER THE PILES OF INKY PAPERS SHINES THE PAPER LADY'S FACE.

DOLL MILDRED

By ANNE STORY ALLEN

Illustrations by Clara D. Davidson

THE Paper Lady's house cuddles close to the under side of a flight of "L" steps. Up and down, over its side and roof, clump and clatter the noisy feet of "L" passengers. Overhead, trains roar into the station and roar out again, in a sort of heavy overtone to the clanging of car-gongs below, and the rubadub of flat car-wheels, grinding to a stop on the intersecting corners of avenue and street.

And over the piles of inky papers shines the Paper Lady's face, kindly, unconscious, a trifle red sometimes, from winter cold or summer heat, but sympathetic; never dull, vacant, or unresponsive.

Gwendolyn Ryan and her Aunt Julia come often to visit the Paper Lady. Gwendolyn, holding tight to Aunt Julia's hand, trundles in erratic course the wicker carriage holding Doll Mildred.

At every crossing—it is quite a walk from the East Side—there is pretty sure to be a good-natured policeman who notices little girls that have trouble with doll carriages on car tracks, and presto! you are over before you know it, and without letting go your aunt's hand.

A blue veil twined about a somewhat weather-beaten hat; a white collar with two little tabs in front—and blue flowers on the little tabs; a sweater of oddly mingled shades of brown—soap and water have been used on that sweater with hygienic and not inartistic results—such, during the chilly weather, is the usual attire of the Paper Lady.

It seems very beautiful to the color-loving eye of Gwendolyn. Aunt Julia is given to wearing a black cloak of fuzzy feel and voluminous cut, or else a shawl that might be made of so much wrapping-paper as far as any esthetic quality of color or texture is concerned. Her bonnets are plain black arrangements, serviceably covering her head and tied with strong, limp ribbon-strings under her chin, their only adornment a hopelessly flattened bow or an unrecognizable bunch of something. No, Aunt Julia is not at all "dressy."

"Doll Mildred's looking awfully well," was the Paper Lady's salutation one afternoon.

She ushered her guests into the Paper house as she spoke. Aunt Julia squeezed by the hot little stove, and Gwendolyn perched herself on a small stool in the farthest corner.

Two ragged yellow chrysanthemums in a milk bottle decked the newspaper counter. From the refuse barrel of the florist opposite the Paper Lady had extracted them, under the very eyes of an approaching White Wings. They lent a sunny bit of color.

"My goodness," said Aunt Julia, drawing

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GWENDOLYN RYAN AND HER AUNT JULIA COME OFTEN TO VISIT THE PAPER LADY.

a long breath. "It *is* a long walk over here. But Gwendoleen would take her doll carriage, and there was nothing for it but to walk."

"We ought to walk more, folks say," said the Paper Lady, lifting the white cat from a pile of papers. "But it can't be just the walking that makes you healthy. Why, there's one of the postmen in this route that's a shadow, wore almost to skin and bone. He says it's walking that's done it. Then there's a woman customer of mine, been away, out in the country somewhere, and comes back looking fine. Says it's walking done it. So there you are. How do you account for it?"

"*I* dunno," replied Aunt Julia amiably, hitching away from the hot stove. "Pretty warm," she said explainingly.

"It is," agreed the Paper Lady, "but it's a big job to heat all Ninth Avenyer, and that's about what I might as well try to do—with the whole side open like this. When the wind's this way—whew!"

The chestnut man on the corner left his appetizing pan, deposited a few choice samples on the edge of the counter, and with a skilful backward leap reached his place of business barely in advance of the fishman's boy, between whom and himself there rages enmity, active and unconcealed.

The Paper Lady nodded her thanks, leaning out over the counter. Gwendolyn munched her share, closely and hopefully watched by the fat black dog.

"How's Nellie these days?" asked Aunt Julia. She held her three chestnuts in her wool-gloved hand.

"Straight's a string and pretty as a picture," was the Paper Lady's prompt reply.

Aunt Julia remarked, "Well, I *hope* it'll last," in a tone implying that hope and faith were not allied in this particular case.

The Paper Lady's mouth showed an unusual sternness as she replied:

"If there was as many to help her up as there was to pull her down, I guess 'twould last all right."

"And ain't she drinking at all?" went on Aunt Julia, oblivious to the intimation of offense.

"Not a drop," said the Paper Lady emphatically, turning to wait on a customer.

Aunt Julia pulled her skirts more closely about her, having moved in front of an unpapered crack in the wall. She readjusted the chestnuts in the woolen glove. Amiable curiosity exuded from her whole personality.

The Paper Lady, turning to her guest, was unpleasantly affected at the sight of Aunt Julia's mouth half open as if in anticipation of a refreshing draft of gossip. Gwendolyn's gaze caught hers as she turned again.

"Isn't she ever thirsty?" queried Gwendolyn.

Even Aunt Julia started. But that was the way with Gwendolyn. You might talk to her and tell her a lot of things and she would barely hear you. And all of a sudden when you were talking of something she couldn't possibly understand, she'd pipe up and ask some question that would floor you.

"Now, never mind, Gwendoleen," she began, but the Paper Lady had stooped down and had gathered Gwendolyn and Doll Mildred into her warm brown arms.

"Bless your heart!" she cried. "I'm afraid she is, sometimes. We're talking about little Margaret's mother, Gwendoleen. You remember little Margaret that was to your house last Christmas when her mother was all hurt at the hospital? You gave her your little coat for a Christmas present."

"Did I?" asked Gwendolyn. "Don't she ever drink?" she persisted.

"Well, dearie, it's this way. You know sometimes folks eat things that hurts them,

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and then other folks tell them they'd better not eat any more of those things."

"Choc-lets?" asked Gwendolyn.

"Most likely it might be chocolates. Too many of them is bad for you. And then sometimes folks drinks things that hurts them."

"Sody-water," assented Gwendolyn.

The Paper Lady rose hastily to her feet.

"Bless your little heart!" she cried with a final hug.

Gwendolyn liked to have the Paper Lady bless her little heart, and stood it very well when her last chestnut rolled off her lap—shaken by the vigorous embrace—and was gobbled up in a flash by the fat black dog.

She leaned back against the wall and crooned softly to Doll Mildred. Aunt Julia and the Paper Lady resumed their conversation.

While Gwendolyn was crooning to Doll Mildred, and Aunt Julia and the Paper Lady were talking, a tall young woman with beautiful eyes and a weak chin was leading a small girl by the hand along the avenue and toward the Paper house.

"I'll try just once more," the woman was saying. "If there's nothing doing this time, I might as well quit."

The child stumbled along, trying to keep up with the quick, nervous stride of her mother. Her hat slipped and hung at the back of her head. Her mother leaned down and pulled it into place. The child looked up with patient, half-frightened eyes. Something in them made the woman stoop with a sob, and lift her up.

"Oh, Margaret, you poor innocent!" Then with a change of tone: "Will you wait all nice for mother at the Paper house?" And then the Paper Lady spied them.

SHE SAT WITH HER GAZE FIXED ON DOLL MILDRED.

"There's Nellie and Margaret," she cried. "Look, Gwendoleen! Leave her right here, Nellie. This is Mis' Mulaney. And here's little Gwendoleen, Margie. Now"—she lifted Margaret right over the black dog and past the stove and Aunt Julia and set her on a wooden box in the corner—"ain't that fine? And here"—she dived down into her pocket—"here's a chestnut for each of you. Good luck, Nellie," she called as the woman turned away. "Come right back and let us know."

Nellie smiled back at the Paper Lady over her shoulder—a half-distorted smile—and one of the women watching her sighed as she saw it.

"It's kind of disheartening," she said; "she's tried so long."

"Maybe I could get her some scrubbin'," suggested Aunt Julia.

"Scrubbin'?" repeated the Paper Lady.

"Yes, scrubbin'," asserted Aunt Julia stoutly. "Scrubbin's honest. I ain't thought any the worse of that I had to scrub—and not so very long ago either."

"It is honest," agreed the Paper Lady, "and so is selling papers. But Nellie isn't fit for scrubbing, and she isn't fit for selling papers. She's tried it. I had her here to help me, and there wasn't a man put a cent on this counter but stared at her—and some of the old ones was worst of all."

"Well, no one's going to stare at her if she's scrubbin'." Aunt Julia sniffed in rather a disagreeable way. She was proud of her lack of pride, and somehow it annoyed her to think that any work should be too humble for a woman whose staggering form she had seen more than once swallowed up by the "Family Entrance," all too conveniently near the corner.

"I wasn't thinking of that when I said she couldn't scrub," said the Paper Lady gently. "I was thinking of her cough. Look at her little, narrow shoulders, and she stoops some. I had a sister—well, never mind. Let's wish her good luck—she's trying to get some sewing, and, anyway, I guess

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UP THE FIVE FLIGHTS STAMPED THE SMALL HIGH-HEELED SHOES.

you and me won't quarrel over Nellie, Mis' Mulaney."

Aunt Julia looked up at the Paper Lady and blinked apologetic eyes.

"Lord," she said, "I do say lots of things I don't mean," with which *amende* she turned to the children.

The small white face of Baby Margaret was lighted up by a pair of blue eyes that would have melted a heart of stone. She sat with her hands folded lightly together, her lips parted, and her gaze fixed on Doll Mildred. Gwendolyn felt embarrassed. She pulled out the ribbon bow that perched at the back of Doll Mildred's waist; she drew up a blue stocking that wrinkled the least bit about her child's substantial ankle; she curled anew a ringlet of auburn hair around her small forefinger. Baby Margaret sighed deeply as the curl slipped back into place.

Gwendolyn glanced at her, felt a sudden swift sympathy, read the longing in the wistful, unconscious eyes, and, leaning forward, transferred Doll Mildred to the lap of her new acquaintance.

Baby Margaret's gasp was heard by both the Paper Lady and Aunt Julia as they turned to the children. But the small arms closed tightly and naturally about the doll, and the little figure settled itself back into an easier position. Gwendolyn, too, leaned back with a glow at her heart, and a feeling of perfect security. No prying fingers would poke themselves against the beautiful blue eyes, no curious promptings would work havoc with Doll Mildred's garments. A sister soul had seen and appreciated Doll Mildred. It was a pleasure she had never before experienced, that of seeing love and delight, rather than desire and envy, in the eyes of a child who held Doll Mildred.

Baby Margaret looked up with shining eyes, but said nothing.

Gwendolyn was filled with pride. She stuck a finger in her mouth most ungracefully and gazed back at Baby Margaret, speechless and happy.

Aunt Julia looked at the Paper Lady, and the Paper Lady winked at Aunt Julia, a wink of understanding and distinct approval.

"Ain't she a nice little girl, Gwendoleen?" asked Aunt Julia. Gwendolyn's forefinger disappeared still further into an embarrassed mouth. She hopped off her stool and leaned hard against Aunt Julia, turning for an awkward glance over her shoulder at Baby Margaret.

"There now, play pretty," admonished Aunt Julia, pulling Gwendolyn's hat straight and setting her on the stool again. "You and the little girl have a nice time with Mildred."

A wagon with a supply of late afternoon editions drove up to the Paper house. The driver exchanged compliments with the Paper Lady, clucked at his horse, and dashed down the street. Some passengers clamped down the "L" stairs, and a train rolled heavily out

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of the station. Lights began to twinkle in the avenue shop-windows, and Aunt Julia rose to go.

"My, how early it gets dark," she said, and just then Nellie appeared in the doorway.

Her face was quite white, and her eyes were unnaturally bright. She gave no greeting to Aunt Julia nor to the Paper Lady.

"Come, Margaret," she called sharply, and the baby girl started nervously.

"Why, Nellie," cried the Paper Lady, turning quickly. "That you? What luck? Why, Nellie!" The last words came as if in spite of herself, and she bit her lip and glanced at Aunt Julia the moment she had spoken.

"Luck?" repeated Nellie. "Luck isn't for me. Did you ever fool yourself that it was?"

"Didn't they want any sewing?" asked Aunt Julia, feeling vaguely that something was wrong.

"They wanted references more than they wanted sewing," answered Nellie, with an unpleasant laugh. "I asked them to try me on something, just for a day; oh, I tried to get it." She looked defiantly at the Paper Lady. "I left them counting their spoons," she added. "They had left me in the dining-room a moment." She laughed again, and the Paper Lady's mouth quivered. Aunt Julia fastened her coat.

"I guess you're jokin', Nellie," she began good-naturedly, but Nellie stopped her.

"Joking!" she cried. "Yes, I'm the joking kind. I'm a joke myself, a fine joke! It's a good joke to be without a cent to your name, and sponging on the best woman the Lord ever let live." She turned fiercely to the Paper Lady. "This is the last time," she said. "To-morrow I'll take Margaret to a Home, and then I'll—" She caught sight of Baby Margaret in the corner, Doll Mildred tightly pressed to her heart.

"Come, Margaret," she said more gently, "mother'll take you home."

"Well, I must go now." Aunt Julia hustled out of the Paper house. "Where's Gwendoleen's doll carriage? Just see, Gwendoleen, we got to walk all the way back just because you would bring your doll."

"Nellie," said the Paper Lady softly, "come in here and sit down. There, child, I sha'n't scold you. It's been a long time. You've done awfully well."

She pushed Nellie into the corner, where she sank on the stool with a sob.

"I've only had one," she said. "I was wild when I got out of that woman's house.

"I'VE ONLY HAD ONE; I USED THE CAR-FARE YOU GAVE ME."

I used the car-fare you gave me." She was shaking nervously.

"There, brace up, Nellie! Easy! She'll hear you. Well, I'm so glad you came over, Mis' Mulaney. Do come again soon. If you hear of any one that wants some good, neat sewin' done, you let me know, will you?"

"I will that," said Aunt Julia, pulling the doll carriage toward her. "Come, Gwendoleen."

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Baby Margaret and Gwendolyn faced each other. In Gwendolyn's arms Doll Mildred was clasped once more, and the arms of the little new friend were empty. An ache such as she had never felt held Gwendolyn's heart in a tight grip. Baby Margaret looked so little, so white, so sorry. And Baby Margaret's mama had such a big staring eye that scared you. And there was Aunt Julia waiting, fat, comfortable Aunt Julia—and Tom and Ellen would be home tonight—sure to bring the little sister something. Baby Margaret's tear-filled eyes seemed to rend Gwendolyn's very soul. There was no complaint, no envy, only a sad little white face. Baby Margaret had not fussed with Doll Mildred once, just loved her and held her as comfortably as she herself could have done—oh, it was dreadful!

Gwendolyn tried to swallow, and something hurt her. She opened her mouth to say good-by, but she had no voice. She glanced once more at Nellie. Then Aunt Julia saw, as she thought, Gwendolyn precipitate herself upon the small figure, and bestow upon her something in the nature of an embrace. Nellie saw nothing; her eyes stared despairingly out over the paper counter. But the Paper Lady saw it all and said nothing.

"Look out where you're stepping," admonished Aunt Julia, as they crossed the avenue. She trundled the doll carriage with one hand and held Gwendolyn's small fist with the other.

"My, I'm late to get supper, but Tom won't be home till six and Ellen not till seven, so it don't make much odds. Look out, child," she said again, a little later, as Gwendolyn stumbled.

She glanced down and then stopped. "What's the matter, blessed heart? Tell Aunt Julia," she cried, for slow, big tears were dropping from unseeing blue eyes.

WITH A HEAVY HEART SHE WOULD TRY TO STRING BEADS.

Miss Celestia Van Tassel has as general runner of errands and extra maid of no specific duties, Ellen Ryan, the young stepsister of Gwendolyn. How it happened that this member of the Ryan family came to be in the service of Miss Van Tassel, Ellen, one time cash girl and then waitress in Rush & Hurry's on Fourteenth Street, could tell you. It doesn't come into Doll Mildred's story. But the fact that she is with Miss Van Tassel has a lot to do with Doll Mildred.

Miss Celestia Van Tassel dances at the Jollity, and her tiny feet fairly twinkle large sums of money into the box office. Her heart is big, and she takes an intense interest in all those with whom she comes into immediate contact—especially the people who serve her.

When Miss Van Tassel found Ellen mending a stork-covered kimono with a bit of crêpe that had tear-spots on it, she took from the girl the needle, silk, and soft warm gown.

"Tell me all about it," she said, tucking her own pocket-handkerchief into Ellen's hand. And Ellen mopped her eyes with the heavily scented bit of linen, and confessed that she was worried about Gwendolyn.

"Won't eat?" repeated Miss Van Tassel, in as anxious a tone as any sister could have desired. "The dear child! There, don't you worry. She needs a change, change of food and air. I'll tell you what, I'll go down right now and get my Jane to fuss up something for you to take home to her, and to-morrow, while I'm at rehearsal, Thomas shall drive you and little sister all through the Park. Now, cheer up, child. She isn't going to be sick."

Ellen went home laden with tempting dishes that a good-natured Jane had "fussed up," and Gwendolyn nibbled and tasted daintily at one and another of them, while Ellen and

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Aunt Julia watched her anxiously. And the very next day, clad in her finest raiment, she pressed her little round nose against the plate-glass window of Miss Van Tassel's brougham and watched the squirrels scamper over the rolling lawns of the Park.

Ellen finished mending the stork-covered kimono with a humming little song on her lips, for Gwendolyn had been her sweet little happy self during the drive, had eaten a fine supper after it, and had nearly fallen asleep as they were undressing her.

But a few days later there was no music in Ellen's heart, and an inattention, most unusual with her, told her employer that something was wrong again.

"Bring Gwendolyn around with you tomorrow," invited Miss Van Tassel; "she can play around while you're finishing up that bunch of work over there. Let her bring her dollies and have a good time."

"Thank you very kindly, Miss Van Tassel," said Ellen; "I'd love to have her here with me. I don't know about the dolls, though. She has two or three little china ones that she don't care much about, but she gave away the one she liked the best."

"Gave away her doll? What did she do that for?"

"I don't know. And Aunt Julia don't know. She was playing with a little girl over to the Paper Lady's, and when Aunt Julia was taking her home she found she didn't have Mildred with her—that's the doll. I went over to the Paper Lady's to see if she'd left it, but she'd given it to the little girl; the Paper Lady saw her."

"And you didn't get it back?"

Ellen flushed. "Well," she said, "you see she'd really *given* it, and even if she is a little girl it didn't seem nice to——"

"Oh, of course not," interrupted Miss Van Tassel.

"I can't think it's just missing that doll that makes her so unlike herself and poorly." Ellen spoke as if arguing with herself.

"Do you know the little girl she gave it to?" asked Miss Van Tassel.

"It's Nellie's little girl, Margaret; I don't know their other name. They live with the Paper Lady."

"The Paper Lady!" repeated Miss Van Tassel under her breath. "Isn't that lovely?"

She asked a few more questions, bade Ellen not to worry, and then, renewing her invitation to Gwendolyn, went into her own room.

"Poor little Kiddie!" she said aloud. "No, Mollie, I'm not crying," she said emphatically to the maid who took her wraps. "But just think of a little kid like that giving away her doll. And none of 'em trying to get it back. The decency of it! Grieving her little heart out. Well, there's dolls enough in New York, thank Heaven! I'll buy a few dozen and let her take her pick. Look at my nose! Give me that powder-puff. I'm a sight."

Miss Van Tassel's carriage stopped at the Paper Lady's house late the following afternoon. Miss Van Tassel herself, in a voluminous fur-trimmed wrap and a veiled hat of the mushroom variety, nearly blocked up the counter where the evening papers were selling rapidly. Customers stared at her in wonder, recognition, admiration, or impatience, but Miss Van Tassel was unconscious and unperturbed.

"Nellie said we'd ought to send it back," remarked the Paper Lady, after an incoherent introduction, explanation, and apology on the part of Miss Van Tassel. "But it seemed to me it was such a generous thing for a little girl like Gwendoleen to do that I said no. Anyway, not yet—and ——"

"Of course," broke in Miss Van Tassel. "I think that was just right. And I want you to know that I'm butting into this all on my own account. None of the Ryans know anything about it. I was going to buy Gwendolyn a doll—a bunch of dolls, and let her take her pick, and then I thought that would spoil it all, and, anyway, she's likely the loving kind that grieves for that special one." The Paper Lady nodded.

"I've got a nice big one in the carriage, though, and if you think the other little girl would as soon have it—" She wheeled from the counter with a suddenness that nearly upset a couple of small boys who were staring wide-eyed at her.

"Gee! I seen her on de stage," said one, leaping nimbly aside.

Reaching into her brougham, Miss Van Tassel drew out a huge box and turned back to the Paper house.

"Come right in here," called the Paper Lady, and in through the narrow doorway, past the fat little, hot little stove, and into the farthest corner squeezed Miss Celestia Van Tassel. The black dog squeezed closely after her, and the cross white cat backed into the darkness under the counter, where she glared and spat with unnoticed violence.

The Paper Lady exclaimed in delight over the doll. It was larger, handsomer, and more

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beautifully gowned than any doll she had ever seen. Baby Margaret was sure to fall in love with it at first sight. She was positive there would be no difficulty in making the exchange.

So satisfactory were all the Paper Lady's remarks that Miss Van Tassel was in a high state of excitement. She proposed that then and there she and the Paper Lady should take the doll to Margaret and see what happened.

But the Paper Lady explained that she must sell some more papers before she could go home, and giving Miss Van Tassel Nellie's address, bade her good-by.

Miss Van Tassel, assuring the Paper Lady of her delight at meeting so good a friend of the Ryans, bundled herself once more into her carriage and was driven to a five hundred and something, where Thomas in his livery was subjected to much audible remark, as he waited on the curb for his mistress.

SHE CROONED THE SOFT LITTLE SONG THEY BOTH LOVED.

Up the five flights bobbed the mushroom hat, dragged the velvet wrap, stamped the small, high-heeled shoes.

"Lucky I got good wind," murmured Miss Van Tassel to herself, peering up through the darkening halls to the top floor. She took a fresh grip on the big box, tapped her way up the last flight, and, pausing to straighten her hat, knocked on the door at the rear of the hall.

It opened promptly, and a tall, slim figure stood outlined against the square window of the room. A tall, slim, *familiar* figure! Wavy blond hair drooped about a face whose features Miss Van Tassel could not at first distinguish.

"Would you mind if I came in?" she began. "I came from the Paper Lady."

The tall figure moved inside and seemed to reach behind her for support.

Miss Van Tassel stepped across the threshold and stopped.

"For God's sake!" she ejaculated. The big box slipped and she clutched it desperately. "Nellie Flanagan, what are you doing here?"

"Living," replied Nellie briefly.

"With the Paper Lady?"

"That's about it."

"But where's your—your husband?"

"Now, look here, Van, there's no need of putting up any bluff, either you or me. I may as well out with it. You've gone up and I've gone down, and that's all there is to it. I'm *not* married."

"It isn't all there is to it," cried Miss Van Tassel, dropping her box. "I thought he'd married you all straight and right. If I hadn't, you can bet he'd had a piece of my mind. Why, Nellie Flanagan, it's three years since you left and not a word from you in all that time. How'd you expect me to know?"

"I didn't expect you to know. I didn't want anybody to know."

"And that's the child!"

"Margaret."

"Named for me. Oh, Nellie! You remembered it! My own real name!"

Nellie's lip curled even while it trembled.

"You must be proud of it."

"I *am*, Nellie; honestly I am! Your baby! And you and me like sisters! Oh, Nellie, you poor girl! And look at me rolling in dough!" Sobs choked her speech.

"There," said Nellie, "you needn't feel so bad. Nobody's felt bad for me except the Paper Lady, ever. And to do him justice, he *would* have married me—only—I found out he didn't care for me any longer, and I—wouldn't let him. No, I wouldn't let him. I ran away from him. Then, after Margaret came, I couldn't dance; my voice was all gone, and I—oh, Van, Van, *I've—I've almost died!*"

Miss Van Tassel's blue velvet arm was wrapped around Nellie's shaking shoulders. Then she gathered little Margaret to her lap, and with the mushroom hat tilted over one ear, the popular dancer of the Jollity

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sobbed her woman's heart out, in aching sympathy with her old comrade.

An hour later the Paper Lady climbed the stairs. She found the three huddled together with only the red glow of the little cook-stove to light the room. The blue coat trailed on the floor, the veiled hat was on the table. In Miss Van Tassel's arms slept Baby Margaret, and in Baby Margaret's arms was the big new doll.

Gwendolyn, returning from a spiritless walk with Aunt Julia, toiled up-stairs and into their sitting-room. There was not much to enjoy nowadays. She felt as if Doll Mildred had been gone forever. At times, she had an awful fear that there never had been any Mildred—she had been just a dream. And then she would cautiously peep into the little trunk under her bed, and there would be Doll Mildred's summer things staring her in the face. Then she would close the lid quickly and try to string beads, with a heavy heart, and fingers all thumbs.

Aunt Julia took off Gwendolyn's coat and hat, put her warm gloves neatly away, and unfastened the high brown gaiters. Gwendolyn was a wonderfully well-dressed child for poor people—every one said that. And just as Aunt Julia had the last button of the brown gaiters unfastened and was going to pull them off over the brown shoes, the two small feet were jerked away and there was a low cry that made Aunt Julia's spine all cold and creepy—she told Ellen it did, afterward. For over in the little chair under one of the front windows, as if she had also just come in from a walk and was waiting to have her things taken off, sat Doll Mildred.

Gwendolyn lifted her up and solemnly laid her cheek to the pink one whose healthful flush had not waned during her enforced absence. Then she laughed, a happy little laugh, and sat down in the low chair. With her unbuttoned gaiters flopping as she rocked, she gathered Doll Mildred close to her glad, glad heart and crooned the soft little song they both loved.

And from the next room Ellen peeped unseen, and laughed and cried together.

Her Captain

By LLOYD ROBERTS

I LEFT her in the palace grounds,
  Surrounded by a conquered race—
Whose tongues were keener than their swords,
  Whose love went not beyond her face.

She did not bid me go, or stay.
  I met the guard below the gate,
And with her name behind my lips
  Rode out to meet a kinder fate.

They brought me back at set of sun,
  Upborne upon a couch of spears,
And laid me at her careless feet—
  I heard her laughter change to tears,

I saw her stoop and touch the blade
  That held her honor still so bright;
While through the door of Death my soul
  Went singing out beyond the night.

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Reporters of To-day

Stories of Our Foremost Newspaper Men and "Beats" They Have Scored

By HARTLEY DAVIS

II. Reporters in Many Cities

THOUGH I think it is true, as was pointed out in a former article, that newspaper reporting has reached a higher development in New York than elsewhere, probably nine-tenths of the best newspaper men in the metropolis came from smaller cities where they received an all-round training difficult to secure on a great journal. On a small newspaper, with a restricted staff, specialization, which doesn't make good reporters, cannot exist. An able man plays all parts—the best of schooling for his later work on a New York paper, which will demand that he turn out an intelligent and interesting story about any one of a thousand varieties of news. A good reporter must have a vast amount of superficial knowledge; it is at once his greatest strength and his greatest weakness.

There are other distinctions, however, between newspaper standards in New York and elsewhere. Thus, in New York the reporters who are distinguished as writers receive the largest incomes and the most consideration; outside of New York the first place is given to energetic hustlers who can get news. In Chicago, for instance, the newspapers are especially strong in their demands for news-getters, although the descriptive writers—they used to be called "sign painters" in my day—are recognized as highly important. Chicago newspapers want men who are willing to work sixteen hours a day and not infrequently to toil the whole twenty-four hours through. And they want youth. It is not a difficult city to work in, because its people recognize the importance and necessity of news-gathering. Chicagoans are far more approachable, far readier to cooperate with a reporter than New Yorkers. The spirit of emulation in the Chicago craft is, moreover, tremendously strong and sometimes the men take grave chances.

W. H. Stuart, chief political reporter of the Chicago *Journal* at thirty, once planned and executed a remarkable news *coup* that in another city would probably have landed him and his associates in jail for contempt of court. Stuart like many another good reporter who holds his own against the rapidly increasing number of college trained men in the business, began his newspaper life as a carrier-boy. He had some newspaper experience in Michigan before he went to Chicago in 1895 and made his reputation in connection with the Luetgert murder trial. It will be remembered that Luetgert was a manufacturer of sausages who was accused of murdering his wife and destroying the body

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by placing it in a vat of potash. The Chicago *Tribune* secured the first "scoop." (Outside of New York an exclusive story is known as a "scoop," while in the biggest city it is always called a "beat.") After the first publication, the rivalry of the Chicago newspaper men had something of ferocity in it. When Luetgert was placed on trial, Stuart, who was reporting it, conceived a plan for "scooping the town," which was carried out with the assistance of Fred A. Smith, now on the New York *American*, and Eugene B. Palmer, now on the Salt Lake *Herald*.

There is an air-shaft from the garret to the basement of the six-story Criminal Court building, and the jury room, with a convenient ventilator, was next this shaft. Ugly stories about efforts to approach the jury were afloat and guards thronged the building, but Stuart and Smith managed to smuggle in a long rope and seat swing. After the jury was locked up, the reporters made their way to the garret without attracting suspicion. It was decided that Smith, being the lightest of the three, should be lowered down the shaft, a sheer descent of a hundred feet. It took nerve on the part of the man in the chair and of the two who paid out the rope over the sharp edge of the sheet-iron that lined the shaft, but what they thought about mostly was the probability of hearing what took place in the jury room. The plan succeeded beyond their hopes; Smith could hear perfectly with his ear glued to the open ventilator, and he sat there making notes for five hours.

The next day the *Journal* startled Chicago by publishing a detailed account of the deliberations of the Luetgert jury, an unheard-of thing that made the other newspapers scoff in impotent, frantic jealousy. But on its face the *Journal* story bore the imprint of truth. The triumphant three were not content, and they devoted hours to planning, for they knew that greater vigilance on the part of the guards would make the rope device impossible. They discovered that a ventilator opened from the court room into the air-shaft and concluded that through this it might be possible to hear what was going on in the jury room on the floor below. They hid themselves in the court room until the attendants locked the doors. By removing the ventilator and thrusting his head into the air-shaft, the man on watch could hear practically all that was said by the jurors. A lively quarrel was to the advantage of the eavesdroppers. The reporters passed the night in the court room with the temperature at freezing, but they secured a second big beat. During the seventy hours the jury was locked up the three newspaper men did not sleep. Stuart's salary at that time was eighteen dollars a week.

In Boston the crack newspaper reporters are those who have won distinction in working up difficult criminal cases, and one of the best men in the country in this line of activity is John W. Carberry, who grew up in the office of the Boston *Globe*, starting as a messenger boy. He is not only a persistent and gifted news-gatherer, but a picturesque and graphic writer. He has had full opportunity to display his talents, for New England has an amazing number of remarkable crimes.

Carberry and H. H. Withington, then on the Boston *Herald* but now on the *Globe*, took part in a man hunt in the Vermont mountains about four years ago, accompanying a sheriff and two deputies who pursued the Shaws, father and son, accused of murder. There was a long chase in which food and sleep were overlooked, and which ended in the surprise of the Shaws near Middlebury. Both sides opened fire, while the reporters stood in four feet of freezing water in a swamp and made notes. Their business was to get the news back to the office, and a reporter with bullets in him is not of much use to his newspaper. If either had permitted himself to be wounded and failed to get his story on the wire, it would have been considered a serious dereliction of duty. This may sound absurd, but it is true.

This problem of getting news back to the office worries a reporter more than anything else when he is sent out of town. The ingenuity displayed is sometimes marvelous and frequently it is expensive. Still it is not usual for a reporter to send a message twice across the Atlantic in order to establish communication with a place eighty miles away. Carberry did this when he covered the wreck of the Portland off Cape Cod in December, 1898. It was bitter work traveling up and down the coast in that zero weather, seeking to identify the bodies of those washed ashore, collecting facts about the last terrible hours; but the knowledge that the one train left for Boston at three o'clock in the afternoon and that all the wires were down gave Carberry and his associates their keenest anguish, for the important news had developed after that hour. If there was no direct wire to Boston,

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Photograph by Marshall, Boston.

FRANK P. SIBLEY,
of the Boston Herald.

there was a cable from Orleans on the Cape Cod coast to Havre, France. Carberry sent a despatch to Boston by way of France and New York, a distance of six thousand miles. Orleans is eighty miles from Boston by railroad and not much more than half that distance as the crow flies.

Carberry's most trying experience was in the summer of 1901, when, with other Boston newspaper men, he traveled to Mantane, two hundred and fifty miles from Quebec and forty miles from a railroad, in search of J. Wilfred Blondin, who murdered his wife in Lowell, Mass. Only two persons in the village could speak English, and the capacity of the single telegraph operator, a woman, was four hundred words a day for each man. And then the correspondent had to rock the operator's sick baby while she sent his despatch.

"Think of the struggle of trying to make a sick French baby laugh at Boston humor!" said Carberry plaintively, in telling about it.

An instance of the fixed reportorial rule never to violate a confidence is illustrated by the fact that Carberry and Withington kept secret a complete confession of Jane Tappan, the nurse who admitted that she had poisoned twelve people, from the middle of March until June, when they were at last able to use it. The story made a great sensation when it became public. Think of carrying about a great "beat" like that for more than ten weeks, living in hourly fear that some one else may learn about it! There is no surer way of "bottling up" a story than to tell it to a newspaper man in confidence.

If one be convicted of a crime, and he be guiltless, let him pray that some good reporter on an influential newspaper, like Thomas J. Feeney, of the Boston *Herald*, be convinced of his innocence. I know of nothing finer in newspaper work than the accomplishment of Feeney in freeing David L. Stain and Oliver Cromwell from life imprisonment and the odium of murder, not only because of the difficulties he overcame, but because of the unselfishness of his motives and the modesty which made him refuse the credit for his work.

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Photograph by Dana Hull, Chicago.

FREDERICK ARTHUR STOWE,
of the Chicago Chronicle.

I do not think the true story has ever been published.

The two men, nearly seventy years old, had served thirteen years of a life sentence in the Maine State prison in Thomaston, having been sentenced in 1888 for a crime committed ten years before that date, the supposed murder of Cashier Barron of the Dexter (Me.) National Bank. In the summer of 1900 Feeney became convinced that Stain and Cromwell had not killed Barron and straightway he set about securing proof. Only those familiar with the task of obtaining legal evidence can appreciate the magnitude of the task. Nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed since the commission of the crime.

With that indomitable perseverance, that contempt for obstacles, that sixth sense of journalistic insight which distinguish the best men of the craft, Feeney worked incessantly for three months. He found persons in Medfield, Mass., where Stain had lived, who recalled unusual events by which dates were fixed; and he established an incontrovertible alibi by proving that Stain and Cromwell were in Medfield at the time that Barron was supposed to have been murdered in Dexter. He extracted from Charles Stain, a son of David L. Stain, upon whose evidence his father and Cromwell had been convicted, a confession of perjury. Furthermore, Feeney marshaled facts which circumstantially proved that Barron had not been murdered at all but that he had committed suicide.

When the reporter had worked up a complete case, he turned all the evidence over to the son of the lawyer who had defended the convicted men, and this was presented to Governor Powers, of Maine, who straightway pardoned them. Feeney refused to appear in the matter at all. He saw the white-haired victims walk out of the prison, and went back to his regular work, content with the consciousness of success, and with the happiness that shone in the faces of the old men when they breathed the blessed air of freedom. Only a few of Feeney's intimates and those to whom the facts became known

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professionally knew that he deserved all the credit.

The manner in which Frank P. Sibley, of the Boston *Herald*, "broke into the newspaper game" illustrates the difference in viewpoint which distinguishes reporters from most other men. When he was fresh from college more than a dozen years ago, Sibley read in the Boston *Transcript* a letter in which the writer described his harrowing experiences while crossing the ocean as a cattleman. The voyager had found it as Kipling describes the cattle carriers in "Mulholland's Contract":

"For these ships are more like hell than anything else I know."

Sibley had made a similar trip that same summer and had enjoyed every minute of it. He wrote to the *Transcript* a letter that proved he had seen a hundred things the other had overlooked and had extracted entertainment from those experiences that had given the other such pain. It was an amusing letter, so graphic and picturesque that Sibley was straightway drawn into the newspaper fold. He has tried to escape from it since, but, like many of his kind, he has found "every other sort of work dull drudgery."

About three years ago Sibley went to Colorado to regain his health, and found employment on the Denver *Post*. One day he was assigned to make a balloon ascension and he accepted it without question and without wonder, for that is the way of the craft. He tells the story better than I can and it isn't the one he wrote for his newspaper.

"There were about ten thousand people outside the roped enclosure in the park, and I walked up to the inflated balloon as if I made ascensions every day. I have the misfortune to be six feet three inches tall, without much breadth, and I am noticeable in a crowd. In order to give my employers all possible advertising, I had a pair of binoculars swung over one shoulder and a barometer over the other. About the time we were to start, a rain-storm threatened, and the balloon had not sufficient buoyancy to lift two men. I explained to the aeronaut that I should have to go alone, as there was nothing in it for the newspaper to have him go by himself. He protested against turning the great bag over to a man who, as he said, 'had never seen the inside of a balloon.' My knees began to behave badly just then, and in order to avoid crippling down and having to be lifted into the basket by main strength I went over and sat down in it.

EDWARD H. HAMILTON,
of the San Francisco Examiner.

"'There's a valve in the balloon top and this is the rope,' the aeronaut explained. 'Leave it alone until she bumps, then pull it gently; you will feel the top of the balloon dimple in; then jerk sharply to break out the soap which seals the hinged valve; keep on pulling to hold the valve open. Good-by.'

"That was all I knew about managing a balloon. The thing sailed some thirty-five miles before it bumped. I didn't obey instructions because my chin struck the edge of the basket. When I regained my senses I was a good two hundred and fifty feet in the air. I yanked on the rope and it came away slack; afterward I found I had pulled the valve out of the fabric, but I didn't have much time to speculate about it, for I struck a barbed-wire fence. I hit two more in quick succession,

SAMUEL EWING,
of the San Francisco Examiner.

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Photograph by the Notman Photographic Co., Boston.

JOHN W. CARBERRY,
of the Boston Globe.

JOSEPH J. McAULIFFE,
of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

snapped off a pine post on the next rebound, and after that I bumped so many things I lost track. Finally I was thrown out of the basket. My flask fell out of my pocket and went sailing away with the balloon, and I never needed a flask so much in my life. I lost my spectacles, too, and although for half an hour I peered around the cactus patch in which I landed, I couldn't find them, even with the aid of the binoculars. It was nearly sundown and there was not a house in sight. The only comforting thing was the disappearance of the balloon. I hadn't the faintest notion where I was; I hadn't been in Colorado long.

"Presently I climbed a little hill, and half a mile away was a house. I walked there, and the dairy farmer was glad to see me.

"'Bei Gott!' he said, 'I hoped dere vas a mans in dot balloon und dot he vas alive yet.'

"That farmer owned the barbed-wire fences and the rest of the landscape I had destroyed."

The uncovering of the colossal municipal corruption in St. Louis and the civic revolution which has made Joseph W. Folk one of the most prominent men in public life was primarily the work of a reporter, and this is true of most reform movements. James M. Galvin, who died in harness, in August, 1904, started the train which resulted in the tremendous upheaval. No man ever possessed a more remarkable or more valuable news sense, and his sources of information ranged from the slums to the directors' rooms of banks, from the penitentiary to the cathedral. The great J. B. McCullough, managing editor of the *Globe-Democrat*, pronounced Galvin the best reporter he ever knew.

Through the anger of the corrupt lawmakers over the failure of the bribers to release it, Galvin learned of a great sum of "boodle" deposited in a bank, protected by duplicate keys. His knowledge of municipal affairs, his marvelous acumen, his powers of deduction coupled with his remarkable sources of information enabled Galvin to get at the facts. But he had not a single proof. He sought District Attorney Folk, and then he printed a story with an obscure reference to a threat of a disappointed boodler to lay the matter before the grand jury unless the money was released. Marked copies were sent to the magnates, and it frightened them so badly that they sought the Four Courts to

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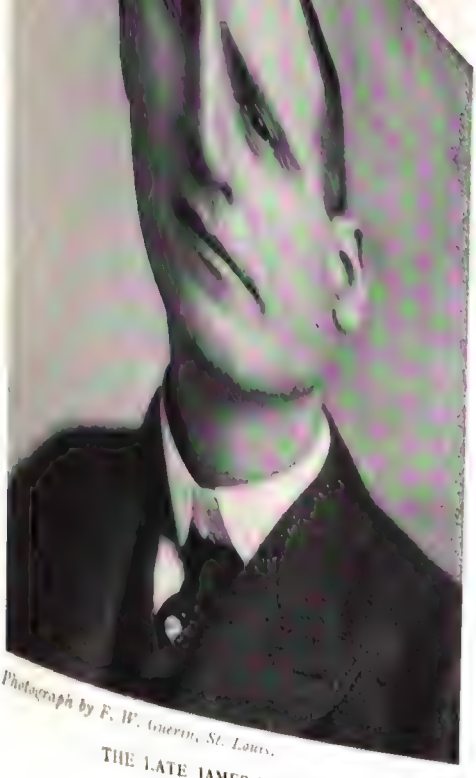
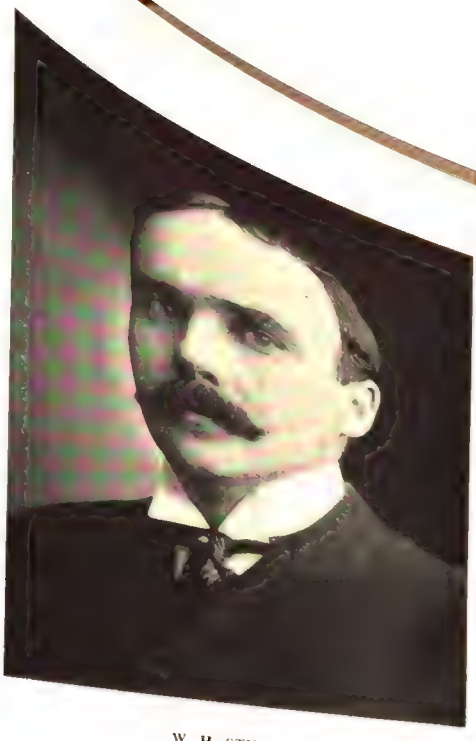


Photograph by F. W. Guerin, St. Louis.

THE LATE JAMES M. GALVIN.



W. H. STUART,
of the Chicago Journal.

save themselves by telling the whole story of municipal rottenness. In the beginning of the crusade Mr. Folk worked under Galvin's direction, and the district attorney frankly gave to the reporter the credit due him.

For twenty years Galvin occupied a unique place in St. Louis newspaper circles. He had no schooling; he was a newsboy for ten years. His wonderful news sense secured him a place on a paper before he could write, and for years he had to dictate his facts. It was with infinite labor that he educated himself. He had scores of great "beats" to his credit, of which perhaps the most remarkable was the discovery of the identity of "Jim" Cummings, whose exploits as a train robber made him the talk of two continents.

Another St. Louis reporter, Joseph J. McAuliffe, uncovered the rottenness in the Missouri Legislature, after a prodigious amount of work, a falling out of the politicians giving him his opportunity, and a chance remark made by Lieutenant-Governor Lee starting him on the scent. Lee had told a special grand jury that he had no knowledge of frauds nor of boodling. McAuliffe went before the grand jury and told in detail how Lee had received a large sum of money from Daniel J. Kelley, agent for a baking-powder concern, and how part of this was distributed among the legislators to prevent the repeal of the "pure food" bill which prohibited the use of alum. This testimony forced Lee to turn State's evidence, and the rottenness of the Legislature was laid bare.

When President McKinley made his "swing around the circle" that included California, the party was given a banquet in El Paso, Texas, by the local Press Club, and "Ned" Hamilton, of the San Francisco *Examiner*, was called upon to respond for the reporters. The eloquence, the brilliant wit and satire of the impromptu talk amazed the great men. They didn't know Hamilton. He was not of the Presidential party because he represented no press association. He was forced to travel from place to place as best he could, by freight trains, by wagon, any way to keep up with the party, which meant that he ate only occasionally, and practically eliminated sleep. After the El Paso banquet he was invited to travel on the Presidential train.

In San Francisco it is earnestly maintained that Edward Hamlin Hamilton is the best newspaper writer and the best after-dinner speaker in America. He is in a class by him-

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self on the Pacific coast, and indeed he has done on both sides of the continent some of

Photograph by Scherer, New York.

DAN F. MILLER,
of the Chicago Tribune.

the most brilliant work that has ever appeared in a newspaper. He made his reputation by writing introductions to big news stories. He has attained the most enviable of all newspaper positions, that of the writing man who has complete independence in his movements and in his choice of subjects.

There are reporters who have thorough and complete knowledge of the complex solids of news, men who have devoted years of study to mastering difficult problems. Such a man is Samuel Ewing, of the San Francisco *Examiner*, an authority on the involved struggle between the State of California and the Southern Pacific Railroad, and all the ramifications that have grown out of it.

One of the best news-gatherers in San Francisco has just left the business. This is Grant Wallace, formerly of the *Bulletin*, who, since the war in the Orient, has gone into literature. Wallace began as a cartoonist and worked at that trade for several years. But the excitement of the news-gathering game, in the midst of which he lived and worked, was calling him all the time. One day he appeared before the city editor of the *Chronicle* and asked for a job, adding to his plea:

"You see, you won't have to send an artist along with me. I can do that myself."

A month later there was a big railroad wreck between San Francisco and San José. It was the fault of the engineer of the passenger train. Police, railroad officials, and reporters were looking for the engineer that night. Wallace found him, and got a complete confession. His story of "the man who forgot"—and forgetting killed twenty men and women—was a piece of newspaper literature. Wallace became star reporter for the *Bulletin*, and went for that paper to the war in the Orient, where he beat the Japanese censor, and saw the battle of Liau-Yang. Had he been working for a newspaper published in London, New York, or Chicago, this feat would have made him famous all over the world.

That interview with the engineer recalls something. Greatest of all the reporters who ever worked in San Francisco was "Petie" Bigelow, now long dead, who was with Hearst in the early days of the present *Examiner*. "He can con his way through six inches of armor-plate," they used to say of him.

In those days Evans and Sonntag, train robbers and bandits, were loose in California, and behaving much like Tracy of later memory. Half the deputies in the State were out after them; some counties had the militia under arms. One day "Petie" Bigelow disappeared. A week later he came back and wrote a page interview with Evans and Sonntag. For months it was denounced as a fake; but it was not, as Evans and Sonntag testified

THOMAS J. FEENEY,
of the Boston Herald.

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when caught and on the way to their reward. No one ever knew just how he brought it off, but it had something to do with a daughter of one of the bandits.

Hubert E. Hunt, of the *Chronicle*, a man whose work is never flashy, is perhaps one of the best steady, consistent reporters in this country. It is said in the *Chronicle* office that he has been beaten only once on an important story. That was not quite a beat, and thereon also hangs a tale.

A reporter for the *Examiner* was "detailed" —local slang for "assigned"—to write a Sunday story about the famous jewel collections of the world. He had just finished with the Hope collection, of which the office happened to have photographs, when he was invited to dinner at the Palace Hotel. A couple took seats at the next table. The woman threw her coat back over her chair—and displayed the Hope collection of jewels.

They were Lady Francis Hope, formerly May Yohe, and Captain Putnam Bradlee Strong. The *Examiner* man took the trail and ran it down. Hunt, who was on the hotel "beat," found late that night that something was in the air, and managed to pull down a short account with all the facts.

There is a wide-spread impression that the newspaper reporter is a clever, dissipated, irresponsible, and somewhat disreputable creature. Most of them are clever, a very large percentage is positively brilliant; the charge of irresponsibility, measured by commercial standards, is true. It is one of the attributes of the artistic temperament, which is manifest in them to a considerable extent. As a class, reporters are neither dissipated nor disreputable. Dissipation and hard work are incompatible, and they are prodigious workers. Nevertheless, it is quite true that if a reporter is trustworthy in getting and writing facts, his employers have not the slightest interest in his private life. He may openly gamble, drink, or violate standards of morality without in the least affecting his standing in the office.

Another common charge brought against newspaper reporters is that they are heartless, that they revel in laying before the world the closely guarded secrets of individuals. It constantly happens that a reporter must do unpleasant things because others have been guilty of those violations of custom, law, or convention that make news. The opprobrium that belongs to the real offender is not infrequently heaped upon the innocent newsgatherer. There is no work a reporter detests so much as that involving a social scandal, and there is no story that a large percentage of readers will devour more eagerly. There isn't a good reporter living who has not been guilty of that blackest, least forgivable of all journalistic crimes, "throwing down" his newspaper, to protect a helpless person innocently involved in a legitimate news story that is a matter of public record. On the whole, the news-gatherers are a tender-hearted folk and generous, and that which often passes for cynicism is an intense hatred and contempt for shams. If they appear suspicious it is because long experience has taught them that they must constantly guard against deception. There is no walk of life a good reporter is not compelled, sooner or later, to invade, and his position is the trying one of being compelled either to gain the confidence of those he meets there or to outwit them.

In the Valley

By ARCHER M. HUNTINGTON

DOWN in the valley of the land of Death
Hast thou beheld the thing that drew my breath,
And seen the struggling emblem of myself
Beneath the burden of regrets fall faint?

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MARIANNE WAS WEEPING.

THE STRATEGISTS

By E. CRAYTON McCANTS

Illustrations by H. S. Potter

I

THE summer sun hung low above the pleasant Shatterfield valley. Away to the west the crests of the wooded hills were softened by a purple haze, and down in the bends of the creek the limpid water lingered in clear pools beneath the willow-trees, or else slid murmuring across the shallows. To the north, where the winding road divided the corn-land from the cotton, there were groves of stately red oak trees, and cabins, and roomy and comfortable "big houses." To the southward a bare and gullied slope supported but meagerly a stunted growth of scrubby old-field pines. But over all, transfiguring the commonplace landscape and crowning with an aureole of glory the shingled roofs at the "Holloway place," drifted the marvelous light of the golden afternoon and the fragrance of the ripening corn. Already the shadows were lengthened, the day was almost gone, and the warm, still air was filled with reverie and with a vague regretfulness.

Facing the pillared front of the Holloway house, across the dusty highway, stood another dwelling, in the midst of a well-kept garden. There was a garden at the Holloway place, but it was not well kept—the roses ran riot in it and the honeysuckle clambered where it would. For all that, the Holloway house was a goodly one, and old John Holloway, who owned the place, knew this and was proud of it. Here a hundred years ago the first of the Holloways had builded his dwelling and had cleared his land for the plow, and after him others of the race had come tilling the good red soil and harvesting their crops. And now there remained only

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old John and James his son—as like each other, the neighbors said, as are two peas from the same pod. Handsome men they were, as was usual with the Holloways; tall, straight men, clean-shaven and tawny-haired.

Very different from the habitation of the Holloways was the house across the road. It was, to begin, a newer house. The Holloway blood had been well known in the valley ere ever a Crosman came south, so that the later-set trees across the road could not yet equal in girth and amplitude the giants of the Holloways. The Crosman dwelling was smaller, too, and its surroundings were more compact: the barn was nearer to hand and there was no picturesque "quarter" of straggling, whitewashed cabins. Moreover, the Holloway house was inhabited by men, the Crosman house by women.

For Crosman, the husband, was dead, and for years his black-eyed widow had cared for the "estate" and for her only daughter with ability and energy. In addition, too, she had nursed her quarrel against the neighboring house and against the inhabitants thereof—a well-defined feud it was, which between John Holloway and the widow expressed itself in the elaborate forms of a chill politeness, which the very negroes in the adjoining fields voiced in jeers at each other, and young James Holloway and pretty Marianne Crosman had too much good sense to heed or to express at all.

Even to their neighbors in the valley the cause of the estrangement between the widow and old John was a matter of much dispute. Some averred that the trouble began when John's grandfather refused to support a certain Major Crosman for a seat in Congress; others said—and these others were mostly women—that the real trouble lay in a personal quarrel; that once old John had loved Lauretta and that for a time they had been betrothed. Then they had disagreed suddenly, and Lauretta Carnes had become Lauretta Crosman.

To tell the truth, the women—as usual—were in the right. And in the days before Father Time had chalked his gray score upon old John Holloway's temples, there had been love passages, and Lauretta had looked with favor upon John.

Later, trouble had come. A little quarrel being well begun, quickly grew into a greater one, and in the end Lauretta had married Crosman. Then, seeing the case to be hopeless, John, too, had married, but unfortunately the quarrel did not end just there. The gossips in the valley and the busybodies concerned themselves about the matter in order that it should not die. There were no petty bickerings, to be sure, no descending to mean acts or small; but Lauretta made it plain to John that she scorned him, and John, laughing good-naturedly, left her quietly to herself. Once he tried to make friends with Crosman; but Crosman also misunderstood him, and John laughed again, but never after that had he cared to cross the road.

So the years had slipped by, and Crosman had died and John's wife had also died; but not even in the presence of death had this dignified prejudice relaxed. The communication between the two houses was formally restricted to the yea and the nay of courtesy.

In the meanwhile younger folk were growing up—blue-eyed Marianne, and young James who was so like his father. There is beauty out by the valley road where blue sky bends above the rolling hills and the cornfields lie in the sun, but there is loneliness there too. Those younger folk felt that loneliness, and sometimes they looked out across the road and met each other's eyes and found no cause for quarreling. And afterward, since Marianne's eyes were blue and since James was his father's son, there had been meetings between the two—meetings which were almost accidental at first, but developed later into love-trysts, preconceived and carefully planned.

Now, seeing that the soft light was flooding the hills and that the paths lay open to his feet, James was gone ostensibly to walk through the woods pasture, there to verify the count of the sheep and the tale of the sleek black cattle which were used to graze therein, really to seek out Marianne and to speak to her. And Marianne, too, was gone, upholding her pretty gown daintily above the hindering grass, to stroll much too carelessly along the bush-hidden fence row which parted the cultivated cotton land from the lush greensward of the orchard.

From his seat on the porch of the Holloway house old John watched the girl until she disappeared from his sight and then he turned his attention to the widow, who, all unconscious of his scrutiny, sat sewing beside her window. How well Lauretta looked, he thought. Somehow the quarrel seemed a little thing to him now and his mind went back unbidden to the Lauretta

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whom he had loved. Ah, they were getting old, Lauretta and himself, and the Holloway house had grown lonely, and the valley road was all that parted them. Momentarily his eyes left the widow and went straying across the fields and rested retrospectively upon the distant hills. Why keep up this foolish reserve? he asked himself. Already the girl and the boy seemed to be fully agreed—why not he and Lauretta? Why—why— His gaze fell and he met the eyes of the widow. He rose, Lauretta closed her window with a snap, and the color mounted into old John's face as he turned and went inside.

In the meantime Marianne, escaped from her mother's sight, had turned the corner of the garden and had followed the rickety old orchard fence up to a point where there were bushes higher than the rest. It was quite accidental, of course, that just there Marianne stopped for a moment and waited. Ten feet away the drooping boughs of an apple-tree formed a leafy screen, and even as she halted the screen parted and a young man stepped through. He was not a bad-looking young man, but for the moment Marianne refused to see him and turned her face to the hedge. Young James hesitated.

"Marianne!" he called in an undertone.

She glanced backward over her half-turned shoulder and he responded to the glance. On the other side of the orchard a cat-bird was singing.

"Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!" it called alluringly. "Pretty girl! Pretty girl! Come here! Come here!" but Marianne did not heed him.

The man possessed himself of both hands of the girl. "You're a fraud, Marianne," he whispered, with a laugh. "Where have you been? I thought you would never come!"

The girl looked down deprecatingly. "I—I couldn't get away," she hesitated. Then her tone grew steadier. "Mamma is watching me, James. She doesn't want me to think that she is, but I'm certain of it now." The last rays of the setting sun were falling in a glory about, but she shivered in spite of them. "Wouldn't it be awful, James, if she found out about us?" she went on, questioning.

A sudden accession of courage came to the man. "Let's go tell her about it," he suggested hardily.

"Sweet!" called the cat-bird again. "Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!"

The girl looked down at the ground. "No," she replied. "That would only make matters worse. She'd lock me up, James, if she knew—I really believe she would."

"She wouldn't dare," asserted James with warmth. "You belong to me now. If she did anything at all like that I'd—I'd—" He failed to say what he would do, but he slipped his arm about her waist, which, after all, was just as consoling and far more satisfactory.

For a moment she nestled against his shoulder, then she freed herself and looked up into his eyes. "It's bad, isn't it?" she remarked very seriously.

He began to answer, but she interrupted him and kept on. "She's my mother, James, and she's a good mother, too—in some ways. And now to go away—and—and—not to let her know—and—all that!"

"We might let her know now," again suggested James. "We might just say, 'Mrs. Crosman, we are going to be married next Thursday night. Now what are you going to do about it?'"

The girl laughed and shook her head. "It is evident that you don't know mamma. She has her own way generally."

James frowned and set his jaw—it was a trick he had caught from old John. "She can't have her way always," he replied. "Neither can you and I have our lives spoiled because a couple of old—umm—er—because two old folks have chosen to quarrel. Get ready as we have planned for Thursday night. I have arranged everything—the minister will be waiting, and the witnesses."

The girl looked at him and smiled at his energy, but for all that there were tears in her eyes. "I—I'm a coward, James. I'm afraid," she stammered, her voice quivering in spite of her effort at control. Then, lest he should see her cry, she turned, essaying to go.

But his arm overtook her and held her fast. "Now—now—" he said soothingly. "Why, you mustn't cry, Marianne!"

As she turned her face to his he stooped quickly and kissed her, and she, escaping, ran away toward the house.

But at the corner of the garden the widow was waiting for her. Both were troubled, and the girl averted her wet eyes, lest her mother should notice them. Lauretta, however, sighed with relief and then concealed a smile. "You must go in, Marianne," she commanded in her sweetest tones. "It is

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"HE- HE COME MOS'LY FER TER KISS MISS MA'IANNE, I S'PEC'."

past sundown now; it is growing damp, and the evening air is not good for you."

Marianne passed on, and then looked back distrustfully. "Oh, mamma! mamma!" she exclaimed, laughing a little hysterically.

II

Not even in the Shatterfield valley are the people quite up to the mark of knowing everything; but the widow did know some things, and, unfortunately, her knowledge was extensive where the doings of her daughter were concerned. Indeed, the girl had scarcely disappeared before the older woman raised her hand cautiously to the side of her mouth and called guardedly:

"Betty!"

In response there was a movement in the bushes at the fence side, and presently there emerged, convulsed with excitement and with long-suppressed gigglings, a handmaiden as black as the midnight darkness and as homely as orthodox sin. The widow, however, regarded the newcomer approvingly.

"He was there, was he not, Betty?" she asked as the maid approached.

"Yassum," replied Betty, her face frozen into a sudden gravity.

The widow raised her chin and tiptilted

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BY THE REFLECTED LIGHT FROM THE HALL.

her nose in the air, while the negress, duly impressed, shook her head severely.

"Well?"

"Dey is gwine ter git married a-Thursday. Jes' lak I tole yer dey wuz. Dey kain't fool Betty. No, ma'am, dat dey kain't. Thursday night hit is. He is a-gwine ter come atter her in a buggy, an' dey gwine ter dat ar Meff'dis' preacher up yander at Maybintown. Hit's all jes' lak hit wuz—dey din' change nothin' at all."

"What'd he come for, then?" The widow's voice had grown curt and belligerent. It was as if Betty were responsible for this young man. "What did he come for?" she repeated.

Betty looked down at the edge of her apron, then she gathered the garment into her fingers and creased it into little aimless folds. Suddenly she giggled again.

"He—he come mos'ly fer ter kiss Miss Ma'ianne, I s'pec'," she ventured as she checked herself.

"Kiss her! Umph!" The widow's nose went a fraction higher, and for thirty strenuous seconds she rehearsed to Betty the various faults of the Holloway folk. But when the tirade was ended her features relaxed and she laughed. Suddenly she had remembered the pride of these same Holloways and the shrewd plan which she had laid to make them appear ridiculous. How the neighborhood would laugh when they heard of his checkmate, and how old John Holloway would fume and would rage!

In her exuberance she slipped a coin into Betty's hand. "You may go now, Betty," she said; "go and make ready the tea." And following after the negress, the widow, with victory in her eyes, returned toward the house.

But upon Marianne's departure young John had not gone away. Instead, he had slipped back to his refuge behind the apple-tree and had patiently waited there. Further along there was an open space that lay

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in full view of the back windows of the widow's house, and across this he needs must pass. It required no great discernment to perceive that a certain danger of detection lay in that passage, and he knew that the dusk would favor him.

But when he had safely hidden himself there came to his ears the sound of a muffled footfall as if someone was retreating on the other side of the fence. He had no consuming curiosity, and yet he parted the branches and looked cautiously out.

The sight which met his eyes startled him, for in it he read the defeat of his cherished plan. Betty had been in those bushes, and even now she was speaking to her mistress. With consternation in his face James swore to himself softly, then he stole away, going from tree to tree, and so gained at last the skirts of the woodland which lies along the creek. Afterward he came by a circuitous path to the rear of the Holloway house.

When he reached his home the twilight was gathering. Already the negro plowmen, tired with the labors of the day, had fed their mules and were going away to their cabins, while his father stood leaning against the back-garden fence, smoking his pipe and watching reflectively the erratic flight of the little leather-winged bats. James would have passed him in silence, but the old man stopped him. The two had no secrets from each other; they were good comrades and not at all like father and son. Now old John turned his gray head sidewise and regarded the younger man with a subtly quizzical air.

"Well?" he asked, as he withdrew the pipe from his mouth.

James turned and faced him. "I guess I'm checkmated," he answered slowly. "I went over this afternoon"—he nodded in the direction of the Crosman house—"and I saw Marianne, but that black wench Betty overheard—"

"Darn Betty," interrupted the old man breezily. "She's a negro. We can pay her and she'll keep her mouth shut."

James shook his head moodily. "I'm afraid she has already opened her mouth," he answered. "I overheard a bit of it as I came away and I caught the glimmer of the widow's sun-bonnet above the fence—"

"Ah!"—there was a note of respect in old John's tone and a touch of real admiration—"Lauretta's a shrewd one—she always was!"

"I judge," went on the younger man, "that she is ahead of us this time. It is a bit hard on Marianne."

"She's not ahead of me," asserted old John with conviction. Then he turned and looked upon his son with a certain exaggerated scorn. "You are about played out," he added, "and I'm pretty near ashamed of you. If you alone were concerned, I wouldn't care a blame —I wouldn't, James—but Marianne's a mighty nice girl—"

"I'm glad you like her," said James demurely. "I'll get some supper while I think the matter out."

After his son had gone old John resumed his interest in the bats. Slowly the darkness came creeping up the valley, away to the north a summer cloud loomed heavily through the soft warm air, and the light streamed out from the windows of the Crosman house and shone into the open road, but the old man smoked steadily on. Then nine o'clock came and the crickets began to shrill, and a door at the Crosman house opened suddenly and closed again. At the sound of the door old John roused himself, then with an agility that was remarkable he skirted the hedges and came with rapid steps out upon the weed-bordered edge of the highway a full hundred yards below the widow's house. Once there he stopped and listened—just opposite him there was a low swish as of dragging skirts.

"Betty!" he called.

For a moment there was silence save for the lonely crying of the crickets and the distant croakings of the frogs; then out of the funereal darkness an aggrieved voice uplifted itself and sullenly made reply:

"Who dat want me over dar?"

"It is I—John Holloway—I want to speak to you, Betty."

"Yassir. I—I didn' know yer, Mars' John." Her tone had changed and a subtle respect had crept into her words. It was one thing to be accosted in the darkness by some passing negro, quite another to be called by old John Holloway. She was a "Crosman nigger," it is true, and her mistress had bidden her take little heed of the Holloways, but Alfred, who even now was waiting to meet her a little farther along the road, had been born on the Holloway place and had worked there all his life. It was well, she thought, to make a friend of the man.

"Whut you want me ter do, Mars' John?" she repeated civilly.

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Then old John spoke to her cunningly, explaining his need and setting forth certain advantages which might easily accrue to her. Also he drew out his purse and there was a chinking of coin underneath the stars.

"You needn't tell your mistress," he said, "for that would spoil it all. Do just as she bids you, Betty, and make your report to her; but every night you must tell Alfred all that you know about this thing, and Alfred will be sure to tell me. You are a very good girl, Betty, and I think Alfred is waiting for you some thirty yards farther down."

Feeling secure in her treachery, Betty chinked her newly acquired coins together and giggled audibly. It was in her mind that a few more such payments as this would bring within her financial reach a certain "bedstid an' dresser" upon which her heart was set, which were necessary to her and to Alfred. Also she knew that the cabins at the Holloway place were open to her.

"Yassir," she assented readily, "I'll sen' word by Alferd shore!"

"To be sure you will," replied old John with unction.

It was only after the negress was gone that the old man remembered that he was a leading member of Lower Rehoboth church, and that the bribing of his neighbor's servant was quite a reprehensible thing. His heart misgave him somewhat when he thought of the manner in which the minister might be brought to regard his act, and then there was Lauretta—if indeed he could ever bring himself to the point of informing her. However, the thought of the widow seemed somewhat to reassure him.

"Ah me!" he sighed. "How frail, O Lord, is humankind, and womenkind especially!" Then he laughed.

III

When the stars came out on Thursday night Marianne was weeping. At eleven o'clock she was to steal from the house and go to meet James, but at sunset her mother had come—her triumphant mother, who had known everything all the while—and had spoken to her sharply and had locked her within her room. It could not last, of course. To-morrow, or the next day at worst, James would come to brave her mother's wrath and would sternly demand her thence—but oh, the shame of it all! Marianne buried her face in the pillows and began to sob afresh.

But in the room across the hall the widow was moving about briskly. Once or twice she went to Marianne's door and stopped to listen. The sounds of sobbing within wrought upon her motherly heart, and almost she was tempted to unlock the door and to go in and comfort the child. Then she thought of old John and her heart became as steel. Little by little, with patience and with infinite care, she arrayed herself in her most youthful garments and proceeded to arrange her hair. She even used a little powder and just a suspicion of rouge—she did not need the rouge, but at forty a woman becomes sceptical concerning her natural charms. When she had finished her toilet she appeared quite a girl—really she resembled Marianne.

One look in the mirror sufficed her. It would be dark, she told herself, and James would never suspect.

She turned again to the mirror. "Ah!" she said complacently; then she began to laugh. "If I can only keep it up," she managed to articulate—"keep it up so that James will take me for Marianne and drive me to the minister's! And then how I will laugh at him in the presence of those witnesses! Did they—the Holloways of all people—think that they could outwit Lauretta Crosman! I do hope John will be there!" In her heart she knew that it was John whom she wished to humiliate, and not John's son at all.

But even as she considered the matter a sudden compunction seized her. What a gentlemanly looking fellow young James Holloway was, and how deep his hurt would be. And, after all, did she care so much to put John to shame so publicly?

"It would be too bad," she murmured with a little touch of regret. "Maybe if he is nice to me—especially nice, I mean—I won't shame him so after all. I'll just tell him the secret before we reach Maybintown."

But even as the widow thus communed with herself Marianne heard a noise at the shutter of her window and a mysterious voice whispering.

"Miss Ma'ianne," it said, "don't you cry no mo' now, honey. Betty's out here—Betty whut nussed yer—and she gwine right straight an' tell Mars' Jim Hollerway."

The girl ceased her sobbing. "Never mind, Betty," she said, "you can't help the matter any." Nevertheless the negress went away, protesting that eventually all would be right.

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THE TRYSTING-PLACE

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But before Betty was able to cross the road and make her way to James, a gentleman clad immaculately stepped out on the Holloway porch. At the steps he halted for a moment, then he glanced up at the stars, consulted his watch by the reflected light from the hall, muttered something in an undertone, and finally took his way furtively across the dusty road and down toward the orchard fence. Betty, seeing the man, ran after him hastily. "Mars' Jeems!" she called breathlessly. Evidently Alfred had proven a traitor and had not conveyed her warning. "Mars' Jeems!" she cried again. She had almost overtaken the hurrying figure when the big clock in the hallway of the widow's house struck eleven sonorously, and the appearance of the widow herself warned Betty to be gone. It was no part of the handmaiden's plan that her mistress should detect her in her treachery.

But Lauretta was intent upon her own devices. She did not see Betty at all, and she followed rapidly and stealthily the figure that was just gone ahead. Even with her forty years there was still something of the hoiden left in the widow. To-night the cool wind fanned her cheek, there was a spice of risk and of mystery in this daring escapade, and there was red blood throbbing in her veins. How she would surprise James, to be sure, and how crestfallen he would be when he came to learn that all his elaborate scheming had been so easily brought to naught! Yes, when he had driven her away and they had come to the very outskirts of Maybintown she would tell him that Marianne was safe at home and that the night was unsuited to a wedding. Absorbed in her thoughts, not Marianne herself could have tripped more lightly than did Lauretta as she followed the hard, beaten path.

"Marianne!" The low call which greeted her sounded just a bit husky. Manifestly James was excited.

"Here I am, James." The widow's acting was perfect, even to the little tremulous breaks that add charm to a young girl's voice.

There was no reply, but in the next moment a strong arm was about her and she felt the warm touch of passionate lips through the filmy folds of her veil. The contact startled her, she was getting more than she had bargained for; but she reasoned that James was young, that in the end she would probably become his mother-in-law, and that in fact she was enough older than he to stand in the place of his mother.

In the meantime the young man whom she had come out to mock had taken her arm and had led her away, and, almost before she had time to reflect, she had come with him to a little cross-road where in the dim uncertain light she saw that a buggy was waiting, with a negro in charge of the horse. As her conductor placed her in the vehicle again he— But it was only James, so what did it matter? Still Lauretta felt her face had grown uncomfortably warm and when she looked up it seemed to her that the very stars were winking at her and laughing.

But she had little time in which to pursue her thought, for the man at her side sent the buggy bowling out into the valley road, the hoofs of the horse rang a merry tattoo, and there was only a dull blur at the roadside where the fences and the overgrown hedgerows were spinning silently past. To drive good horses was a part of the Holloway creed, she remembered, and really there was a trick in the way that the young fellow handled his reins that one man alone could have taught him. She felt it necessary to check herself. How foolish she was growing to-night! The exhilaration, the dusky silences and the echoes, the utter shamelessness of the winking stars—these things were taking her out of herself.

A mile farther on, however, and after they had taken the longer and less traveled road which leads to Maybintown, her companion's haste seemed suddenly to have exhausted itself. The horse was pulled down to a walk, the blur at the roadside became single unkempt bushes which separated themselves and stood stiffly erect, the buggy grated harshly over little beds of rough sand and of gravel. Still between the widow and the man a very grave silence was preserved; the widow wondered at this, but she did not object to it.

Presently she fell to thinking again of those little attentions which had been tendered her such a short time ago, and she found it necessary again to remind herself that this was only a boy—only young James Holloway.

And as she remembered this and took consolation therefrom, the buggy came with laggard pace to that long hill which leads steeply from Shatterfield creek up toward Maybintown. Now, too, the moon was rising, and objects were becoming more read-

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ily visible. Surely the proper moment had come in which to tell James of his mistake. Once they had passed beyond the crest of the hill James could turn the vehicle and drive her soberly home.

But as she raised her eyes to look at the spot which she had selected, she started violently, then sat up straight and rubbed her eyes unbelievingly, for there, just on that self-same crest, another buggy had appeared. It, too, was a "piano-box" buggy, and in it a man and a woman were seated—a man who was certainly young James Holloway and a woman who resembled Marianne.

The widow was not a superstitious soul, but for the moment her heart ceased to beat. Then, with the swiftness of thought, an explanation came to her—Betty had proven a traitor. Betty had told James all that she knew and the irreverent son of old John Holloway had substituted another for his own personality, even as she herself had assumed Marianne's. Then, after she was gone, James himself had come, and Betty had unlocked the doors, and the shameless youth had taken her daughter and had gone forthwith to the minister's.

For a single moment the widow sat stunned by such downright audacity; then, as she remembered certain wayside occurrences, a suspicion and a fear arose and her face flushed hotly. In her wrath she turned upon the man at her side and gripped him by the arm.

"Who—?" she gasped, pointing to the couple in front. "Pray tell me, who are those?"

For a very brief fraction of a minute her companion shook convulsively, then he straightened himself, bowed low, and replied with exaggerated courtesy.

"Madam," he said, "I have every reason to believe that the man whom you see is one James Holloway and that the lady is his wife. Yesterday she was Marianne Crosman, but the mother having eloped, the daughter has profited by her—ahem!—by her absence, and also by her example."

The widow glared at him, showing him, by the light of the rising moon, rigid lips and steely, glinting eyes.

"Who, then, are you?" she asked, in a voice as crisp as an icicle and as hard as a paving-stone.

The man sighed, then bowed again and turned his face to the light—a face clean-shaven, with the hair on the temples showing gray—it was old John Holloway!

The widow sat speechless. So it was indeed he who had—who had— She seized her companion and shook him violently.

"John Holloway," she asked severely, "aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Old John avoided her eyes, but he answered sturdily. "No," he replied, "I'm not!" Then he slipped an arm about her, stooped low, and whispered. "Lauretta!" he said, "Lauretta! Won't you marry me tonight, Lauretta?"

When she looked at him there were tears in her eyes—tears that were mingled with laughter. "John!" she exclaimed impotently. "You rascal! Just wait till I get you home!"

The Remedy

By FRANCESCA DI MARIA PALMER

SHE waits with sad eyes ever toward the past;
Yet nothing comes save Memory trailing a bridal veil
Weighted and gray with dust of orange-blooms;
She calls; yet nothing hears save echoes from her empty heart
And sound of sodden clods that one by one fall heavily
Into the newly wounded earth.

She wakes and joins the palpitating throng,
And there finds life's best joy in toil.

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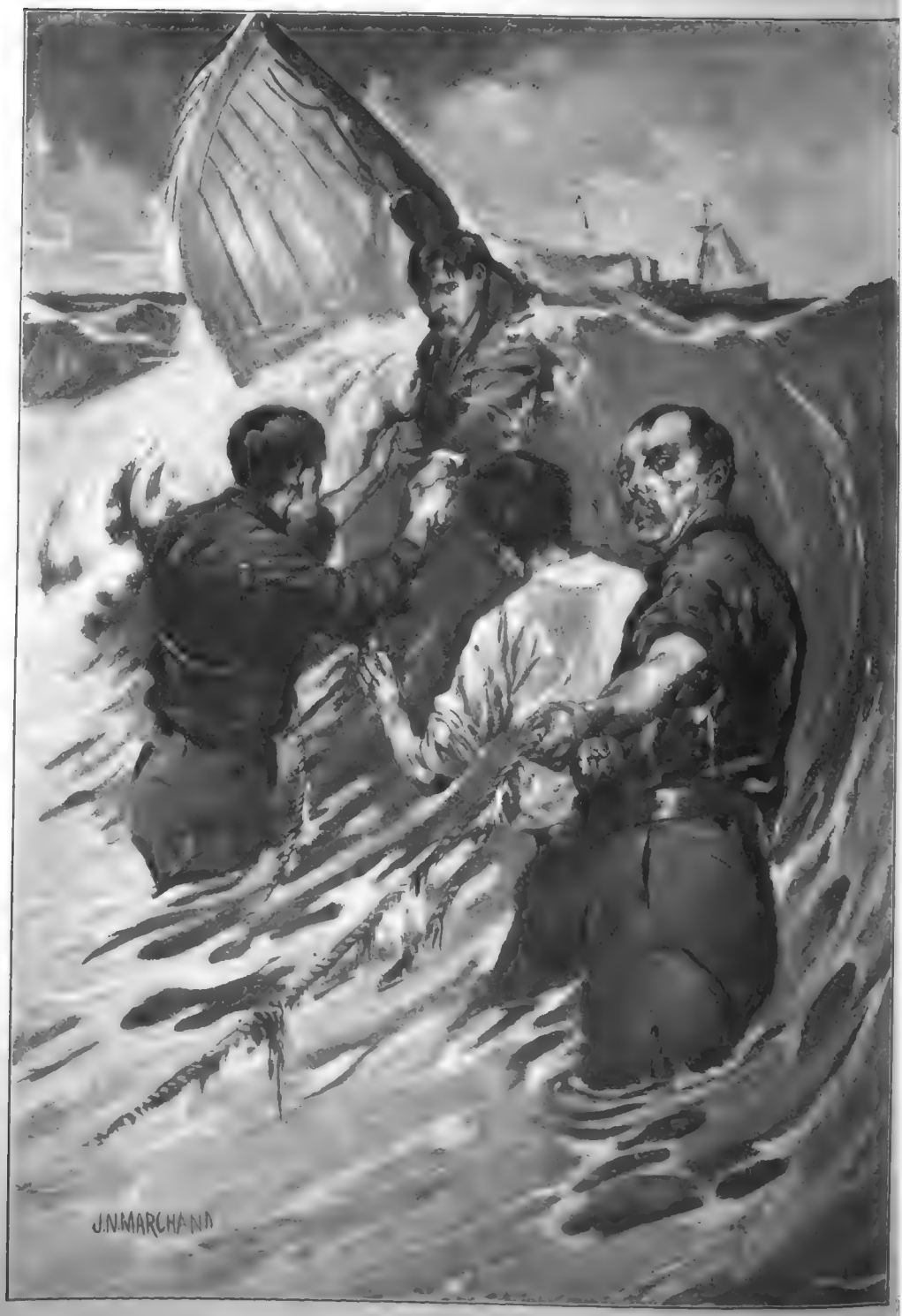

THEY BROUGHT HIM IN CHOKING AND BREATHLESS.

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THE SPOILERS*

By REX E. BEACH

Illustrations by J. N. Marchand

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Glenister and Dextry, co-owners of the Midas, the richest mine in Alaska, are about to board the ship Santa Maria, at Unalaska, in order to reach Nome at the opening of the mining season. Helen Chester, niece of Judge Stillman and the innocent agent of a great political conspiracy to defraud the mine owners of Nome, asks their help in escaping from the smallpox-infested ship, the Ohio. The two men, ignorant of the significance of her errand, gallantly fight and defeat her pursuers, smuggle her on board their own ship, and protect her until she arrives in Nome and delivers the secret papers entrusted to her. Glenister, who has fallen in love with the girl, saves her life in a street brawl at the risk of his own. Judge Stillman and McNamara, political boss of Dakota and leader of the conspiracy, arrive in Nome and begin their machinations. This new faction shortly assumes control of all the mines in Nome, including the Midas. Cherry Malotte, a beautiful woman, notorious in this region, discovers Glenister's love for Helen and determines to combat it. A successful sluice robbery at the Midas is carried through by Glenister and Dextry, who thus secure part of their own gold. Equipped with this they attempt to send their lawyer, Bill Wheaton, back to San Francisco.

CHAPTER X (*Continued*)

THE rowers rested, but the young man shouted at them to begin again and, seizing a boat-hook, struck it into the arms of his coat. He waved this on high while the men redoubled their efforts. For many moments they hung in suspense, watching the black hull as it gathered speed, and then, as they were about to cease effort, a puff of steam burst from its whistle and the next moment a short toot of recognition reached them. Glenister wiped the moisture from his brow and grinned at Wheaton.

A quarter of an hour later, as they lay heaving below the ship's steel sides, he thrust a heavy buckskin sack into the lawyer's hand.

"There's money to win the fight, Bill. I don't know how much, but it's enough. God bless you. Hurry back!"

A sailor cast them a whirling rope, up which Wheaton clambered; then, tying the gripsack to its end, they sent it after.

"Important!" the young man yelled at the officer on the bridge. "Government business." He heard a muffled clang in the engine room, the thrash of the propellers followed, and the big ship glided past.

As Glenister dragged himself up the beach, upon landing, Helen Chester called to him, and made room for him beside her. It had never been necessary to call him to her side before; and equally unfamiliar was the abashment or perhaps physical weariness that led the young man to sink back in the warm sand with a sigh of relief. She noted that, for the first time, the audacity was gone from his eyes.

"I watched your race," she began. "It was very exciting and I cheered for you."

He smiled quietly.

"What made you keep on after the ship started? I should have given up—and cried."

"I never give up anything that I want," he said.

"Have you never been forced to? Then it is because you are a man. Women have to sacrifice a great deal."

Helen expected him to continue to the effect that he would never give her up—it was in accordance with his earlier presumption—but he was silent; and she was not sure that she liked him as well thus as when he overwhelmed her by the boldness of his court. For Glenister it was delightful, after the perils of the night, to rest thus in the calm of her presence and to feel dumbly that she was near. She saw him secretly caress a fold of her dress.

If only she had not the memory of that one night on the ship. "Still, he is trying to make amends in the best way he can," she thought. "Though of course no woman could care for a man who would do such a thing." Yet she thrilled at the thought of how he had thrust his body between her and danger; how, but for his quick, insistent action, she would have failed in escaping from the pest ship, failed in her mission, and met death on the night of her landing. She owed him much.

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"Did you hear what happened to the good ship Ohio?" she asked.

"No; I've been too busy to inquire. I was told the health officers quarantined her when she arrived, that's all."

"She was sent to Egg Island with every one aboard. She has been there more than a month now and may not get away this summer."

"What a disappointment for the poor devils on her."

"Yes, and only for what you did, I should be one of them," Helen remarked.

"I didn't do much," he said. "The fighting part is easy. It's not half so hard as to give up your property and lie still while——"

"Did you do that because I asked you to—because I asked you to put aside the old ways?" A hint of compassion swept over her.

"Certainly," he answered. "It didn't come easy, but——"

"Oh, I thank you!" said she. "I know it is all for the best. Uncle Arthur wouldn't do anything wrong, and Mr. McNamara is an honorable man."

He turned toward her to speak, but refrained. He could not tell her what he felt certain of. She believed in her own blood and in her uncle's friends—and it was not for him to speak of McNamara. The rules of the game sealed his lips.

She was thinking again, "If only you had not acted as you did." She longed to help him now in his trouble as he had helped her, but what could she do? The law was such a confusing, intricate, perplexing thing.

"I spent last night at the Midas," she told him, "and rode back early this morning. That was a daring hold-up, wasn't it?"

"What hold-up?"

"Why, haven't you heard the news?"

"No," he answered steadily. "I just got up."

"Your claim was robbed. Three men overcame the watchman at midnight and cleaned the boxes."

His simulation of excited astonishment was perfect and he rained a shower of questions upon her. She noted with approval that he did not look her in the eye, however. He was not an accomplished liar. Now McNamara had a countenance of iron. Unconsciously she made comparison, and the young man at her side did not lose thereby.

"Yes, I saw it all," she concluded, after recounting the details. "The negro wanted to bind me so that I couldn't give the alarm, but his chivalry prevented. He was a most gallant darky."

"What did you do when they left?"

"Why, I kept my word and waited until they were out of sight, then I roused the camp, and set Mr. McNamara and his men right after them down the gulch."

"*Down* the gulch!" spoke Glenister, off his guard.

"Yes, of course. Did you think they went *up*-stream?" She was looking squarely at him now, and he dropped his eyes. "No, the posse started in that direction, but I put them right." There was an odd light in her glance, and he felt the blood drumming in his ears.

She sent them down-stream! So that was why there had been no pursuit. Then she must suspect—she must know everything. Glenister was stunned. Again his love for the girl surged tumultuously within him and demanded expression. But Miss Chester, no longer feeling sure that she had the situation in hand, had already started to return to the hotel. "I saw the men distinctly," she told him, before they separated, "and I could identify them all."

At his own house Glenister found Dextry removing the stains of the night's adventure.

"Miss Chester recognized us last night," he announced.

"How do you know?"

"She told me so just now, and, what's more, she sent McNamara and his crowd down the creek instead of up. That's why we got away so easily."

"Well, well—ain't she a brick? She's even with us now. By the way, I wonder how much we cleaned up, anyhow—let's weigh it." Going to the bed, Dextry turned back the blankets, exposing four mooseskin sacks, wet and heavy, where he had thrown them.

"There must have been twenty thousand dollars with what I gave Wheaton," said Glenister.

At that moment, without warning, the door was flung open, and as the young man jerked the blankets into place he whirled, snatched the six-shooter that Dextry had discarded, and covered the entrance.

"Don't shoot, boy!" cried the newcomer breathlessly. "My! but you're nervous."

Glenister dropped his gun. It was Cherry Malotte; and from her heaving breast and the flying colors in her cheeks, the men saw she had been running. She did not give them

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"DON'T SHOOT, BOY," CRIED THE NEWCOMER

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time to question, but closed and locked the door while the words came tumbling from her:

"They're on to you, boys—you'd better duck out quick. They're on their way up here now."

"What!"

"Who?"

"Quick! I heard McNamara and Voorhees, the marshal, talking. Somebody has spotted you for the hold-up. They're on their way now, I tell you. I sneaked out by the back way and came here through the mud. Say, but I'm a sight!" She stamped her trimly booted feet and flirted her skirt.

"I don't savvy what you mean," said Dextry, glancing at his partner warningly. "We ain't done nothin'."

"Well, it's all right then. I took a long chance so you could make a get-away if you wanted to, because they've got warrants for you for that sluice robbery last night. Here they are now." She darted to the window, the men peering over her shoulder. Coming up the narrow walk they saw Voorhees, McNamara, and three others.

The house stood somewhat isolated and well back on the tundra, so that any one approaching it by the planking had an unobstructed view of the premises. Escape was impossible, for the back door led out into the ankle-deep puddles of the open prairie; and it was now apparent that a sixth man had made a circuit and was approaching from the rear.

"My God! They'll search the place," said Dextry, and the men looked grimly in each other's faces.

Then in a flash Glenister stripped back the blankets and seized the "pokes," leaping into the back room. In another instant he returned with them and faced desperately the candid bareness of the little room that they lived and slept in. Nothing could be hidden; it was folly to think of it. There was a loft overhead, he remembered hopefully; then realized that the pursuers would search there first of all.

"I told you he was a hard fighter," said Dextry as the quick footsteps grew louder. "He ain't no fool neither. 'Stead of our bein' caught in the mountains, I reckon we'll shoot it out here. We should have cached that gold somewhere."

He spun the cylinder of his blackened Colt while his lean face grew hard and vulture-like.

Meanwhile, Cherry Malotte watched the hunted look in Glenister's face grow wilder and then stiffen into the stubbornness of a man at bay. The posse was at the door now, knocking. The three inside stood rigid and strained. Then Glenister tossed his burden on the bed.

"Go into the back room, Cherry; there's going to be trouble."

"Who's there?" inquired Dextry through the door, to gain time. Suddenly, without a word, the girl glided to the hot-blast heater, now cold and empty, which stood in a corner of the room. These stoves, used widely in the North, are vertical iron cylinders into which coal is poured from above. She lifted the lid and peered in to find it a quarter full of dead ashes, then turned with shining eyes and parted lips to Glenister. He caught the hint, and in an instant the four sacks were dropped softly into the feathery bottom and the ashes raked over. The daring maneuver was almost as quick as the flash of woman's wit that prompted it, and was carried through while the answer to Dextry's question was still unspoken.

Then Glenister opened the door carelessly and admitted the group of men.

"We've got a search-warrant to look through your house," said Voorhees.

"What are you looking for?"

"Gold-dust from Anvil Creek."

"All right—search away."

They rapidly scoured the premises, covering every inch, paying no heed to the girl, who watched them with indifferent eyes, nor to the old man, who glared at their every movement. Glenister was carelessly sarcastic, although he kept his right arm free, while beneath his *sang-froid* was a thoroughly trained alertness.

McNamara directed the search with a manner wholly lacking in his former mock courtesy. It was as though he had been soured by the gall of defeat. The mask had fallen off now, and his character showed insistent, overbearing, cruel. Toward the partners he preserved a contemptuous silence.

The invaders ransacked thoroughly while a dozen times the hearts of Cherry Malotte and her two companions stopped, then lunged onward, as McNamara or Voorhees approached, then passed the stove. At last Voorhees lifted the lid and peered into its dark interior. At the same instant the girl cried out sharply, flinging herself from her position, while the marshal jerked his head back in time to see her dash upon Dextry.

"Don't! Don't!" she cried her appeal to

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the old man. "Keep cool. You'll be sorry, Dex—they're almost through."

The officer had not seen any movement on Dextry's part, but doubtless her quick eye had detected signs of violence. McNamara emerged glowering from the back room at that moment.

"Let them hunt," the girl was saying while Dextry stared dazedly over her head. "They won't find anything. Keep cool and don't act rash."

Voorhees's duties sat uncomfortably upon him at the best and, looking at the smoldering eyes of the two men, he became averse to further search in a powdery household whose members itched to shoot him in the back.

"It isn't here," he reported; but the politician only scowled, then spoke for the first time directly to the partners:

"I've got warrants for both of you and I'm tempted to take you in, but I won't. I'm not through yet—not by any means. I'll get you—get you both." He turned out of the door, followed by the marshal, who called off his guards, and the group filed back along the walk.

"Say, you're a jewel, Cherry. You've saved us twice. You caught Voorhees just in time. My heart hit my palate when he looked into that stove, but the next instant I wanted to laugh at Dextry's expression."

Impulsively Glenister laid his hands upon her shoulders. At his look and touch her throat swelled, her bosom heaved, and the silken lids fluttered until she seemed choked by a very flood of sweet womanliness. She blushed like a little maid and laughed a timid, broken laugh; then pulling herself together, the merry, careless tone came into her voice and her cheeks grew cool and clear.

"You wouldn't trust me at first, eh? Some day you'll find that your old friends are the best, after all."

And as she left them, she added mockingly:

"Say, you're a pair of 'shine' desperadoes. You need a governess."

CHAPTER XI

WHEREIN A WRIT AND A RIOT FAIL

A RAW, gray day with a driving drizzle from seaward and a leaden rack of clouds drifting low matched the sullen, fitful mood of Glenister.

During the last month he had chafed and fretted like an animal in leash for word of Wheaton. This uncertainty, this impotent waiting with folded hands, was maddening to one of his spirit. He could apply himself to no fixed duty, for the sense of his wrong preyed on him fiercely, and he found himself haunting the vicinity of the Midas, gazing at it from afar, grasping hungrily for such scraps of news as chanced to reach him. McNamara allowed access to none but his minions, so the partners knew but vaguely of what happened on their property, even though, under fiction of law, it was being worked for their protection.

No steps toward a speedy hearing of the case were allowed, and the collusion between Judge Stillman and the receiver had become so generally recognized that there were uneasy mutterings and threats in many quarters. Yet, although the politician had by now virtually absorbed all the richest properties in the district and worked them through his hirelings, the people of Nome as a whole did not grasp the full turpitude of the scheme nor the system's perfect working.

Strange to say, Dextry, the fire-eater, had assumed an Oriental patience quite foreign to his peppery disposition and spent much of his time in the hills prospecting.

On this day, as the clouds broke, about noon, close down on the angry horizon a drift of smoke appeared, shortly resolving itself into a steamer. She lay to in the offing, and through his glasses Glenister saw that it was the Roanoke. As the hours passed and no boat put off, he tried to hire a crew, but the longshoremen spat wisely and shook their heads as they watched the surf.

"There's the devil of an undertow settin' along this beach," they told him, "and the water's too cold to drownd in comfortably." So he laid firm hands upon his impatience.

Every day meant many dollars to the watcher, and yet it seemed that nature was resolute in thwarting him, for that night the wind freshened and daylight saw the ship hugging the lee of Sledge Island, miles to the westward, while the surf, white as boiling milk, boomed and thundered against the shore.

Word had gone through the street that Bill Wheaton was aboard with a writ, or a subpœna, or an alibi, or whatever was necessary to put the "kibosh" on McNamara, so public excitement grew. McNamara hoarded his gold in the Alaska Bank, and it was taken for granted that there would lie the scene of the

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struggle. No one supposed for an instant that the usurper would part with the treasure peaceably.

On the third morning the ship lay abreast of the town again and a life-boat was seen to make off from her, whereupon the idle population streamed toward the beach.

"She'll make it to the surf all right, but then watch out."

"We'd better make ready to haul 'em out," said another. "It's mighty dangerous." And sure enough, as the skiff came rushing in through the breakers she was caught.

She had made it past the first line, soaring over the bar on a foamy roller-crest like a storm-driven gull winging in toward the land. The wiry figure of Bill Wheaton crouched in the stern while two sailors fought with their oars. As they gathered for their rush through the last zone of froth, a great comber rose out of the sea behind them, rearing high above their heads. The crowd at the surf's edge shouted. The boat wavered, sucked back into the ocean's angry maw, and with a crash the deluge engulfed them. There remained nothing but a swirling flood through which the life-boat emerged bottom up, amid a tangle of oars, gratings, and gear.

Men rushed into the water, and the next roller pounded them back upon the marble-hard sand. There came the sound of splitting wood, and then a group swarmed in waist-deep and bore out a dripping figure. It was a hempen-headed seaman who shook the water from his mane, and grinned when his breath had come.

A step farther down the beach the by-standers seized a limp form which the tide rolled to them. It was the second sailor, his scalp split from a blow of the gunwale. Nowhere was Wheaton.

Glenister had plunged to the rescue first, a heaving-line about his middle, and although buffeted about he had reached the wreck, only to miss sight of the lawyer utterly. He had time for but a glance when he was drawn outward by the undertow till the line at his waist grew taut, then the water surged over him and he was hurled high up on the beach again. He staggered dizzily back to the struggle, when suddenly a wave lifted the capsized cutter and righted it, and out from beneath shot the form of Wheaton, grimly clutching the life-ropes. They brought him in choking and breathless.

"I got it," he said, slapping his streaming breast. "It's all right, Glenister. I knew what delay meant so I took a long chance with the surf." The terrific ordeal he had undergone had blanched him to the lips, his legs wabbled uncertainly, and he would have fallen but for the young man, who thrust an arm about his waist and led him up on the beach.

"I went before the Circuit Court of Appeals in 'Frisco," he explained later, "and they issued orders allowing an appeal from this court and gave me a writ of *supersedeas* directed against old Judge Stillman. That takes the litigation out of his hands altogether and directs McNamara to turn over the Midas and all the gold he's got. What do you think of that? I did better than I expected."

Glenister wrung his hand silently while a great satisfaction came upon him. At last this waiting was over and his peaceful yielding to injustice had borne fruit; had proven the better course after all, as the girl had prophesied. He could go to her now with clean hands. The mine was his again. He would lay it at her feet, telling her once more of his love and the change it was working in him. He would make her see it, make her see that beneath the harshness his years in the wild had given him, his love for her was gentle and true and all-absorbing. He would bid her be patient till she saw he had mastered himself, till he could come with his soul in harness.

"I am glad I didn't fight when they jumped us," he said. "Now we'll get our property back and all the money they took out—that is, if McNamara hasn't salted it."

"Yes; all that's necessary is to file the documents, then serve the judge and McNamara. You'll be back on Anvil Creek to-morrow."

Having placed their documents on record at the court-house, the two men continued to McNamara's office. He met them with courtesy.

"I heard you had a narrow escape this morning, Mr. Wheaton. Too bad! What can I do for you?"

The lawyer rapidly outlined his position and stated in conclusion:

"I filed certified copies of these orders with the clerk of the court ten minutes ago, and now I make formal demand upon you to turn over the Midas to Messrs. Glenister and Dextry, and also to return all the gold-dust in your safe-deposit boxes in accordance with this writ." He handed his documents to McNamara, who tossed them on his desk without examination.

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"Well," said the politician quietly, "I won't do it."

Had he been slapped in the face the attorney would not have been more astonished.

"Why—you——"

"I won't do it, I said," McNamara repeated sharply. "Don't think for a minute that I haven't gone into this fight armed for everything. Writs of *supersedeas!* Bah!" He snapped his fingers.

"We'll see whether you'll obey or not," said Wheaton, and when he and Glenister were outside he continued:

"Let's get to the judge quick."

As they neared the Golden Gate Hotel they spied McNamara entering. It was evident that he had slipped from the rear door of his office and beaten them to the judicial ear.

"I don't like that," said Glenister. "He's up to something."

So it appeared, for they were fifteen minutes in gaining access to the magistrate and then found McNamara with him. Both men were astounded at the change in Stillman's appearance. During the last month his weak face had shrunk and altered until vacillation was betrayed in every line, and he had acquired the habit of furtively watching McNamara's slightest movement. It seemed that the part he played sat heavily upon him.

The judge examined the papers perfunctorily and, although his air was deliberate, his fingers made clumsy work of it. At last he said:

"I regret that I am forced to doubt the authenticity of these documents."

"My Heavens, man!" Wheaton cried. "They're certified copies of orders from your superior court. They grant the appeal that you have denied us and take the case out of your hands altogether. Yes—and they order this man to surrender the mine and everything connected with it. Now, sir, we want you to enforce these orders."

Stillman glanced at the silent man in the window and replied:

"You will of course proceed regularly and make application in court in the proper way, but I tell you now that I won't do anything in the matter."

Wheaton stared at him fixedly until the old man snapped out:

"You say they are certified copies. How do I know they are? These signatures may be all false. Maybe you signed them yourself."

The lawyer grew very white at this and stammered until Glenister drew him out of the room.

"Come, come," he said, "we'll carry this thing through in open court. Maybe his nerve will go back on him then. McNamara has him hypnotized, but he won't dare refuse to obey the orders of the Circuit Court of Appeals."

"He won't, eh? Well, what do you think he's doing right now?" said Wheaton. "I must think. This is the boldest game I ever played in. They told me things while I was in 'Frisco which I couldn't believe, but I guess they're true. Judges don't disobey the orders of their courts of appeal unless there is power back of them."

They proceeded to the attorney's office, but had not been there long before Slapjack Simms burst in upon them.

"Hell to pay!" he panted. "McNamara's taking your dust out of the bank."

"What's that?" they cried.

"I goes into the bank just now for an assay on some quartz samples. The assayer is busy, and I walk back into his room and while I'm there in trots McNamara in a hurry. He don't see me, as I'm inside the private office, and I overhear him tell them to get his dust out of the vault quick."

"We've got to stop that," said Glenister. "If he takes ours, he'll take the Swedes', too. Simms, you run up to the Pioneer Company and tell them about it. If he gets that gold out of there, nobody knows what'll become of it. Come on, Bill."

He snatched his hat and ran out of the room, followed by the others. That the loose-jointed Slapjack did his work with expedition was evidenced by the fact that the Swedes were close upon their heels as the two entered the bank. Others had followed, sensing something unusual, and the space within the doors filled rapidly. At the disturbance the clerks suspended their work, the barred doors of the safe-deposit vaults clanged to, and the cashier laid hand upon the navy Colts at his elbow. "What's the matter?" he cried.

"We want Alec McNamara," said Glenister.

The manager of the bank appeared, and Glenister spoke to him through the heavy wire netting.

"Is McNamara in there?"

No one had ever known Morehouse to lie. "Yes, sir." He spoke hesitatingly, in a voice full of the slow music of Virginia. "He is in here. What of it?"

"We hear he's trying to move that dust of

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ours and we won't stand for it. Tell him to come out and not hide in there like a dog."

At these words the politician appeared beside the Southerner, and the two conversed softly an instant, while the impatience of the crowd grew to anger. Some one cried:

"Let's go in and drag him out," and the rumble at this was not pleasant. Morehouse raised his hand:

"Gentlemen, Mr. McNamara says he doesn't intend to take any of the gold away."

"Then he's taken it already."

"No, he hasn't."

The receiver's course had been quickly chosen at the interruption. It was not wise to anger these men too much. Although he had planned to get the money into his own possession, he now thought it best to leave it here for the present. He could come back at any time when they were off guard and get it. Beyond the door against which he stood lay three hundred thousand dollars—weighed, sacked, sealed, and ready to move out of the custody of this Virginian whose confidence he had tried so fruitlessly to gain.

As McNamara looked into the angry eyes of the lean-faced men beyond the grating, he felt that the game was growing close and his blood tingled at the thought. He had not planned on a resistance so strong and swift, but he would meet it. He knew that they hungered for his destruction and that Glenister was their leader. He saw further that the man's hatred now stared at him openly for the first time. He knew that back of it was something more than love for the dull metal over which they wrangled, and then a thought came to him.

"Some of your work, eh, Glenister?" he mocked. "Were you afraid to come alone, or did you wait till you saw me with a lady?"

At the same instant he opened a door behind him, revealing Helen Chester. "You'd better not walk out with me, Miss Chester. This man might—well, you're safer here, you know. You'll pardon me for leaving you." He hoped he could incite the young man to some rash act or word in the presence of the girl, and counted on the conspicuous heroism of his own position, facing the mob single-handed, one against fifty.

"Come out," said his enemy hoarsely, upon whom the insult and the sight of the girl in the receiver's company had acted powerfully.

"Of course I'll come out, but I don't want this young lady to suffer any violence from your friends," said McNamara. "I am not armed, but I have the right to leave here unmolested—the right of an American citizen." With that he raised his arms above his head. "Out of my way!" he cried. Morehouse opened the gate, and McNamara strode through the mob.

It is a peculiar thing that although under fury of passion a man may fire even upon the back of a defenseless foe, yet no one can offer violence to a man whose arms are raised on high and in whose glance is the level light of fearlessness. Moreover, it is safer to face a crowd thus than a single adversary.

McNamara had seen this psychological trick tried before and now took advantage of it to walk through the press slowly, eye to eye. He did it theatrically, for the benefit of the girl, and, as he foresaw, the men fell away before him—all but Glenister, who blocked him, gun in hand. It was plain that the persecuted miner was beside himself with passion. McNamara came within an arm's length before pausing. Then he stopped and the two stared malignantly at each other while the girl behind the railing heard her heart pounding in the stillness. Glenister raised his hand uncertainly, then let it fall. He shook his head, and stepped aside so that the other brushed past and out into the street.

Wheaton addressed the banker:

"Mr. Morehouse, we've got orders and writs of one kind or another from the Circuit Court of Appeals at 'Frisco directing that this money be turned over to us." He shoved the papers toward the other. "We're not in a mood to trifle. That gold belongs to us, and we want it."

Morehouse looked carefully at the papers.

"I can't help you," he said. "These documents are not directed to me. They're issued to Mr. McNamara and Judge Stillman. If the Circuit Court of Appeals commands me to deliver it to you I'll do it, but otherwise I'll have to keep this dust here till it's drawn out by order of the court that gave it to me. That's the way it was put in here and that's the way it'll be taken out."

"We want it now."

"Well, I can't let my sympathies influence me."

"Then we'll take it out anyway," cried Glenister. "We've had the worst of it everywhere else and we're sick of it. Come on, men."

"Stand back!—all of you!" cried Morehouse. "Don't lay a hand on that gate. Boys, pick your men."

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He called this last to his clerks, at the same instant whipping from behind the counter a carbine, which he cocked. The assayer brought into view a shotgun, while the cashier and clerks armed themselves. It was evident that the deposits of the Alaska Bank were abundantly safeguarded.

"I don't aim to have any trouble with you all," continued the Southerner, "but that money stays here till it's drawn out right."

The crowd paused at this show of resistance, but Glenister railed at them:

"Come on—come on! What's the matter with you?" And from the light in his eye it was evident that he would not be balked.

Helen felt that a crisis was come, and braced herself. These men were in deadly earnest: the white-haired banker, his pale helpers, and those grim, quiet ones outside. There stood brawny, sun-browned men, with set jaws and frowning faces; and yellow-haired Scandinavians in whose blue eyes danced the flame of battle. These had been baffled at every turn, goaded by repeated failure, and now stood shoulder to shoulder in their resistance to a cruel law. Suddenly Helen heard a command from the street and the quick tramp of men, while over the heads before her she saw the glint of rifle barrels. A file of soldiers with fixed bayonets thrust themselves roughly through the crowd at the entrance.

"Clear the room!" commanded the officer.

"What does this mean?" shouted Wheaton.

"It means that Judge Stillman has called upon the military to guard this gold, that's all. Come now, move quick." The men hesitated, then sullenly obeyed, for resistance to the blue of Uncle Sam comes only at the cost of much consideration.

"They're robbing us with our own soldiers," said Wheaton, when they were outside.

"Aye," said Glenister darkly. "We've tried the law, but they're forcing us back to first principles. There's going to be murder here."

CHAPTER XII

COUNTERPLOTS

GLENISTER had said that the judge would not dare to disobey the mandates of the Circuit Court of Appeals, but he was wrong. Application was made for orders directing the enforcement of the writs, steps which would have restored possession of the Midas to its owners, as well as possession of the treasure in bank—but Stillman refused to grant them.

Wheaton called a meeting of the Swedes and their attorneys, advising a junction of forces. Dextry, who had returned from the mountains, was present. When they had finished their discussion, he said:

"It seems like I can always fight better when I know what the other feller's game is. I'm going to spy on that outfit."

"We've had detectives at work for weeks," said the lawyer for the Scandinavians. "But they can't find out anything we don't know already."

Dextry said no more, but that night found him busied in the building adjoining the one wherein McNamara had his office. He had rented a back room on the top floor and with the help of his partner sawed through the ceiling into the loft and found his way thence to the roof through a hatchway. Fortunately, there was but little space between the two buildings and, furthermore, each boasted the square fronts, common in mining-camps, which projected high enough to prevent observation from across the way. Thus he was enabled, without discovery, to gain the roof adjoining and to cut through into the loft. He crept cautiously in through the opening, and out upon a floor of joists sealed on the lower side, then lit a candle, and, locating McNamara's office, cut a peep-hole so that by lying flat on the timbers he could command a considerable portion of the room beneath. Here, early the following morning, he camped with the patience of an Indian, emerging in the still of that night, stiff, hungry, and atrociously cross. Meanwhile, there had been another meeting of the mine owners and it had been decided to send Wheaton, properly armed with affidavits and transcripts of certain court records, back to San Francisco on the return trip of the Santa Maria, which had arrived in port. He was to institute proceedings for contempt of court, and it was hoped that by extraordinary effort he could gain quick action.

At daybreak Dextry returned to his post, and it was midnight before he crawled from his hiding-place to see the lawyer and Glenister.

"They have had a spy on you all day, Wheaton," he began, "and they know you're going out to the States. You'll be arrested to-morrow morning before breakfast."

"Arrested! What for?"

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"I don't just remember what the crime is, bigamy or mayhem, or attainder of treason, or something—anyway, they'll get you in jail and that's all they want. They think you're the only lawyer that's wise enough to cause trouble and the only one they can't bribe."

"Lord! What'll I do? They'll watch every lighter that leaves the beach, and if they don't catch me that way, they'll search the ship."

"I've thought it all out," said the old man, to whom obstruction acted as a stimulant.

"Yes—but how?"

"Leave it to me. Get your things together and be ready to duck in two hours."

"I tell you they'll search the Santa Maria from stem to stern," protested the lawyer, but Dextry had gone.

"Better do as he says. His schemes are good ones," recommended Glenister, and accordingly the lawyer made preparation.

In the mean time the old prospector had begun at the end of Front street to make a systematic search of the gambling-houses. Although it was very late they were running noisily, and at last he found the man he wanted, playing "Black Jack," the smell of tar in his clothes, the lilt of the sea in his boisterous laughter. Dextry drew him aside.

"Mac, there's only two things about you that's any good—your silence and your seamanship. Otherwise, you're a disreppitable, drunken insect."

The sailor grinned.

"What is it you want now? If it's concerning money, or business, or the growed-up side of life, run along and don't disturb the carousals of a sailorman. If it's a fight, lemme get my hat."

"I want you to wake up your fireman and have steam on the tug in an hour, then wait for me below the bridge. You're chartered for twenty-four hours and—remember, not a word."

"I'm on! Compared to me the Spinks of Egyp' is as talkative as a phonograph."

The old man next turned his steps to the Northern Theatre. The performance was still in progress and he located the man he was hunting without difficulty.

Ascending the stairs, he knocked at the door of one of the boxes and called for Captain Stephens.

"I'm glad I found you, Cap," said he. "It saved me a trip out to your ship in the dark.

"What's the matter?"

Dextry drew him to an isolated corner. "Me an' my partner want to send a man to the States with you."

"All right."

"Well—er—here's the point," hesitated the old miner, who rebelled at asking favors. "He's our law sharp an' the McNamara outfit is tryin' to put the steel on him."

"I don't understand."

"Why, they've swore out a warrant an' aim to guard the shore to-morrow. We want you to——"

"Mr. Dextry, I'm not looking for trouble. I get enough in my own business."

"But, see here," argued the other, "we've *got* to send him out so he can make a powwow to the big legal smoke in 'Frisco. We've been cold-decked with a bum judge. They've gut us into a corner an' over the ropes."

"I'm sorry I can't help you, Dextry, but I got mixed up in one of your scrapes and that's plenty."

"This ain't no stowaway. There's no danger to you," began Dextry, but the officer interrupted him:

"There's no need of arguing. I won't do it."

"Oh, you *won't*, eh?" said the old man, beginning to lose his temper. "Well, you listen to *me* for a minute. Everybody in camp knows that me an' the Kid is on the square an' that we're gettin' the bunk passed to us. Now, this lawyer party must get away to-night or these grafters will hitch the horses to him on some phony charge so he can't get to the upper court. It'll be him to the bird-cage for ninety days. He's goin' to the States, though, an' he's goin'—in—your—wagon! I'm talking to you—man to man. If you don't take him, I'll go to the health inspector—he's a friend of mine—an' I'll put a crimp in you an' your steamboat. I don't want to do that—it ain't my reg'lar graft by no means—but this bet goes through as she lays. I never belched up a secret before. No, sir; I am the human huntin'-case watch an' I won't open my face unless you press me. But if I should, you'll see that it's time for you to hunt a new job. Now, here's my scheme." He outlined his directions to the sailor, who had fallen silent during the warning. When he had done, Stephens said:

"I never had a man talk to me like that before, sir—never. You've taken advantage of me, and under the circumstances I can't refuse. I'll do this thing—not because of your threat, but because I heard about your trouble over the Midas—and because I can't

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help admiring your blamed insolence." He went back into his stall.

Dextry returned to Wheaton's office. As he neared it, he passed a lounging figure in an adjacent doorway.

"The place is watched," he announced as he entered. "Have you got a back door? Good! Leave your light burning and we'll go out that way." They slipped quietly into an inky, tortuous passage which led back toward Second Street. Floundering through alleys and over garbage heaps, by circuitous routes, they reached the bridge, where, in the swift stream beneath, they saw the lights from Mac's tug.

Steam was up and when the Captain had let them aboard Dextry gave him instructions, to which he nodded acquiescence. They bade the lawyer adieu, and the little craft slipped its moorings, danced down the current, across the bar, and was swallowed up in the darkness to seaward.

"I'll put out Wheaton's light so they'll think he's gone to bed."

"Yes, and at daylight I'll take your place in McNamara's loft," said Glenister. "There will be doings to-morrow when they don't find him."

They returned by the way they had come to the lawyer's room, extinguished his light, went to their own cabin and to bed. At dawn Glenister arose and sought his place above McNamara's office.

To lie stretched at length on a single plank with eye glued to a crack is not a comfortable position, and the watcher thought the hours of the next day would never end. As they dragged wearily past, his bones began to ache beyond endurance, yet owing to the flimsy structure of the building he dared not move while the room below was tenanted. In fact, he would not have stirred had he dared, so intense was his interest in the scenes beneath him.

First had come the marshal, who reported his failure to find Wheaton.

"He left his room some time last night. My men followed him in and saw a light in his window until two o'clock this morning. At seven o'clock we broke in and he was gone."

"He must have got wind of our plan. Send deputies aboard the Santa Maria. Search her from keel to topmast and have them watch the beach close or he'll put off in a small boat. You look over the passengers that go aboard yourself. Don't trust any of your men for that, because he may try to slip through disguised. He's liable to make up like a woman. You understand—there's only one ship in port, and—he mustn't get away."

"He won't," said Voorhees, with conviction, and the listener overhead smiled grimly to himself, for at that moment, twenty miles offshore, lay Mac's little tug, hove to in the track of the outgoing steamship, and in her tiny cabin sat Bill Wheaton, eating breakfast.

As the morning wore by with no news of the lawyer, McNamara's uneasiness grew. At noon the marshal returned with a report that the passengers were all aboard and the ship about to clear.

"By Heavens! He's slipped through you," stormed the politician.

"No, he hasn't! He may be hidden aboard somewhere among the coal-bunkers, but I think he's still ashore and aiming to make a quick run just before she sails. He hasn't left the beach since daylight, that's sure. I'm going out to the ship now with four men and search her again. If we don't bring him off you can bet he's lying out somewhere in town and we'll get him later. I've stationed men along the shore for two miles."

"I won't have him get away. If he should reach 'Frisco— Tell your men I'll give five hundred dollars to the one that finds him."

Three hours later Voorhees returned.

"She sailed without him!"

The politician cursed. "I don't believe it. He tricked you. I know he did."

Glenister grinned into a half-eaten sandwich, then turned upon his back and lay thus on the plank, identifying the speakers below by their voices.

He kept his post all day. Later in the evening he heard Struve enter. The man had been drinking.

"So he got away, eh?" he began. "I was afraid he would. Smart fellow, that Wheaton."

"He didn't get away," said McNamara. "He's in town yet. Just let me land him in jail on some excuse! I'll hold him till snow flies." Struve sank into a chair and lit a cigarette with wavering hand.

"This' h—l of a game, ain't it, Mac? D'you s'pose we'll win?"

The man overhead pricked up his ears.

"Win? Aren't we winning? What do you call this? I only hope we can lay hands on Wheaton. He knows things. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, but more is worse. Lord! If only I had a *man* for judge in place

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of Stillman! I don't know why I brought him."

"That's right. Too weak. He hasn't got the backbone of an angleworm. He ain't half the man that his niece is. *There's* a girl for you. Say! What'd we do without her, eh? She's a pippin!" Glenister felt a sudden tightening of every muscle. What right had that man's liquor-sodden lips to speak so of her?

"She's a brave little woman all right. Just look how she worked Glenister and his fool partner. It took nerve to bring in those instructions of yours alone, and if it hadn't been for her we'd never have won like this. It makes me laugh to think of those two men stowing her away in their stateroom while they slept between decks with the sheep, and her with the papers in her bosom all the time. Then, when we got ready to do business, why, she up and talks them into giving us possession of their mine without a fight. That's what I call reciprocating a man's affection."

Glenister's nails cut into his flesh, while his face went livid at the words. He could not grasp it at once. It made him sick—physically sick—and for many moments he strove blindly to beat back the hideous suspicion, the horror that the lawyer had aroused. His was not a doubting disposition and to him the girl had seemed as one pure, mysterious, apart, angelically incapable of deceit. He had loved her, feeling that some day she would return his affection without fail. In her great unclouded eyes he had found no lurking-place for double-dealing. Now—God! It couldn't be that all the time she had *known!*

He had lost a part of the lawyer's speech, but now he peered through his observation-hole again.

McNamara was at the window gazing out into the dark street, his back toward the lawyer, who lolled in the chair, babbling garrulously of the girl. Glenister ground his teeth—a frenzy possessed him to loose his anger, to rip through the frail ceiling with naked hands and fall vindictively upon the two men.

"She looked good to me the first time I saw her," continued Struve. He paused and when he spoke again a change had coarsened his features. "Say, I'm crazy about her, Mac. I tell you, I'm crazy—and she likes me—I know she does—or, anyway, she would——"

"Do you mean that you're in love with her?" asked the man at the window without shifting his position. It seemed that utter indifference was in his question, although where the light shone on his hands, tight-clinched behind his back, they were bloodless.

"Love her? Well—that depends—ha! You know how it is—" he chuckled coarsely. His face was gross and bestial. "I've got the judge where I want him, and I'll have her——"

His miserable words died with a gurgle, for McNamara had silently leaped and throttled him where he sat, pinning him to the wall. Glenister saw the big politician shift his fingers slightly on Struve's throat and then drop his left hand to his side, holding his victim writhing and helpless with his right, despite the man's frantic struggles. McNamara's head was thrust forward from his shoulders, peering into the lawyer's face. Struve tore ineffectually at the iron arm which was squeezing his life out, while for endless minutes the other leaned his weight against him, his idle hand behind his back, his legs braced like stone columns, as he watched his helpless victim's struggles abate.

Struve fought and wrenched while his breath caught in his throat with horrid, sickening sounds, but gradually his eyes rolled farther and farther back till they stared out of his blackened visage, straight up toward the ceiling, toward the hole through which Glenister peered. His struggles lessened, his chin sagged, and his tongue protruded, then he sat loose and still. The politician flung him out into the room so that he fell limply upon his face, then stood watching him. Finally McNamara passed out of the watcher's vision, returning with a water bucket. With his foot he rolled the unconscious wretch upon his back, then drenched him. Replacing the pail, he seated himself, lit a cigar, and watched the return of life into his victim. He made no move, even to drag him from the pool in which he lay.

Struve groaned and shuddered, twisted to his side, and at last sat up weakly. In his eyes there was now a great terror, while in place of his drunkenness was only fear and faintness—abject fear of the great bulk that sat and smoked and stared at him so fishily. He felt uncertainly of his throat, and groaned again.

"Why did you do that?" he whispered, but the other made no sign. He tried to rise, but his knees relaxed; he staggered and fell. Finally he gained his feet and made for the door; then, when his hand was on the knob,

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McNamara spoke, through his teeth, without removing his cigar.

"Don't ever talk about her again. She is going to marry me." When he was alone he looked curiously up at the ceiling over his head. "The rats are thick in this shack," he mused. "Seems to me I heard a whole swarm of them."

A few moments later a figure crept through the hole in the roof of the house next door and thence down into the street. A block ahead was the slow-moving form of Attorney Struve. Had a stranger met them both he would not have known which of the two had felt at his throat the clutch of a strangler, for each was drawn and haggard and swayed as he went.

Glenister unconsciously turned toward his cabin, but at leaving the lighted streets the thought of its darkness and silence made him shudder. Not now! He could not bear that stillness and the company of his thoughts. He dared not be alone. Dextry would be down-town undoubtedly, and he, too, must get into the light and turmoil. He licked his lips and found that they were cracked and dry.

At rare intervals during the past years he had staggered in from a long march where, for hours, he had waged a bitter war with cold and hunger, his limbs clumsy with fatigue, his garments wet and stiff, his mind slack and sullen. At such extreme seasons he had felt a consuming thirst, a thirst which burned and scorched until his very bones cried out feverishly. Not a thirst for water, nor a thirst which eaten snow could quench, but a savage yearning of his whole exhausted system for some stimulant, for some coursing fiery fluid that would burn and strangle. A thirst for whisky—for brandy! Remembering these occasional ferocious desires, he had become charitable to such unfortunates as were too weak to withstand similar temptations.

Now with a shock he caught himself in the grip of a thirst as insistent as though the cold bore down and the weariness of endless heavy miles wrapped him about. It was no foolish wish to drown his thoughts nor to banish the grief that preyed upon him, but only thirst! Thirst!—a crying, trembling, physical lust to quench the fires that burned inside. He remembered that it had been more than a year since he had tasted whisky. Now the fever of the past few hours had parched his every tissue.

As he elbowed in through the crowd at the Northern, those next him made room at the bar, for they recognized the hunger that peers thus from men's faces. Their manner recalled Glenister to his senses, and he wrenched himself away. This was not some solitary, snow-banked road house. He would not stand and soak himself, shoulder to shoulder with stevedores and longshoremen. This was something to be done in secret. He had no pride in it. The man on his right raised a glass, and Glenister strangled a madness to tear it from his hands. Instead, he hurried back to the theatre and up to a box, where he drew the curtains.

"Whisky!" he said thickly to the waiter. "Bring it to me fast. Don't you hear? Whisky!"

Across the theatre Cherry Malotte had seen him enter and jerk the curtain to. She arose and went to him, entering without ceremony.

"What's the matter, boy?" she questioned.

"Ah! I am glad you came. Talk to me."

"Thank you for your few well-chosen remarks," she laughed. "Why don't you ask me to spring a few good original jokes? You look like the finish to a six-day go-as-you-please. What's up?"

She talked to him for a moment until the waiter entered; then, when she saw what he bore, she snatched the glass from the tray and poured the whisky on the floor. Glenister was on his feet and had her by the wrist.

"What do you mean?" he said roughly.

"It's whisky, boy," she cried, "and you don't drink."

"Of course it's whisky. Bring me another," he shouted at the attendant.

"What's the matter?" Cherry insisted. "I never saw you act so. You know you don't drink. I won't let you. It's booze—booze, I tell you, fit for fools and brawlers. Don't drink it, Roy. Are you in trouble?"

"I say I'm thirsty—and I will have it! How do you know what it is to smolder inside, to feel your veins burn dry?"

"It's something about that girl," the woman said with quiet conviction. "She's double-crossed you."

"Well, so she has—but what of it? I'm thirsty. She's going to marry McNamara. I've been a fool." He ground his teeth and reached for the drink with which the boy had returned.

"McNamara is a crook, but he's a man, and he never drank a drop in his life." The

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girl said it casually, evenly, but the other stopped the glass half-way to his lips.

"Well, what of it? Go on. You're good at W. C. T. U. talk. Virtue becomes you."

She flushed but continued: "It simply occurred to me that if you aren't strong enough to handle your own throat, you're not strong enough to beat a man who has mastered his."

Glenister looked at the whisky a moment, then set it back on the tray.

"Bring two lemonades," he said, and with a laugh which was half a sob Cherry Malotte leaned forward and kissed him.

"You're too good a man to drink. Now, tell me all about it."

"Oh, it's too long! I've just learned that the girl is in, hand and glove, with the judge and McNamara—that's all. She's an advance agent—their lookout. She brought in their instructions to Struve and persuaded Dex and me to let them jump our claim. She got us to trust in the law and in her uncle. Yes, she hypnotized my property out of me and gave it to her lover, this ward politician. Oh, she's smooth, with all her innocence! Why, when she smiles she makes you glad and good and warm, and her eyes are as honest and clear as a mountain pool, but she's wrong—she's wrong—and—great God! how I love her!" He dropped his face into his hands.

When she had plead with him for himself a moment before Cherry Malotte was genuine and girlish, but now as he spoke thus of the other woman a change came over her which he was too disturbed to note. She took on the subtleness that masked her as a rule, and her eyes were not pleasant.

"I could have told you all that and more."

"More? What more?" he questioned.

"Do you remember when I warned you and Dextry that they were coming to search your cabin for the gold? Well, that girl put them on to you. I found it out afterward. She keeps the keys to McNamara's safety vault where your dust lies and she's the one who handles the judge. It isn't McNamara at all." The woman lied easily, fluently, and the man believed her.

"Do you remember when they broke into your safe and took that money?"

"Yes."

"Well, what made them think you had ten thousand in there?"

"I don't know."

"I do. Dextry told her."

He arose. "That's all I want to hear now. I'm going crazy. My mind aches, for I've never had a fight like this before and it hurts. You see, I've been an animal all these years. When I wanted to drink, I drank, and what I wanted, I got, because I've been strong enough to take it. This is new to me. I'm going down-stairs now and try to think of something else—then I'm going home."

When he had gone she pulled back the curtains and, leaning her chin in her hands, with elbows on the ledge, gazed down upon the crowd. The show was over and the dance had begun, but she did not see it, for she was thinking rapidly with the eagerness of one who sees the end of a long and weary search. She did not notice the Bronco Kid beckoning to her nor the man with him, so the gambler brought his friend along and invaded her box. He introduced the man as Mr. Champian.

"Do you feel like dancing?" the newcomer inquired.

"No; I'd rather look on. I feel sociable. You're a society man, Mr. Champian. Don't you know anything of interest? Scandal or the like?"

"Can't say that I do. My wife attends to all that for the family. But I know there's lots of it. It's funny to me, the airs some of these people assume up here, just as though we weren't all equal, north of Fifty-three. I never heard the like."

"Anything new and exciting?" inquired Bronco, mildly interested.

"The last I heard was about the judge's niece, Miss Chester."

Cherry Malotte turned abruptly, while the Kid slowly lowered the front legs of his chair on to the floor.

"What was it?" she inquired.

"Why, it seems she compromised herself pretty badly with this fellow Glenister coming up on the steamer last spring. Mighty brazen, according to my wife. Mrs. Champian was on the same ship and says she was horribly shocked."

Ah! Glenister had told her only half the tale, thought the girl. The truth was baring itself. At that moment Champian thought she looked the typical creature of the dance halls, the crafty, jealous, malevolent adventuress.

"And the hussy masquerades as a lady," she sneered.

"She *is* a lady," said the Kid. He sat bolt upright and rigid, and the knuckles of his

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clinched hands were very white. In the shadow they did not note that his dark face was ghastly, nor did he say more except to bid Champian good-by when he left, later on. After the door had closed, however, the Kid arose and stretched his muscles, not languidly, but as though to take out the cramp of long tension. He wet his lips and his mouth was so dry that the sound caused the girl to look up.

"What are you grinning at?" Then, as the light struck his face, she started. "My! How you look! What ails you? Are you sick?" No one from Dawson down had seen the Bronco Kid as he looked to-night.

"No, I'm not sick," he answered in a cracked voice. Then the girl laughed harshly.

"Do *you* love that girl, too? Why, she's got every man in town crazy."

She wrung her hands, which is a bad sign in a capable person, and as Glenister crossed the floor below in her sight she said, "Ah-h—I could kill him for that!"

"So could I," said the Kid, and left her without adieu.

CHAPTER XIII

IN WHICH A MAN IS POSSESSED OF A DEVIL

FOR a long time Cherry Malotte sat quietly thinking, removed by her mental stress to such an infinite distance from the music and turmoil beneath that she was conscious of it only as a formless clamor. She had tipped a chair back against the door, wedging it beneath the knob so that she might be saved from interruption, then flung herself into another seat and stared unseeingly. As she sat thus, and thought and schemed, harsh and hateful lines seemed to eat into her face. Now and then she moaned impatiently as though fearing lest the strategy she was plotting might prove futile; then she would rise and pace her narrow quarters. She was unconscious of time and had spent perhaps two hours thus, when amid the buzz of talk in the next compartment she heard a name which caused her to start, listen, then drop her preoccupation like a mantle. A man was speaking of Glenister. Excitement thrilled his voice.

"I never saw anything like it since McMaster's Night in Virginia City, thirteen years ago. He's *right*."

"Well, perhaps so," the other replied doubtfully, but I don't care to back you. I never 'staked' a man in my life."

"Then *lend* me the money. I'll pay it back in an hour, but for Heaven's sake be quick. I tell you he's as right as a golden guinea. It's the lucky night of his life. Why, he turned over the Black Jack game in four bets. In fifteen minutes more we can't get close enough to a table to send in our money with a messenger boy—every sport in camp will be here."

"I'll stake you to fifty," the second man replied, in a tone that showed a trace of his companion's excitement.

So Glenister was gambling, the girl thought, and with such luck as to break the Black Jack game and excite the greed of every gambler in camp. News of his winnings had gone out into the street, and the sporting men were coming to share his fortune, to fatten like vultures on the adversity of their fellows. Those who had no money to stake were borrowing, like the man next door.

She left her retreat and, descending the stairs, was greeted by a strange sight. The dance hall was empty of all but the musicians, who blew and fiddled lustily in vain endeavor to draw from the rapidly swelling crowd that thronged the gambling room and stretched to the door. The press was thickest about a table midway down the hall. Cherry could see nothing of what went on there, for men and women stood ten deep about it and others stood on chairs and tables along the walls. A roar arose suddenly, followed by utter silence; then came the clink and rattle of silver. A moment, and the crowd resumed its laughter and talk.

"All down, boys," sounded the level voice of the dealer. "The field or the favorite. He's made eighteen straight passes. Get your money on the line." There ensued another breathless instant wherein she heard the thud of dice, then followed the shout of triumph that told what the spots revealed. The dealer payed off. Glenister reared himself head and shoulders above the others and pushed out through the ring to the roulette table. The rest followed. Behind the circular table they had quitted, the dealer was putting away his dice, and there was not a coin in his rack. Mexico Mullins approached Cherry, and she questioned him.

"He just broke the crap game," Mullins told her; "nineteen passes without losing the bones."

"How much did he win?"

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"Oh, he didn't win much himself, but it's the people betting with him that does the damage! They're gamblers, most of them, and they play the limit. He took out the Black Jack bank-roll first, $4,000, then cleaned the 'Tub.' By that time the tin horns began to come in. It's the greatest run I ever see."

"Did you get in?"

"Now, don't you know that I never play anything but 'bank'? If he lasts long enough to reach the faro layout, I'll get mine."

The excitement of the crowd began to infect the girl, even though she looked on from the outside. The exultant voices, the sudden hush, the tensity of nerve it all betokened, set her athrill. Suddenly a stranger left the throng and rushed to the spot where Cherry and Mexico stood talking. He was small and sandy, with shifting glance and chinless jaw. Now his eyes glittered, his teeth shone rat-like through his dry lips, and his voice was shrill. He darted toward them like some furtive, frightened little animal, unnaturally excited.

"I guess that isn't so bad for three bets!" He shook a sheaf of bank-notes at them.

"Why don't you stick?" inquired Mullins.

"I am too wise. Ha! I know when to quit. He can't win steady—he don't play any system."

"Then he has a good chance," said the girl.

"There he goes now," the little man cried as the uproar arose. "I told you he'd lose." At the voice of the multitude he wavered as though affected by some powerful magnet.

"But he won again," said Mexico.

"No! Did he? Lord! I quit too soon!"

He scampered back into the other room, only to return, hesitating, his money tightly clutched.

"Do you s'pose it's safe? I never saw a man bet so reckless. I guess I'd better quit, eh?" He noted the sneer on the woman's face, and without waiting a reply dashed off again. They saw him clamorously fight his way in toward a post at the roulette table. "Let me through! I've got money and I want to play it!"

"Pah!" said Mullins disgustedly. "He's one of them Vermont desperadoes that never laid a bet till he was thirty. If Glenister loses he'll hate him for life."

"There are plenty of his sort here," the girl remarked; "his soul would fit in a flea track." She spied the Bronco Kid sauntering back toward her and joined him. He leaned against the wall watching the gossamer thread of smoke twist upward from his cigarette, seemingly oblivious to the surroundings and showing no hint of the emotion he had displayed two hours before.

"This is a big killing, isn't it?" said the girl.

The gambler nodded, murmuring indifferently.

"Why aren't you dealing bank? Isn't this your shift?"

"I quit last night."

"Just in time to miss this affair. Lucky for you."

"Yes; I own the place now. Bought it yesterday."

"Good Heavens! Then it's *your* money he's winning."

"Sure, at the rate of a $1,000 a minute."

She glanced at the long trail of devastated tables behind Glenister and his followers. At that instant the sound told that the miner had won again, and it dawned upon Cherry that the gambler beside her stood too quietly, that his hand and voice were too steady, his glance too cold to be natural. The next moment approved her instinct.

The musicians, grown tired of their endeavors to lure back the dancers, determined to join the excitement, and ceased playing. The leader laid down this violin, the pianist trailed up the keyboard with a departing twitter and quit his stool. They all crossed the hall, headed for the crowd, some of them making ready to bet. As they approached the Bronco Kid, his lips thinned and slid apart slightly, while out of his heavy-lidded eyes there flared unreasoning rage. Stepping forward, he seized the foremost man and spun him about violently.

"Where are you going?"

"Why, nobody wants to dance, so we thought we'd go out front for a bit."

"Get back, —— you!" It was his first chance to vent the passion within him. A glance at his maddened features was sufficient for the musicians, and they did not delay. By the time they had resumed their duties, however, the curtains of composure had closed upon the Kid, masking his feelings again; but from her brief glimpse Cherry Malotte knew that this man was not of ice, as some supposed. He turned to her and said, "Do you mean what you said up-stairs?"

"I don't understand."

"You said you could kill Glenister."

"I could."

"Don't you love——"

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"I *hate* him," she interrupted hoarsely. He gave her a mirthless smile and, spying the crap dealer leaving his bankrupt table, called him over and said:

"Toby, I want you to 'drive the hearse' when Glenister begins to play faro. I'll deal. Understand?"

"Sure! Going to give him a little 'work,' eh?"

"I never dealt a crooked card in this camp," exclaimed the Kid, "but I'll 'lay' that man to-night or I'll kill him. I'll use a 'sand-tell,' see? And I want to explain my signals to you. If you miss the signs you'll queer us both and put the house on the blink."

He rapidly rehearsed his signals in a jargon which to a layman would have been unintelligible, illustrating them by certain almost imperceptible shiftings of the fingers or changes in the position of his hand, so slight as to thwart discovery. Through it all the girl stood by and followed his every word and motion with eager attention. She needed no explanation of the terms they used. She knew them all, knew that the "hearse driver" was the man who kept the cases, knew all the code of the "inside life." To her it was all as an open page, and she memorized more quickly than did Toby the signs by which the Bronco Kid proposed to signal what card he had smuggled from the box or held back.

In faro it is customary for the case-keeper to sit on the opposite side of the table from the dealer with a device before him resembling an abacus, or Chinese adding-machine. When a card is removed from the faro-box by the dealer, the "hearse driver" moves a button opposite a corresponding card on his little machine in order that the players at a glance may tell what spots have been played or are still in the box. His duties, though simple, are important, for should he make an error and should the position of his counters not tally with the cards in the box on the "last turn," all bets on the table are declared void. When honestly dealt, faro is the fairest of all gambling games, but it is intricate and may hide much knavery. When the game is crooked, it is fatal, for out of the ingenuity of generations of card sharks there have been evolved a multitude of devices with which to fleece the unsuspecting. These are so carefully masked that none but the initiated may know them, while the freemasonry of the craft is strong and discovery unusual.

Instead of using a familiar arrangement like the "needle-tell," wherein an invisible needle pricks the dealer's thumb, thus signaling the presence of certain cards, the Bronco Kid had determined to use the "sand-tell." In other words, he would employ a "straight box," but a deck of cards, certain ones of which had been roughened or sand-papered slightly so that by pressing more heavily on the top or exposed card the one beneath would stick to its neighbor above and thus enable him to deal two with one motion if the occasion demanded. This roughness would likewise enable him to detect the hidden presence of a marked card by the faintest scratching sound when he dealt. In this manipulation it would be necessary also to shave the edges of some of the pasteboards a trifle so that when the deck was forced firmly against one side of the box there would be exposed a fraction of the small figure in the left-hand corner of the concealed cards. Long practise in the art of jugglery lends such proficiency as to baffle discovery and rob the game of its uncertainty as surely as the player is robbed of his money. It is, of course, vital that the confederate case-keeper be able to interpret the dealer's signs perfectly in order to move the sliding ebony disks to correspond, else trouble will accrue at the completion of the hand when the cases come out wrong.

Having finished his instructions, the proprietor went forward, and Cherry wormed her way toward the roulette wheel. She wished to watch Glenister, but could not get near him because of the crowd. The men would not make room for her. Every eye was glued upon the table as though salvation lurked in its rows of red and black. They were packed behind it until the croupier had barely room to spin the ball, and although he forced them back, they pressed forward again inch by inch, drawn by the song of the ivory, drunk with its worship, maddened by the breath of Chance.

Cherry gathered that Glenister was still winning, for a glimpse of the wheel rack between the shoulders of those ahead showed that the checks were nearly out of it.

Plainly it was but a question of minutes, so she backed out and took her station beside the faro table where the Bronco Kid was dealing. His face wore its colorless mask of indifference; his long white hands moved slowly with the certainty that betokened absolute mastery of his art. He was waiting. The ex-crap dealer was keeping cases.

The group left the roulette table in a few moments and surrounded her, Glenister

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among the others. He was not the man she knew. In place of the dreary hopelessness with which he had left her, his face was flushed and reckless, his collar was open, showing the base of his great corded neck, while the lust of the game had coarsened him till he was again the violent, untamed, primitive man of the frontier. His self-restraint and dignity were gone. He had tried the new ways, and they were not for him. He slipped back, and the past swallowed him.

After leaving Cherry he had sought some mental relief by idly risking the silver in his pocket. He had let the coins lie and double, then double again and again. He had been indifferent whether he won or lost, so assumed a reckless disregard for the laws of probability, thinking that he would shortly lose the money he had won and then go home. He did not want it. When his luck remained the same, he raised the stakes, but it did not change—he could not lose. Before he realized it, other men were betting with him, animated purely by greed and craze of the sport. First one, then another joined till game after game was closed, and each moment the crowd had grown in size and enthusiasm so that its fever crept into him, imperceptibly at first, but ever increasing, till the mania mastered him.

He paid no attention to Cherry as he took his seat. He had eyes for nothing but the "layout." She clinched her hands and prayed for his ruin.

"What's your limit, Kid?" he inquired.

"One hundred, and two," the Kid answered, which in the vernacular means that any sum up to $200 may be laid on one card save only on the last turn, when the amount is lessened by half.

Without more ado they commenced. The Kid handled his cards smoothly, surely, paying and taking bets with machine-like calm. The onlookers ceased talking and prepared to watch, for now came the crucial test of the evening. Faro is to other games as war is to jackstraws.

For a time Glenister won steadily till there came a moment when many stacks of chips lay on the deuce. Cherry saw the Kid "flash" to the case-keeper, and the next moment he had "pulled two." The deuce lost. It was his first substantial gain, and the players paid no attention. At the end of half an hour the winnings were slightly in favor of the "house." Then Glenister said, "This is too slow. I want action."

"All right," smiled the proprietor. "We'll double the limit."

It now became possible to wager $400 on a card, and the Kid began really to play. Glenister now lost steadily, not in large amounts, but with tantalizing regularity. Cherry had never seen cards played like this. The gambler was a revelation to her—his work was wonderful. Ill luck seemed to fan the crowd's eagerness, while, to add to its impatience, the cases came wrong twice in succession, so that those who would have bet heavily upon the last turn had their money given back. Cherry saw the confusion of the "hearse driver" even quicker than did Bronco. Toby was growing rattled. The dealer's work was too fast for him, and yet he could offer no signal of distress for fear of annihilation at the hands of those crowded close to his shoulder. In the same way the owner of the game could make no objection to his helper's incompetence for fear that some bystander would volunteer to fill the man's part—there were many present capable of the trick. He could only glare balefully across the table at his unfortunate confederate.

They had not gone far on the next game before Cherry's quick eye detected a sign which the man misinterpreted. She addressed him quietly: "You'd better brush up your plumes."

In spite of his anger, the Bronco Kid smiled. Humor in him was strangely withered and distorted, yet here was a thrust he would always remember and recount with glee in years to come. He feared there were other faro dealers present who might understand the hint, but there was none save Mexico Mullins, whose face was a study—mirth seemed to be strangling him. A moment later the girl spoke to the case-keeper again:

"Let me take your place; your reins are unbuckled."

Toby glanced inquiringly at the Kid, who caught Cherry's reassuring look and nodded, so he arose and the girl slid into the vacant chair. This woman would make no errors—the dealer knew that; her keen wits were sharpened by hate—it showed in her face. If Glenister escaped destruction to-night it would be because human means could not accomplish his downfall.

In the mind of the new case-keeper there was but one thought—Roy must be broken. Humiliation, disgrace, ruin, ridicule were to be his. If he should be downed, discredited, and discouraged, then, perhaps, he would turn to

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her as he had in the bygone days. He was slipping away from her—this was her last chance. She began her duties easily, and her alertness stimulated Bronco till his senses, too, grew sharper, his observation more acute and lightning-like. Glenister swore beneath his breath that the cards were bewitched. He was like a drunken man, now as truly intoxicated as though the fumes of wine had befogged his brain. He swayed in his seat, the veins in his neck thickened and throbbed, his features were congested. After a while he spoke:

"I want a bigger limit. Is this some boy's game? Throw her open."

The gambler shot a triumphant glance at the girl and acquiesced. "All right, the limit is the blue sky. Pile your checks to the roof-pole." He began to shuffle.

Within the crowded circle the air was hot and fetid with the breath of men. The sweat trickled down Glenister's brown skin, dripping from his jaw unnoticed. He arose and ripped off his coat, while those standing behind shifted and scuffed their feet impatiently. Beside Roy, there were but three men playing. They were the ones who had won heaviest at first. Now that luck was against them they were loath to quit.

Cherry was annoyed by a stertorous breathing at her shoulder, and glanced back to find the little man who had been so excited earlier in the evening. His mouth was agape, his eyes wide, the muscles about his lips twitching. He had lost back, long since, the hundreds he had won and more besides. She searched the figures walling her about and saw no women. They had been crowded out long since. It seemed as though the table formed the bottom of a sloping pit of human faces—eager, tense, staring. It was well she was here, she thought, else this task might fail. She would help to blast Glenister, desolate him, humiliate him. Ah, but wouldn't she!

Roy bet $100 on the "popular" card. On the third turn he lost. He bet $200 next and lost. He set out a stack of $400 and lost for the third time. Fortune had turned her face. He ground his teeth and doubled until the stakes grew enormous, while the dealer dealt monotonously. The spots flashed and disappeared, taking with them wager after wager. Glenister became conscious of a raging, red fury, which he had hard shift to master. It was not his money—what if he did lose? He would stay until he won. He *would* win. This luck would not, could not, last—and yet with diabolic persistence he continued to choose the losing cards. The other men fared better till he yielded to their judgment, when the dealer took their money also.

Strange to say, the fickle goddess had really shifted her banner at last, and the Bronco Kid was dealing straight faro now. He was too good a player to force a winning hand, and Glenister's ill fortune became as phenomenal as his winning had been. The girl who figured in this drama was keyed to the highest tension, her eyes now on her counters, now searching the profile of her victim. Glenister continued to lose and lose and lose, while the girl gloated over his swift-coming ruin. When at long intervals he won a bet she shrank and shivered for fear he might escape. If only he would risk it all—everything he had. He would have to come to her then!

The end was closer than she realized. The throng hung breathless upon each move of the players, while there was no sound but the noise of shifting chips and the distant jangle of the orchestra. The lookout sat far forward upon his perch, his hands upon his knees, his eyes frozen to the board, a dead cigar clinched between his teeth. Crowded upon his platform were miners tense and motionless as statues. When a man spoke or coughed, a score of eyes stared at him accusingly, then dropped to the table again.

Glenister took from his clothes a bundle of bank-notes, so thick that it took his two hands to compass it. Onlookers saw that the bills were mainly yellow. No one spoke while he counted them rapidly, glanced at the dealer, who nodded, then slid them forward till they rested on the king. He placed a "copper" on the pile. A great sigh of indrawn breaths swept through the crowd. The North had never known a bet like this—it meant a fortune. Here was a tale for one's grandchildren—that a man should win opulence in an evening, then lose it in one deal. This final bet represented more than many of them had ever seen at one time before. Its fate lay on a single card.

Cherry Malotte's fingers were like ice and shook till the buttons of her case-keeper rattled, her heart raced till she could not breathe, while something rose up and choked her. If Glenister won this bet he would quit; she felt it. If he lost, ah! what could the Kid there feel, the man who was playing for a paltry vengeance, compared to her whose hope of happiness, of love, of life hinged on this wager?

"*The Spoilers*" will be continued in the March number.

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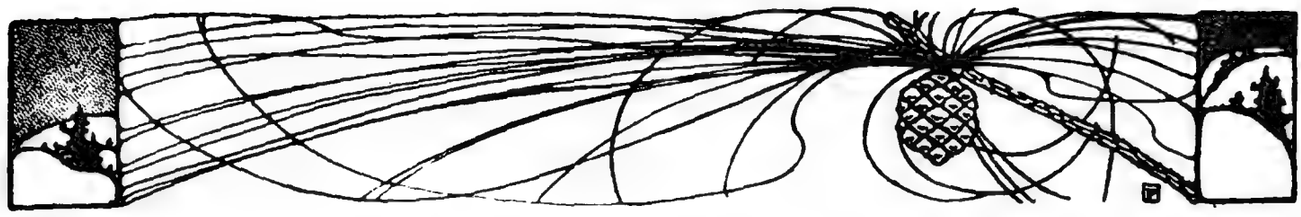

THE PLAYERS

THE most whimsical and altogether delightful expression of J. M. Barrie's wise humor is "Peter Pan; or, The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up," but the large audiences in New York were attracted by Maude Adams and not by the play. Ever so many people didn't like it at all, which is a great pity, not because it may affect the financial success of "Peter Pan," but for their own sakes. It shows that they have forgotten that they, too, once lived in "Never-Never-Never-Land" and did valiant things and generous in those days when Indians were good and all the wickedness in the world was found in ravenous wild beasts and bloodthirsty pirates that were overcome by splendid youth and virtue.

Children will understand out of that divine wisdom which is not found in books nor ground into the fiber of our being by experience. There are some foolish things in this play; that was to be expected because a really, truly boy didn't write it. Everybody knows there was never a boy who did not want to grow up, but any fair-minded youngster is willing to overlook that concession to mature age, for the privilege of seeing the wonderful things that *Peter Pan* does. It is when the years fly by us with dizzying flight and old age is coming as a snowstorm to whiten our locks and chill the blood in our veins that we turn back to the days that seem through the vista of time to have been all sunshine and rose light; it is then we wish we could have lived them always. We forget those tragedies which are the lot of youth, because out of our larger knowledge they now seem silly little trifles that the smallest understanding would have swept away. But it is at once the strength and the weakness of youth to have too much and too little capacity for grasping the real meaning of things.

One is sure that Barrie thought of that and ever so many other phases of child life when he wrote "Peter Pan." He slyly pokes fun at everybody, children, their elders, even the audiences—not maliciously but sympathetically, which makes all the difference in the world. He is at his very best in writing of and for small folk. In all the niches in mine own particular Hall of Fame I can remember no hero half so delightful as *Peter Pan.* Could anything be finer than to be able to fly and teach others to fly, to captain a youthful band that lived underground in Never-Never-Never-Land, to talk the fairy language and have Fenimore Cooper Indians for guardian angels, albeit their help is not needed to send roaring wild beasts slinking to their lairs or to overcome the bloodthirstiest of pirates?

Surely no one could play *Peter Pan* as well as Maude Adams. She has grown stronger and rounder, and she no longer gives the impression of an intellectual and emotional fire burning up a weak, frail body. She so invests the character with naturalness, so illumines it with her own graceful, poetic humor, her whimsical, elfin charm that it becomes delightfully real. Never have I seen her in a portrayal so altogether satisfying and so lovable. And the children are irresistible; the rôles call for just genuine youngsters and so are well played. But it must, nevertheless, have been very difficult to find the ten clever little people required for the play.

Ernest Lawford is *James Hook*, the pirate captain, and though there is an exquisite humor in presenting a monster of a man with a make-up that suggests subtle and horrible cruelties, talking with a lisp in a ladylike manner, I don't think children quite appreciate it. Every one, however, can comprehend the pirate chief's deadly fear of the crocodile

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Photograph by Hallen, New York.

THOMAS A. WISE AS *JOHN J. JEFFRIES*, FRITZ WILLIAMS AS *DR. PAGE*, AND JEAN NEWCOMBE AS *MRS. TAYLOR* IN "BEFORE AND AFTER."

that ate his hand and that follows him about hoping to get the rest of him. But you see the crocodile has carelessly swallowed a clock and the tick-tock always gives warning of the crawling thing's approach.

"Peter Pan" was written for a Christmas pantomime, one of those great spectacular productions with choruses, ballets, costumes, and a tiny stream of weak humor encompassing a silly version of a fairy story. They are enormously popular in England, but we don't care much for them in this country. Indeed the latest to be seen here, "The White Cat," perhaps the most elaborate and splendidly staged of all, was not played for as long a time as it was rehearsed, although the book was rewritten and many musical numbers were introduced. I do not know what genius intervened to save "Peter Pan" from being smothered by jingles and people, but those who have seen the fantasy will be grateful to him.

The big serious play of the first half of the season, and probably the one that will stand out most prominently all through the year, is "The Lion and the Mouse," which crystallizes in stage form an idea that is constantly forced upon the attention of people in actual life—the vast power given to an individual through the possession of an enormous fortune. A great financial king is the lion; the mouse is a young girl whose father, a judge,

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ELSIE JANIS
"MAKING FACES."

the great man is bent upon driving from the bench; so of course the love affair between her and the millionaire's son cannot run smoothly. It is infinitely the best and most important play that has come from Charles Klein. The chief value of his work as a dramatist is his ability to find strong dramatic themes—that was manifest even in "Wang," his first success—and to use successfully improbable, even impossible, situations. "The Lion and the Mouse" has great strength and many weaknesses, but the crudities are forgotten in the development of an absorbingly interesting story with a constant succession of exciting surprises ending in one tremendously strong situation.

As a play it is miles in advance of "The Music Master," but it has no genius like Warfield to dominate it, no genius like Belasco to stage it and make convincing the most absurd unrealities; wherefore "The Lion and the Mouse" is not likely to have the popularity of the former play, which is now in its second year in New York and crowding the theatre at every performance.

For the most part the acting in "The Lion and the Mouse" is admirable. Edmund Breese is the millionaire, *John Burkitt Ryder*, and he gives an impression of force and real power. As a characterization his rôle is carefully conceived and finely executed, so excellently that its very subtleties seem to be on the surface. Breese has a superb voice and unusual acting skill. For years he has been recognized as an earnest, sincere, versatile player, and he has even starred successfully, but Broadway knew little of him until last season when he played both the football coach and the Indian from the reservation in "Strongheart," and was equally good in rôles as far apart as the poles. Grace Elliston is *Shirley Rossmore*, the mouse in the play, and many people like her measured, indistinct pronunciation, her strenuous efforts at repression. There are moments when she is effective and she does excellently in the big scene where she turns upon the millionaire in whose house she has been masquerading. She is a Southern girl whose rise has been more rapid than her development. For a time she was Richard Mansfield's leading woman.

Again has David Belasco scored heavily. "The Girl of the Golden West" is a Bret Harte story transferred to the stage with a wealth of detail that goes far toward making it real. It is announced as consisting of two "pictures," three acts, and an epilogue, really six acts from the view-point of the audience. All are interesting, and one is thrilling in its swift action and powerful motives. *The Girl* runs a saloon and dance hall in the Sierras, and of course she is worshiped by the rough miners and camp types, who seem to have stepped out of Harte's tales and who are just as genuine before the footlights as in the printed pages. There is a poetic sweep, a fine broad fervor in this picture of Things-As-They-Ought-To-Have-Been. It has been long since we have had a play of those early Western days—plays like "M'liss," "My Partner," and "The Danites," and we were a bit hungry for one. None of those old-time melodramas had an act as good as that fine one in "The Girl of the Golden West," and certainly none was so skilfully, so brilliantly staged and on the whole so well acted. That scene in which *The Girl* hides in her cabin the road agent whom she loves, while a howling Belasco blizzard rages through the night, and then in a game of poker with the

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

VIRGINIA HARNED AS *JEANNE* IN "LA BELLE MARSEILLAISE."

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gambler-sheriff stakes herself against her lover, exhausts one's capacity for sensation for one evening.

Blanche Bates, who is the star, has never done anything so well. She has humor and genuine emotional power as well as real capacity for characterization. She makes it plain that *The Girl*, who has the free, careless ways of a primitive community, who swears easily and gracefully, and who doesn't hesitate

failure than anything he has ever written. Then came her phenomenal success in "The Darling of the Gods," which she played three seasons.

Robert Hilliard, who is the road agent redeemed through love for the mistress of the Polka saloon, doesn't seem always to be quite sure of himself—a most unusual thing for him. He has strong moments and irritating ones that suggest the time, a score of years ago,

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

AMELIA BINGHAM AS *NANCY SIKES* IN "OLIVER TWIST."

to draw cards from her stocking in that extraordinary poker game, is innately pure and good. Altogether *The Girl* is very lovable and very wise. Miss Bates has risen swiftly since she first came to New York to play the adventuress part in "The Great Ruby." She resigned after a few performances under circumstances which widely advertised her, following, so it was said, a plan to that end concocted in California, where she had gained distinction as an actress of unusual ability. She starred in "Naughty Anthony," Belasco's only comedy, which came nearer to being a

when he was a broker's clerk by day and Brooklyn's best amateur actor by night.

That marvelously fine character artist, Frank Keenan, as subtle and finished a player as there is on the stage, is *John Rance*, the gambler-sheriff. In make-up, mannerisms, voice, and general effectiveness his is one of the best performances I can remember. Never having seen a typical gambler of '49, I don't know what he was like, but I have a picture of him photographed on my memory by Bret Harte, which Keenan has made real. He is one of the many players who reached a

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

FAY TEMPLETON AS *PLAIN MARY*, VICTOR MOORE AS *KID BURNS*, JULIA RALPH AS *MRS. DEAN*, AND DONALD BRIAN AS *TOM BENNET* IN "FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY."

Photograph by Byron, New York.

ANCHE BATES AS *THE GIRL*, FRANK KEENAN AS *JOHN RANCE*, AND ROBERT HILLIARD AS *RAMIRREZ* IN "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

JOHN LE HAY AS *COQUENARD* IN "VERONIQUE."

high plane before Broadway heard of him. It is true that he appeared on The Great White Way several years ago in "The Hon. John Griggsby," but he was scarcely noticed. Last season he tried the experiment of giving one-act plays in New York, and though the venture failed financially, the discerning were deeply impressed by Mr. Keenan's work.

John W. Cope, a player who has scored in Western rôles, has small opportunity as *Sonora Jim*. He was a stranger to Broadway until he appeared in "The Heir to the Hoorah" last season, although he was widely known throughout the country. He had been especially successful in "Arizona," a play that has made more reputations than any one of its day.

J. H. Benrimo, who gave a notably strong performance of the jester in "Adrea," is admirable as *Billy Jackrabbit*, an Indian, and Harriet Stirling is no less excellent as his squaw. In fact the melodrama is extraordinarily well played, even down to the smallest "bit," and the stage pictures are—well, they are Belasco; one cannot go beyond that.

As regularly as Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels are published, they are made into plays which in this country have promptly failed. Ever so many people like to read her books with their fine literary quality, their strong, dramatic themes burdened by infinite detail, yards of conversation, and the lofty understanding and minute qualitative and quantitative analysis of motives. But this material is not good for the stage. For the most part, "The Marriage of William Ashe" is deadly dull, despite the fact that it was magnificently staged and, for the most part, well acted. There are occasional flashes of activity, but they are few and far apart. Grace George played *Lady Kitty*, the elfin little heroine of the infinite capacity for mischief, with an appreciation, delicate humor, and tender pathos that were really fine. She is making rapid progress as an actress. But even her work and that of H. Reeves-Smith, who was extraordinarily good in an extremely trying part, could not save the play.

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A really admirable stock company, including many actors of prominence and even stars who are paid fabulous salaries to give two performances a day, has proven a success on Broadway. F. F. Proctor, who used to be a trapeze performer and who has become one of the great powers in vaudeville, has found that it pays to give performances with frequent change of bill at one-half the maximum price charged by other Broadway theatres. In the beginning of the season Charles Richman and Amelia Bingham headed the company, but when the new version of "Oliver Twist" was produced, the former dropped out of the cast. This dramatization of the Dickens story was made for Beerbohm Tree, who has been playing it for a year in England. The new version, although constructed on more modern lines than the familiar one, is not, on the whole, an improvement. J. E. Dodson, one of the best character actors on the stage, played *Fagin*, and though he had a marvelous make-up and gave an excellent performance, it was not distinguished. He is one of those intellectual actors who develop a character slowly, and was really handicapped, in this instance, by not having to work into his part. Amelia Bingham played *Nancy Sikes* earnestly and sincerely, as she does everything, but it added nothing to her reputation. Really the best thing was the few minutes with *Mr. Bumble*, played by the veteran Edmund Lyons.

Photograph by Hall, New York.
GRACE GEORGE AS *LADY KITTY* IN "THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE."

Miss Bingham's career illustrates the uncertainties of the stage. By dint of hard work she has made herself a leading woman. Her husband's Wall Street ventures gave her money with which to star; her own good judgment led her to accept "The Climbers," after it had been refused by nearly every manager in New York, and her skill helped to make it a tremendous success. It really marked the turning point in Clyde Fitch's career. She played it for two seasons, but the money she made was lost in a succession of failures. "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," "Olympe," "Mlle. Marni" wrecked the family fortunes. But if Miss Bingham had never starred successfully she

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

ROBERT MANTELL AS *KING LEAR.*

could not command one-fifth the salary she is now credited with receiving.

Robert B. Mantell has reached the great triumph of his career by proving that he is the greatest *Macbeth* within the memory of the present generation of playgoers and one of the finest *Lears* the stage has known. Even Salvini, the greatest of modern tragedians, balked at *Macbeth*, saying he could not make the character human, and it is in this one thing that Mantell succeeds most admirably. "King Lear" has not been seen in New York for nearly twenty years—I think Salvini played it in 1888—for it is a play of which actors generally are fearful, so great are the demands it makes upon them. Mr. Mantell's *Lear* is at once powerful and profoundly pathetic. He is magnificent in the curse scene, but he reaches his greatest height when he feels the full weight of his misfortunes. Never have I heard a line read with simpler dignity, with greater majesty, than "Aye, every inch a king." He has triumphed in the three great parts in Shakespeare—*Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *Lear*—and there remains but one great classic rôle for him to play, *Œdipus*. Then he will have attained the highest plane an actor can reach.

It has been long since there has been presented in New York a comic opera with music so dainty and exquisite as to appeal to an educated taste. "Veronique" came from Paris by way of London, where it ran for some five hundred performances. The story is told almost wholly in measure, and the recitatives are not the least charming of the

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numbers. Solos, concerted numbers, choruses, and orchestration all have a rich and delicate beauty, an enticing refinement. The singing is worthy of the music, and the costuming and stage settings are all in harmony. Ruth Vincent, very blond, very pretty, and with a fine, clear, bell-like voice, sings the title rôle, and she makes a much better impression than when she came here from London, to appear in "The Medal and the Maid," which failed. And there is Lawrence Rea, the young Chicagoan, whose singing reputation was made in London, and who made fame for himself in the "Duchess of Dantzig" last season. John Le Hay, an English comedian of long experience and great popularity, and Aubrey Fitzgerald, a decidedly clever character actor, are the chief fun makers in a remarkably good cast.

There seems to be no limit to Julian Mitchell's invention in staging big musical shows. "Wonderland" is a brilliantly gorgeous production with costumes and effects that are simply dazzling. Moreover, it has Victor Herbert's music, but, alas! there is no one in the cast who can do it justice when it comes to singing. The first act is one of the funniest and liveliest the local stage has seen. It has a snap and dash, with catchy songs and no end of fun. The greatest merriment is caused by a property horse, the most absurdly effective thing of the kind New York has ever known. The book is by Glen Macdonough.

The chief comedian is Sam Chip, who until this season was known as "Little Chip." He is about four feet tall, very stocky, and of his twenty-two years, eighteen have been passed on the stage. He was a child wonder in burlesque and variety, and he was taken to England when he was a little chap to appear in the music halls there. He developed especial cleverness in coster work, and became widely known as "Chevalier's Little Nipper." He acquired an English accent when he was abroad, and many people believe he is a Britisher. As a matter of fact he was born on the East Side in New York, in the neighborhood that produced Weber and Fields, the Rogers Brothers, Sam Bernard, Peter F. Dailey, and ever so many other comedians. Little Chip came back to America to play "The Yellow Kid" in a Weber and Fields burlesque the year they opened their Broadway music hall, but the Children's Society would not let him appear because of his youth. Since then he has played in vaudeville and in Hoyt shows, especially through the South.

There are many clever people in "Wonderland"—Eva Davenport, who imitates Marie Dressler; Aimée Angeles, with the wonderfully pretty face and eloquent toes; Lotta Faust and Bessie Wynne, who gained wide popularity in "The Wizard of Oz" and "Babes in Toyland."

The very best thing in "Moonshine," a very excellent name for the musical comedy in which Marie Cahill is starring, is Frederick Paulding's bit, *Baron Hosaki*, a Japanese minister. He really hasn't anything to do, but for all that his characterization stands out in bold relief against a vast deal of not very amusing nonsense, which goes to show that a really good actor can make something of nothing at all. It was rather a shock to find so excellent a player, one who has been associated with Shakespearian drama, in so indifferent a musical affair. He was a very good *Romeo* indeed, and he was quite justified in starring in classic rôles which do not require too much robustness. Miss Cahill's chief assistant is Dick Temple, one of the most energetic young men who ever sang and danced for a living. The star has not been nearly so successful in finding songs as she was when she went forth in "Nancy Brown."

"The Earl and the Girl" is one of those typical English musical comedies fathered by Seymour Hicks, who depends in a marked degree upon things which have proved a success in America. He is more or less successful in devising a great number of situations which develop with great suddenness and then disappear before a song. The production is a magnificent one, but the average theatregoer would be incredulous if told how much money has been spent upon it. Extravagance has reached the point of absurd waste in these shows. There are several numbers, songs with a chorus, costumes for which a thousand dollars were spent, and neither the chorus ladies nor the songs warrant the outlay. People have become satiated with the spectacle of a dozen or twenty young women parading in gorgeous dresses for about three minutes.

If it were not for Eddie Foy, the performance would be desperately dull, but, for most people, he can make fun out of anything. Even those who resent his consistently unwashed and undressed appearance on the stage yield to his genuine sense of humor.

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Frenzied Finance

The Story of AMALGAMATED

By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

PART III

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Actually the final chapter of Frenzied Finance. Smug men of Boston undertake the reorganization of Bay State Gas; and the protean Addicks makes another lightning change. A new character in the person of Receiver Pepper is introduced and there are last words with Henry H. Rogers. In conclusion the author reviews his long story, matches up his performances with the original promise and indicates something of his future intention.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE SOCIAL HALL-MARK ON GAS

IN the chapter which the pressure of exterior conditions prevented me from finishing last month, I had begun the story of the final metamorphosis of Bay State Gas. I told how Rogers, being convinced that Addicks must be reconciled before any sort of reorganization could be effected, sought him, and subsequently explained to me that his earlier judgment of the Delaware gas man had failed to do justice to certain sterling qualities which were now being disclosed.

Later, Addicks confided to me that Mr. Rogers was revealing such kindly characteristics that he felt satisfied he had erred in those preliminary estimates in which he had confused the identity of the Master of "Standard Oil" with that of the Prince of Sulphurville.

This reconciliation grew out of the collapse of the New England Gas & Coke Company, which tottered into a receiver's hands. One of the Kidder-Peabody outfit was appointed to administer on the corpse.

It was at this juncture that the smug men of finance sniffed blood, and they had just got their cue when I was compelled to ring down the curtain.

With all its garnered wealth of dollars, there is no city in the land more avid of increase than Boston. Nowhere in the land will the siren song of the get-rich-quick operator find keener ears; nowhere is the consumption of gold bricks greater than in this thrifty corner of New England. But do not imagine, my readers, that because in the Boston breast ever burns the yearning for quick-made dollars, implanted therein by a canny ancestry, its coffers are open to any rude hand with a ready-made scheme. On the contrary, Boston is most punctilious with whom it does business. To be acceptable, gold bricks must bear the home social hall-mark—the insignia of some proud old generation-and-a-half house with Medford rum or East India traditions. Thus stamped, a brick has pedigree and distinction; it becomes at once an obligation and an heirloom—a security valuable not alone as an evidence of intrinsic worth, but because of the associations that halo it. And when there's a public distribution of plated plaster-casts, properly inscribed, Back Bay and Brookline line up loyally with their wallets and prepare to unloosen.

About this time the atmosphere of State Street began to grow heavy with the odor of sanctity, and old Bostonians, recognizing the ambrosial fragrance of virtue on the rampage, concluded that some new slaughter of

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the innocents must be afoot. During the past twenty-five years Boston has been put on the financial toaster many times, to the tune of scores of millions, but only at smooth-timed intervals has the broiling been done to the accompaniment of incense and hymn music. It is then the grilling is most artistically and thoroughly executed. When holy men, for conscience sake, undertake the regulation of finance, the hardened practitioner sits up to take notice. There is perfect noiselessness and a beautiful propriety. Subjects are gagged with social tracts before being put on the gridiron, and their possessions, according to the best precedent, are divided by lot. Protest is unheard of, for victims are either passed on to No-come-backville, in which event the verdicts, being couched in "holier than thou" terms, are not open to suspicion, or they are so thankful for being allowed to get away with a portion of the inherited pelt that they never peep. A Mexican salted mine, a Western boom town, a Wall Street get-rich-quick pool, are as toothpicks to harbor-dredges in comparison with the efficiency of the sanctified Boston wealth-pedler, when he gets the word and comes down the line. The process takes in the clubs, churches, social teas, widows, orphans, and maiden-aunt trusts, college endowment funds—even the non-interest-bearing, laid-away-for-charity contents of the new-mown-hay-scented,. monogram-toed, blue-stocking house banks with which Back Bay is as thickly planted as a Kansas corn field, are exchanged for "Dear Messrs. So-and-so's" new chromos.

After a due lapse of time following the gas failure previously alluded to, it became known in select circles that Boston gas affairs were at last to be taken in hand and rehabilitated *properly*. In Massachusetts *properly* means almost as much as *royalty* in England. A little later came the rumor that the great firm of Kidder, Peabody & Co. had consented to undertake a reorganization, and a sigh of relief arose from financial Boston that at last this important interest was to be cared for by the real people. My readers, supposing that after the lamentable scandals that had occurred all Boston would forever after shy at anything labeled "Gas," may think I exaggerate the effect of this announcement. Not so. Here was a different proposition. The original Bay State Gas had been fathered by Addicks, and the New England Gas & Coke wet-nursed and foster-mothered by "Standard Oil" and Whitney, all of whom in the eyes of the real Bostonian are as far below the social hall-marked class as a street pup is beneath a bench-show blue-ribbon winner.

After the water side of Beacon Street and the sunny side of Commonwealth Avenue had been given time to realize how they were honored and what trouble the real people were taking about their affairs, portentous announcements of intention began to be circulated. First it came out that under the Kidder-Peabody reorganization the capital of Boston Gas would be $32,000,000. Apparently liking the sound of these big figures the syndicate second-thoughted it to $52,000,000. Under previous conditions State Street had been ready to have hysterics at any capitalization beyond $15,000,000, but the hall-mark was now on. The people of Boston can do no wrong. All former gas kings at the inception of their schemes had been hampered by the strict corporation laws of Massachusetts, which forbid the capitalization of "Boston Gas" at over $10,000,000. Such a trifle as the law, however, could not be allowed to interfere with a great project fathered by the *real* people, and with the eclat of a Mayflower anniversary there was brought forth the Massachusetts Gas Companies with $25,000,000 common stock, $25,000,000 preferred stock, and two or three millions of debts. It was an occasion. At once Boston began, as our friend Chimmie Fadden would have said, "to unbelt"—decorously and studiously "to unbelt," and State Street was full of new "wealth" which required only stooping to possess.

But you ask, my reader, how, if the law forbade a capitalization of over ten millions, could there be brought into existence a corporation capitalized at over fifty millions, especially in a law-abiding State such as Massachusetts? The question implies a doubt of the ingenuity of the smug men of finance and the generous confidence the investors of Boston have in their *real* people. Why, the Massachusetts Gas Companies was not a corporation at all; that is, it was a corporation in name only. In reality it was a "voluntary association." To the thousands of lambs whose money was sought the concern seemed all its name implied—a Massachusetts corporation, subject to the supervision of the conservative State Commissioner of Corporations and to the regulation and restriction of the well-tried Massachusetts

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statutes, but in reality it was a new device of finance, as vital yet as unsubstantial as the figures that look out at one from a biograph. The old saying has it that a corporation has no soul. A voluntary association not only lacks soul, but also heart, flesh, and bones, yet in the hands of expert frenzied financiers, like a marionette it may be made to seem as tangible as a figure of living substance and worth. This financial toy contrivance, I may say, is the invention of Henry M. Whitney.

That my readers may realize what a voluntary association really is, I shall go a little further:

A number of persons get together and agree to form a voluntary association (to be known in this case as the Massachusetts Gas Companies); some of their number are chosen trustees, and these trustees are empowered to issue (in this case $50,000,000) stock, sell it, and use the proceeds in any way they care to. But every person who buys stock must agree when he receives it to sign away those vital rights which go with a real corporation, even as to holding the trustees in any way responsible for any of the money, property, or other things of value purchased with the proceeds of the sale of stock; and the trustees are further empowered to borrow any amount of money in the name of the company and to do with this money anything they like.

In a corporation, which must be a creature of the State under whose laws it is chartered, directors and officers are directly amenable to the laws of such State. They can do only those things prescribed in the laws, and although, as in the case of the Amalgamated, the laws can be dodged, there is, or may be, some redress in the courts for those who are plundered. In a voluntary association, however, the initial step enforced on those who pay in money for stock is legally to sign away the rights given them by the laws.

In a voluntary association it is the same as though A, in buying a horse from B, were compelled to accept a receipt reading:

"For and in consideration of $200 paid by me to Skinner, said Skinner herewith delivers to me one white horse, which said Skinner guarantees to be sound and all right, and in accepting said horse I herewith agree that if he is black, dead, or a no-good sawhorse, I will hold said Skinner blameless; and, further, in such event, I will allow said Skinner to retain my $200 as though he had delivered to me the horse I supposed I was buying and paying for."

My readers will aver that it is incredible that any sane person would part with his savings under such conditions, but I say to them, as I have before, that they do not realize the possibilities of frenzied finance as it is practised at the beginning of the twentieth century.

The Massachusetts Gas Companies is such an association as I have described, and as I write, its $25,000,000 preferred stock is bought and sold on the Boston Stock Exchange at $85 to $90 per share, and eagerly sought by men who pose for financiers, trustees, and investors, and the common stock sells for $50 per share in the same place and under the same conditions. Worse still, the banks and trust companies of New England are full of it as collateral for millions of the people's savings.

Of course, if the facts as I have set them forth were blazoned from the housetops every day, the people would not exchange their savings for such "securities" any more than the buyer of the horse I have described would, if he read his receipt in advance of paying over the money, and understood it, stand by his bargain; but this is not done. Instead, attention is daily called to the name, "Massachusetts Gas Companies," and to the social hall-mark which goes with every share.

Prejudiced as I was against the type of organization outlined here, and a capitalization so immensely beyond the real value of the properties to be secured, I recognized there were advantages about the venture that could not be overlooked. Investors who would turn up their noses at an Addicks's scheme, however great the percentage of profit promised, were eager to take up this hall-marked Massachusetts Gas stock on a four per cent. basis. Though $52,000,000 was a vast amount, it would be necessary to earn only $2,100,000 per annum to meet the fixed charges and dividends. With this sum it was possible to pay for all the New England Gas & Coke outfit, and the outstanding gas bonds; to provide also a round sum, say $5,000,000, for the Bay State Gas Company stockholders, and still leave a number of millions of cash in the treasury with which to purchase or finance other gas companies, particularly the Buffalo Gas Company, owned by the Bay State Company, that would yield additional millions to the Bay State Company's stockholders. Even after all this, there would be left the profits of those carrying through the scheme. Besides, under the conditions prescribed, it would be

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practicable to reduce the price of gas to consumers from a dollar to ninety cents, and eventually to seventy-five or sixty cents.

All this was possible and practicable—provided the reorganizers played fair, were honest, and eschewed frenzied finance. Thus every one in interest would be satisfied—the New England Gas & Coke interests, because they would receive a substantial indemnity, away beyond what they expected, considering their existing condition of ruin; Boston Gas bondholders, because they would be paid the face value of their bonds, which for years had been selling for fifty to seventy cents on the dollar; Rogers and Rockefeller, because they would bury the past while keeping their enormous profits, for the new scheme would pay back to their victims their millions of lootings without calling upon them to return what they had taken; the Bay State stockholders, because they would receive many times the selling price of their stock, perhaps all or more than it had cost them; Addicks, because his large stock holdings in the Bay State Company would net him more money than he could obtain in any other way; the gas consumers of Boston, because they would receive their light for less than ever before; and I, because I could make at least the costs of my prolonged campaign, $750,000, and a fair profit for my new work, say $250,000, and at the same time have the satisfaction of knowing I had won out and secured for all what they were entitled to.

Surely an ideal solution. Yet I hear my readers wondering how it would be possible to concede so much to all parties concerned and at the same time to reduce the price of gas while still leaving a fair profit for those who engineered the deal, in the face of the fact that up to this time Boston gas affairs had been conducted at a serious loss to all newcomers who had had to do with them. What element was there in this new *régime* that its predecessors had lacked? And why should it succeed where they had failed?

The principal factor in corporation success is the confidence of that part of the public known as investors and capitalists, and confidence stands for credit, prestige, good-will. The chief cause of failure is the lack of this confidence. With confidence the securities of a given project will enjoy the high regard of investors and capitalists though they pay but four per cent., whereas other securities based on the same project, lacking that confidence, will be spurned though returning twelve per cent. The basis of my Amalgamated project was just such a legitimization of a speculative proposition—the reorganization of a series of properties returning a large interest on the investment into a substantial, well-buttressed institution paying regularly a fair working rate of interest. Let me illustrate:

A certain man in a village who has won the reputation of having a word as good as his bond offers for sale ninety shares in a grist-mill project at $100 a share, $9,000 in all. His friends know the property is earning eighteen per cent. on the $3,000 it cost him, but he proposes to rebuild the mill with the additional $6,000, and frankly tells them that they must temporarily be content with six per cent. on their investment. They are glad to come in because they know the amount they contribute will be honestly expended on the property, and because their money will be secure. On the other hand, a man in the same village, offering a similar project but lacking his rival's reputation, finds it difficult to persuade his neighbors to buy ninety shares at $33 a share, even though he offers an iron-bound guarantee that he will each year return dividends of eighteen per cent. The prospect of a six per cent. return with safety looks better to an investor than eighteen per cent. interest on a "perhaps."

Thus, Kidder, Peabody & Co., having the social hall-mark, commanded the touchstone, confidence, required to gather in the vast sum of money which had been fixed upon for the reorganization of Boston Gas, and the contributors of the $50,000,000 would be satisfied with a paltry four per cent. during the period while the properties were being welded into a composite whole, whereas if Addicks, Whitney, or Rogers had undertaken the project, even the prospect of an immediate twelve per cent. would not have moved investors to part with any amount of their savings. Such is the virtue of confidence, the miracle-worker of finance.

CHAPTER XXXIII

I TAKE A HAND

THE plans of the Massachusetts Gas Companies were being organized without apparent reference to my interests, but it was quite evident that I was an object of solicitude to all concerned. Rogers, Kidder-Peabody, and the different parties to the New England Gas

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& Coke deal directly or indirectly from time to time felt me out. I did not help by responding to their overtures, but simply plodded on my course, here and there nailing a public notice to a tree or fence along the highway to the effect that in my opinion the new outfit could not accomplish more than their predecessors unless they agreed to take in and deal fairly with all opposing interests. Unless they bound themselves to do so, I would continue to oppose their plans.

Finally Rogers threw off all disguise, and in a simple and frank way admitted that all in interest conceded that the deal could not go through unless I should agree to come in and close the long war.

"Lawson," said he, "we have decided to pay you any price you say is fair."

My answer was as simple and frank: "My terms are the ones I have always demanded—satisfaction for all interests, Bay State Gas stockholders as well as the others."

"All right," he said, "but where do you come in? Where do you get your pay?"

I replied, "I want a percentage of the deal that will return me at least my expenses of $750,000 and a fair return for new work, say a million in all, provided there is profit to warrant it, and I want no different terms in getting it than Kidder-Peabody or any of the other bankers."

We discussed matters in detail. Mr. Rogers explained to me that all he and William Rockefeller desired out of the deal was a clean-up of all Bay State Gas affairs, in such shape that there could be no come-back in the future. He was not looking for profit. After we had thrashed it out, he agreed to let me know the result of his conference with the other interests as soon as possible.

A few days later I heard from Mr. Rogers. He had consulted with Kidder, Peabody & Co., and my terms were acceptable; would I go ahead and work out fully a plan of settlement along the lines I had defined? I did so. I was told it was satisfactory. In substance, this was my plan:

That the Massachusetts Gas Companies should secure, through the trusteeship of Rogers, the Boston companies owned by the Bay State Company, in addition to taking in the New England Gas & Coke outfit, with all its stocks and bonds, which included the Brookline Company. That was their end of the bargain. On my part I agreed to make a bargain with Addicks for 500,000 shares of new Bay State stock at a fair price. This was to be paid for and eventually given over to the Massachusetts Gas Companies, which was also to buy up all the outstanding Bay State stock on the market up to a given price. For its equities in the Boston gas companies, the Massachusetts Company was to turn in to the Bay State a fair proportion of its earnings. With the large sums thus obtained in its treasury, the Bay State was to push its valuable Buffalo Gas Company to a success, and then it was to have the privilege of acquiring from "Standard Oil," through Rogers, the Buffalo Natural Gas Company. All this consummated, the Massachusetts Gas Companies would absorb these properties, or would run them under an independent management. Finally, the announcement was to be made to Boston gas consumers that the price of gas would henceforth be ninety cents per thousand feet.

In the discussions we had at that period I was let into the secret that Kidder-Peabody's plans contemplated an absorption of the entire Boston electric-lighting outfit and of several of the suburban gas companies around Boston. However, I was concerned only up to the place where the Bay State interests should be satisfied, and so I paid no particular attention to this part.

This seemed to be a fair as well as a practical arrangement for all concerned. Bay State stock would again become endowed with value and would advance to high prices. My friends and followers would finally get back their investment and a fair profit thereon, while the Massachusetts Gas Companies, through the immense holdings it was to acquire of Bay State, would take in with one hand much more than it paid out with the other.

After we had formulated these details, the practical execution of the plan was taken up. It was decided that the Massachusetts Gas Companies should not appear directly in connection with my Bay State negotiations until after the preliminaries had been arranged, and that a dummy syndicate should appear as the factor at that end of the deal. Also, as I objected to coming into personal relations with certain individuals whose earthly existence I resented, it was agreed that my work should be handled through Mr. Rogers, who would embody our understanding in the form of a secret contract between himself and Kidder, Peabody & Co.

After these details had finally been fixed and a written agreement signed by Kidder,

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Peabody & Co. had been deposited with Mr. Rogers, I issued a public notice which, in substance, said: "From to-day I cease all opposition to the plans for the reorganization of Boston gas affairs by the Massachusetts Gas Companies, because I have been assured by the reorganizers that all parties in any way interested, including Bay State Gas holders and Boston gas consumers, will be treated fairly."

The results were immediate; the selling prices of Bay State stock and Boston United Gas bonds jumped, and there was a corresponding activity in Massachusetts Gas. So far, so good.

The chief task that now confronted me was to arrange with Addicks for the issuance of the 500,000 shares of Bay State Gas stock which the Massachusetts Companies was to purchase on the terms above indicated. It was a perfectly simple and open business proposition, and with any normal person its speedy settlement would merely have involved brief discussion. But to reach the negotiating point with the freakish and tricky financier and statesman from Delaware, Everywhere, and Nowhere, was a matter for fine strategy.

CHAPTER XXXIV

ADDICKS BOXES THE BAY STATE COMPASS

My readers must have realized ere this that J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks has much in common with a certain able, long-eared, four-footed beast of burden which makes its best progress toward an objective point when urged in the opposite direction. Addicks's peculiar mental processes are such that once he has satisfied himself that it is for his salvation to do business with a given individual, he becomes certain that individual must have laid a trap for him to arrive at that conclusion. Therefore, though the normal lobe of his whimsy brain urges that he go on with an affair obviously for his benefit, the fantastic lobe keeps up a whispering that some one is tricking him and that he must not do this business he knows he should do. In order to keep Addicks long enough in one spot to put through a transaction with him, he must be persuaded that the other factor to the bargain is an unwilling participant and wants nothing to do with him. Then the Delaware honor irrigator takes all his doors off their hinges and does business in record time.

It required days and weeks of maneuvering properly to impress this prince of bubbledom with the information that while big things were in the air for Bay State, I was working overtime to shut him out of participation in them. When this seed finally found lodgment in a crease in his brain tissue, he set to work to test the statement. He went the rounds of all in interest, Rogers and the rest, who, being rehearsed by me for just this move, confirmed what he had previously been told and showed him the absolute futility of his trying to get near me in any circumstances. From one and all he had the same reply: "Lawson hates you so bitterly that he will never have anything further to do with you." True to his nature, Addicks then began an active campaign to induce common friends to bring us together so he might deposit in my lap those things I was trying to find ways to secure.

One day, after a particularly active market wherein Bay State stock had performed feats which might make a stranger to the situation conclude there must be a stir under the surface, one of our common Wall Street friends asked me as a favor to meet him aboard his yacht next day at Providence, R. I. I asked what for, but he said he was not at liberty to tell. As I had been putting Bay State through her courses for the express purpose of bringing Addicks to the "can't-stand-it-any-longer" point, and as this man would be one of half a dozen Addicks would go to in an emergency, I took no credit to myself as a guesser when next day as I came down the wharf in Providence I espied alongside our friend's yacht the black steamer of the Delaware gas Mogul. Addicks this season was holding forth at his Newport villa, Belvoir.

I had only time enough to take in the situation when, from out a pert launch which had just steamed to the wharf, jauntily stepped our old "I-must-be-senator," in his immaculate yachting captain's togs.

"Well, well, Tom, what in the world brings you down into these waters? You are the last man I expected to meet." This in his former hearty, "I'd-rather-lie-than-not" tone.

I explained that I had come down by appointment to meet ——.

"That's strange," said Addicks, "for he and I are cruising together. Queer he didn't let me in on it that you were coming, but here he is," as our friend stepped from his launch, timed to a half length to give Addicks his chance.

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I asked the Wall Street man what he wanted of me, and he, being a normal creature with an idea of the amenities of white folk, spoke right out before Addicks:

"I hope I have done nothing wrong, but Addicks wanted badly to see you, and as I had important interests in the things he wants to talk on, I took the responsibility of bringing you together. I know that with your old relations you will agree after a chat with Addicks that I was justified."

I looked at Addicks. He just grinned.

"Same old J. Edward," I said, with a laugh. "Indeed, you must have been surprised when you met me."

"Let's not talk about that, Tom. I simply had to see you, and this was the only way I could fix it. Let's go up to the hotel and get down to business."

We headed for the Narragansett Hotel, and Addicks and I went into executive session. Our Wall Street friend held the fort and was to be ready for any hurry-up calls for a referee should things get stirring.

"Tom," began Addicks impressively, "I won't mince matters. I know there is a big deal on between Rogers, Rockefeller, and the Kidder-Peabody crowd. I know it is what we have been waiting for for years, and I know—now don't get riled when I say I know, for I do—and can prove it, that you are handling it."

He stopped and suctioned into his gray-blue eyes a "Now-don't-let's-be-foolish-but-let's-right-down-to-our-old-time-love-just-as-though-there-had-been-no-estrangement" look.

"You old rat!" I said to myself. "So at last I have thrown you off the track so that you don't dream I have been working for weeks to get you to this point?" Then aloud:

"Don't try any of your bluffs, Addicks. I am in no mood for them, and I don't intend to deny or admit anything. If you really know what you say, why don't you put your hand down face up, and I will know what you do know."

"What's the use, Tom, of trying to throw me off the track? We have had our differences, and they have cost us both dearly, and you may feel you don't want to do business with me or that you won't have to, but I tell you if this situation is going to be fixed up this time, you and all the others have got to reckon with me or your work will be useless."

I saw he was subcellar earnest to get in with us, but I determined to play him to a come-to-the-surface-and-float-on-his-back point before showing my hand.

"What's the use of your tricking me into coming down here and then trying one of your old bluffs to get some information out of me that I don't want you to have and don't intend you shall get?" I said. "If that's all you are after, I'm off on the next train." And I started to leave.

"Tom, why can't you trust me just this once? If you will, you won't regret it. You have got to have me, but I will admit I have got to have you, so why not get right down to the meat of this thing and then to business?"

"Why not?" I said, as coldly as I could. "You know why not. You never played fair with me. You never intended to. You don't know how to, and I don't intend to give you any new chance to fool me. That's why."

He did not wince nor get mad. On the contrary, he came back at me with a struck-twelve-and-both-hands-on-the-XII argument.

"I don't ask you to trust me. I only ask you to let me show you you cannot get along without me. You never accused me of being a fool, and I will show you why, if you take me aboard this trip, I should be a fool if I didn't stay aboard."

"That sounds all right, Addicks, but you must remember I have heard you before. I'm not going to beat round the bush. I will tell you nothing. If there is anything you want to tell me, fire away, and I will listen to what you say."

"That's all I want." And he started in and explained to me exactly what I was trying to do. Except my efforts to secure his co-operation. There was no doubt he had the real program, and as he triumphantly placed it before me, he keenly watched for tokens of my surprise; and he saw some, for although I had spent weeks trying to drop the details he was reeling off to me where I thought he would pick them up, he would have suspected a trap if I had failed to show astonishment at his knowledge of the situation.

"Now don't you think I have the scheme just as it is? Or do you think I am bluffing?" he wound up earnestly.

"No," I replied. "You seem to have got our hand. But what do you expect us to do with you?"

"Just this: The best way to work this thing out is to have the Bay State issue a big block of the new stock and sell it to the Massachusetts Company at fair prices. Then the

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Bay State will have cash to carry through its other schemes, and when the stock goes to big figures, the Massachusetts will make more out of us than we shall out of them."

He reeled it off just as any man would who knew the corporation and stock business as well as Addicks does, after he had been tipped off to a few of the essentials of our plan. When he had wound up in a burst of eloquence, I saw it was time to strike.

"Addicks, your plan is a rattling good one," I agreed with a proper air of reluctance. "In fact, it looks as though it would do to work things out on, if—and the *if* is a big one, mind you—we were sure you would play fair. How can you prove to us that you will?"

"That's the easiest part. All you will want will be for me to get my directors to issue a block of new stock and sell it to any one you say is the one to hold it, then to have us sell the equities to the Massachusetts Company. Am I right?"

He certainly was working on our schedule and on fast time. I wanted to chuckle, but I knew introducing chuckles into Addicks's negotiations might have the same effect as a burglar sneezing under a bed. He went on quickly:

"All I want is a fair interest in that block of stock and to be allowed to run the Bay State Company after this move has made it worth running. Neither you nor the other crowd will object to that. So far, well and good. Now I can call my directors together and have the sale made and the stock turned over to their syndicate at once, and I will take the syndicate's word for my portion. At the same time, I can turn the equities over, and when this is done, if there is any way for me to play double without cutting off my own head first, just show me it and I will not say another word."

It certainly looked right, and at this stage I dropped my assumed caution and fell in with his view.

"Upon my word, J. Edward, either you have reformed, or for once a situation has shaped up which has but one side," I said. "Let's get right down to details at once, for frankly, you have shown me the best way about this business, and I don't mind saying that I am in the saddle, so far as this part of the scheme goes, and if we can come to terms, Rogers and the others will back up anything I agree to."

We proceeded to get at the details, and in the course of two hours had them ironed out to a celluloid finish. Our argument was along the lines already defined. Addicks was to have his directors issue 500,000 shares of Bay State stock which the Massachusetts Gas Companies was to buy at the market. The equities were to be turned over. Addicks was to be allowed one-quarter interest in the 500,000 shares, which in the event of success would mean not less than a million dollars, and might mean four to five millions.

After everything had been arranged, I said:

"Addicks, there seems to be but one bad spot. You are president and controller of the Bay State Company, and therefore you cannot make this trade and be one of the parties to the other side, as you will be if you are to have a personal interest in the 500,000 shares. What can you do about that?"

Then, as after events showed, the real Addicks, the financial magician who could, if occasion called, swallow his own fire and sulfur, and, if necessary, the retort which produced it, without apparently disturbing his Adam's apple a hair, came out of his hole:

"Good!" said he. "Here is where I will show you all I am playing fair. I will resign this very day from the presidency of the Bay State and drop completely out of it, board of directors and all. You are aware what that means to me, but this is so important that I will even risk losing the company to show I mean to be square. I will put in Frank Allee president, and as he is now United States Senator, Rogers and the others will know he must do as he agrees."

I really found myself again, as in olden days, being persuaded that Addicks intended to play fair. Yet at that very moment he had begun hatching out as scoundrelly a plot as ever double-dyed villain conceived. I really believe when J. Edward O'Sullivan Addicks passes on to the eternal unrest of his kind, it will be found necessary to provide a round coffin for his crooked bones.

"All right," I said. "Let's call in —— now, and have him take down what we have agreed upon, so there can be no misunderstanding when I give the word to go ahead."

Our Wall Street friend, who was the stock-exchange member of a prominent New York house, carefully took down item by item the details of our bargain.

Next day I laid what I had done before Mr. Rogers, and he at once passed it on to the others. All thought it the finishing stroke,

This instalment of ***Frenzied Finance*** is continued on Page 57 of the ***Advertising Section.***

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"How Muchee You Pay?"

By WALLACE IRWIN

Author of "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr.," etc.

Decorations by Fred Richardson

"Beware! what proceeds from you will return to you again!"
—*The Sayings of Meng Isz'.*

YU notice them carriages over the way
And the bang-gong yell inside?
They're buryin' old Lee Wo to-day
With a curse on 'is yeller hide.
They're scarin' the devil an' singein' 'is hairs
With the noise an' the smudge and the smell;
But ther scented smoke an' ther paper prayers
Can't keep old Lee frum hell.

See them pale ghost-lanterns above the hacks
An' the white man's hearse at the door,
See the varnished pigs they carry in sacks
An' the funeral grub galore—
Ain't ther many a Christian flat on 'is bier
With a priest at 'is head an' feet
Jest as scart to go as the late Lee Wo
To the wrath of the Judgment Seat?

Lee, the Reformer—that he was—
An' a excellent business man;
A cagey old cove on the opium laws
An' a fox at the game of fan.
He thought a lot, but 'is natur' was such
That he hadn't but little to say.
If yu wanted to buy and yu ast, "How much?"
He'd answer, "How muchee you pay?"

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If a tourist looked in 'is little shop
At a jug that was wuth a dime,
"How muchee you pay?" old Lee would say,
And he'd bunco 'em half the time.
No tag nor nuthin' to show the price
Of the goods that yu bought frum Lee.
'Twas a trick of the biz an' a hobby of his—
"How muchee you pay?" says he.

F'r instance, one mornin', 'is little gal
Was a-playin' around the store
When the gambler, Yok, an' a steady pal
Comes shufflin' through the door.
"How muchee?" says Yok as he points 'er out
In a offhand, Chinatown way.
It flabbered Lee Wo fer a minute or so,
Then he says, "How muchee you pay?"

He bought things cheap an' he sold 'em high—
'Twas the game an' he played it well.
As long as the world had somethin' to buy
Lee Wo had somethin' to sell.
He drove a bargain fer flesh an' blood
With a profit on all he sold,
Till it happened so (they are buryin' Wo),
That he traded 'is word fer gold.

Have yu heard of the Orient League of Reform
An' the pipe-dream they began
A-smokin' together to blow up a storm
Fer the Dowager Queen, Tsi An?
Ther was Charlie Chong an' Lee Bow Wong
An' the opium smuggler, Low,
Ther was Hong Ming Get, an' the day they met
They let in me friend, Lee Wo.

Yes, they let in me friend, Lee Wo, one night
When the Quarter was still as the grave,
When the shutters was closed an' the fog was white
An' the felt shoes slipped on the pave.
Then they whispered together, the League of Reform,
In a Mon Foy Restaurant room,
An' they made a pledge on a hatchet's edge
By ther fathers under the tomb.

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Five thousand apiece was the price, some say,
Which they gave to the sacred bund:
But this I know—it was old Lee Wo
Who was chosen to keep the fund.
What the cash was there fer, I dunno,
And how it was spent, search me;
But the coin kept warm in the egg of reform
That was bein' hatched out by Lee.

Then the Consul heard of the League of Reform
(He was wise on the way to do),
So he cabled word of what he'd heard
Till the Chinese Government knew.
How d'yu s'pose the Consular spy
Had savvy enough to go
Neither to Chong nor to Lee Bow Wong
But straight to me friend, Lee Wo?

Lee was hittin' the hop that night
Under a black teak shelf,
Noddin' asleep an' a-lookin' a heap
Like the crockery god hisself,
When Hung Ah Ho, the Consular spy,
Dropped in fer a friendly chat,
An' they gabbled, them two, an' they drank "sam shu"
Till far into night they sat.

Hung he spoke of the Middle Land
An' the danger of plots an' things,
An' the death of the feller that raised a hand
Fer the murder of queens an' kings.
He could make it warm fer the League of Reform—
Ther was certain names to say—
Perhaps Lee Wo might happen to know—
Says Lee, "How muchee you pay?"

"How muchee you pay?" was all he ast,
But it chanced in a week or so
That they collared Chong an' Lee Bow Wong
An' Hong Ming Get an' Low.
Fraudulent sort, said the chiefs of the port
Where the Consular word prevailed.
I was there the day they was taken away
When the City of Pekin sailed.

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They sailed like a bunch of brides, them Four,
Though they knowed that they went to death;
Then they thought of the traitor safe on the shore
An' they cursed 'im under ther breath.
So they uttered an oath that summoned both
The gods of ther hates an' fears—
Is ther anythin' worse than a Chinaman's curse
That lasts fer a million years?

. . . . . .

It was Saturday night when Lee was took
(Jest hear how the mourners yell!)
With 'is sins at 'is throat he jabbered an' shook
As he looked in the eyes of hell.
Fer a ghostly Four comes up through the floor
An' all in a row they stands
As nice as they might, an' they bows polite
With ther bloody heads in ther hands.

Lee covered 'is face with 'is skinny arm,
But the eyes of 'is mind they seen
The heads of the friends he had brought to harm
At the sword of the Dowager Queen;
An' they come so close that 'is pigtail rose
An' 'is cork-colored face went gray.
But the lips of the dead they smiled an' said,
"Lee Wo, how muchee you pay?"

. . . . . .

Hear the oboes shriek an' the fiddles squeak—
They're a-buryin' Lee to-day—
See the leaves they turn an' the prayers they burn
To shoo the devil away—
But them headless Four on the ghostly shore
Is a-waitin' to pay ther grudge
When the stark Lee Wo shall shiverin' go
To the court of 'is Mandarin Judge.

Heathen or Christian, what has he got
Fer the lives of 'is friends he sold,
Fer the child he gave to the lot of a slave
At the price of a gambler's gold?
Yet stripped to the soul of all that he stole
Ther's a bargain to drive to-day
When the Mandarin god shall ask with a nod,
"Lee Wo, how muchee you pay?"

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

Jerry

By Arthur Chase

TO the ordinary mind, accustomed to see things as they seem, Jerry was simply a cat. To those who knew him well, he was both a philosopher and a poet. Judged by our strenuous modern standard, his life was uneventful.

But as, amid daily cares and worries, a Greek statue, a Madonna of Bellini, or a fresco by Puvis de Chavannes gives us a fleeting glimpse of that superhuman calm and peace which we always desire yet know we shall never obtain, so an intimacy with Jerry, a perception of his thought and feelings, produced a refreshing sensation and constantly reminded his friends of the importance of Beauty in this working world.

He was my Aunt Lydia's cat, and he lived in Jericho.

In order to appreciate our heroes fully, we should have some knowledge, however slight, of their surroundings.

My Aunt Lydia was a New England gentlewoman of the old school. She was accustomed to speak of herself as "the last of the Bards." It must not be inferred from this apparently alarming definition that my Aunt Lydia was a minstrel. No. She was the last descendant in the direct line of a locally prominent family of East India merchants and, for many years a childless widow, she lived a peaceful though busy life in the stately Bard mansion on Chestnut Street in Jericho.

Jericho is one of our historic cities; its name is known from Maine to Oregon.

Cozily nestled between rocky hills and the shining sea, half lost in summer beneath the foliage of lofty, arching elms, it dreams of its picturesque youth and of a middle age of unexampled prosperity.

There are half a dozen other cities in Sussex County; but alone among them Jericho has an atmosphere.

And no better proof can be given of Jerry's transcendent wisdom than the fact that he realized the existence of this atmosphere and lived up to it.

He was at least the fifth of a line of cats that had reigned supreme in the old mansion for half a century. These sovereigns all bore the name of Jerry, which was given them with a sublime disregard of sex. They were not, I believe, connected by ties of blood, one with the other, though I have an indistinct recollection of once hearing that Jerry the second became the mother of Jerry the third, and, after this interesting and unexpected event, had been called Jerusha for the rest of her days. As a small child, my acquaintance with the third Jerry was useful to me, teaching me that a cat's tail is good to pull, also and incidentally that cats have claws.

Jerry the fourth was a good, honest, moral, sober cat with few traits of genius.

To the last of the line was reserved the privilege of showing what his race can achieve in its supreme efflorescence.

He could have lived worthily in the age of Pericles or Leo the Tenth. He might well have been the cat of Phidias or Praxiteles, the domestic pet of Raphael or Michelangelo. The great Leonardo would have cherished him.

Stately, graceful, dignified, serene, he walked with slow and noiseless tread through the spacious halls and high-studded wainscoted rooms of the old Colonial house whose tutelary genius or god Lar he seemed to be.

Robed in rich gray fur without spot or

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speck; seated on his favorite cushion near the cheery open fire in long winter evenings, or perched on the cushioned window-sill overlooking the old-fashioned garden during still summer afternoons, all the mystic lore of ancient Egypt, all the divine wisdom of the Greeks shone in his wondrous, deep, round green eyes.

When he winked with apparent drowsiness I knew him to be meditating on the Problem of the Universe, to be listening to the eternal music of the Spheres.

How often have I watched him with the open-eyed admiration of a youth of the Renaissance, brought for the first time face to face with one of those old-world libraries on whose shelves lies the accumulated learning of centuries!

"Speak, Jerry!" I used to say. But Jerry never spoke, thereby giving another proof of his wisdom.

Then my Aunt Lydia would look up from her knitting, crocheting, embroidering, or tatting, and gaze for a moment at Jerry.

Indifferent to our scrutiny, Jerry sat majestic, purring softly and comfortably, accepting his cushion, the fire on the hearth, the roomy armchairs, my Aunt Lydia and myself as part of his natural surroundings.

For Jerry had his failings. In the first place he was selfish, with the supreme selfishness of Royalty, the serene selfishness of a Pagan divinity. What Mothers thought of him never disturbed his peace of mind. His one point of view was what he thought of others.

He possessed the cleverness of "Puss in Boots," and the numerous cats of old folk-lore tales, without their spirit of self-sacrifice. He pounced gracefully on mice or sparrows and played with them with apparent nonchalance. But he kept them for himself.

"SPEAK, JERRY!" I USED TO SAY.

My Aunt Lydia's New England conscience was sometimes troubled by these predatory exploits of her pet; yet I once surprised her watching with evident admiration a cat-and-mouse performance given by Jerry and an unwilling victim on one of the graveled garden paths. A delicate pink flush spread over her face as she saw me. She asked anxiously what I thought of the weather, though the sky was cloudless.

She finally settled the bird question by saying in her most dogmatic manner:

"Miss Warrington, who is a great authority on birds, says English sparrows are vermin and ought to be killed."

Of course Jerry was fond of us. We were part of his habits. During my long visits at the old house it was his daily custom to come to my door after the rising bell and imperiously demand admission. On entering he would say good morning, station himself on the bed and survey me dreamily for a few moments, then come and rub against my legs while I shaved, finally demanding, in the same regal manner, that I reopen the door.

Whether he visited my Aunt Lydia during her morning toilet is something I never dared ask.

His selfishness was very human, after all!

Jerry had all the narrow prejudices of the born aristocrat combined with a happy faculty of forgetting them when it suited his interests to do so. My Aunt Lydia's theory was that he never entered the kitchen, and he certainly always maneuvered to give that impression.

But I know better, for Mary Moore, who reigned supreme in the culinary realms of the mansion, told me the story:

"There's not a blessed day in the week, Misther George, that cat doesn't come a-walkin' into the kitchen, innocent loike, just as I'm a-cookin' the dinner-r. He goes an' he sits on the table in the corrner, an' he shuts his eyes till ye see just a bit of gr-reen, an' thin he purrs, the sly craythur, till ye think it's goin' to sleep he is. But I know all the toime it's the dinner he's afther. Whin it's lamb or mutton he walks out quiet with his nose in the air-r. Whin it's fish or beef he puts out the ind of that little rough tongue of his, an' whin it's one of the bur-rds ye an' y'r frien' Misther Ballon shoots, he laughs."

"Nonsense, Mary!"

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"Shure an' he does, thin! He widens that little mouth of his an' shows the r-rosy insoide, an' he makes his eyes look loike the Chinyman r-roun' the corner-r an'—well! he smoiles all over-r!"

"An Egyptian cat-god," I said, "pleased with the offerings of his worshipers." I was in the midst of my classical studies, and thought I knew more than I really did.

"The 'gyptians," replied Mary, "lived, I'm told, in dar-rkness an' was haythens. An' if there was iver-r a haythen in this wur-rld, shure an' it's that cat! He knows too much for a Christian!"

WHILE I SHAVED.

And now I come to Jerry's gravest defect, the gravest from his own point of view—for it was a defect in good manners.

He stared!—stared pertinaciously with the most well-bred ill-breeding. No dowager English duchess, no Russian princess supremely contemptuous of the human feelings of the lower classes, no witty French marquise of the olden time ever stared with more effect.

"That man"—an American lady said once, years ago, as she crossed Prince Bismarck in the Thiergarten at Berlin—"that man looked through me and saw my back hair!"

When Jerry directed his gaze on me I knew my back hair was of no importance to him; but I felt my inmost soul probed to its most vital points. Before those round green eyes I became even less than the traditional drop of water or grain of sand in one of the smallest globes of a universe vast beyond human conception.

Twice at least in my life I have realized my absolute nothingness, as it is well all men should. Once a very short, stout royal lady, with kind motherly eyes beneath soft white hair, drove by me as I stood among an acclaiming crowd—and a thousand years' history of our English-speaking race flashed before my eyes, and I grew half-faint under the stress of unexpected emotion. And once, listening to the rare talk of the most brilliant prince of the royal house of France, I felt, in the presence of the brilliant general, historian, patron of art and letters, the indescribable charm of the "world-witching queen" of nations.

Yet face to face with these august personages I retained my individuality—a unit among millions—but still a unit!

Before Jerry's cold, dispassionate gaze I lost even the sense of identity and became a zero!

Now it happened that once upon a time my Aunt Lydia and some intimate friends of match-making age and proclivities put their heads together and plotted mysteriously over sundry cups of tea.

The result of this feminine scheming was an invitation to two young people of different sexes to spend a few weeks at the Bard mansion. Then, one late winter afternoon, at that uncertain hour termed by the French, "between dog and wolf," a young man and a remarkably pretty girl might have been—or rather *were*—seen seated on a haircloth sofa in the Bard parlor. They must have been near each other, for there was a masculine arm encircling a feminine waist, and two pairs of lips in dangerous proximity. Suddenly came a stifled scream, and the girl's voice said:

"Oh, that horrid cat! Look how he's staring at us!"

And he was! Seated on the center-table, his green eyes gleaming in the dusk, erect and intent, cold, calm, severe, he was contemplating the couple fixedly. And if ever look said, "What fools these mortals be!" Jerry's did!

How do I know this? It was *my* arm. And for once Jerry was ignominiously expelled from his favorite haunt, nor was he allowed to return until the bell rang for dinner.

Six months later there was a quiet family wedding in the old house. And thereby hangs a tale.

I have too sincere a respect for my clerical friends to class Jerry's affection for them as among his failings. I should term it rather an amiable weakness.

"These men," he doubtless said to himself, "are sober in dress, quiet and discreet in manner, and, as a rule, intelligent in conversation. They are not boisterous. Women like them. They seem to be groping for those eternal truths that are so difficult to perceive. They have my sympathy."

I shall never forget his delight when a con-

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ference of Unitarian clergymen met in Jericho, and my Aunt Lydia threw open her house to its members. This was the only time I ever saw Jerry trot in public!

He thoroughly appreciated my Aunt Lydia's pastor, the Rev. Mr. Sweetlove, of the Church of the Unity, a chipper, dapper little man who adopted a sad, serious, and sorrowful demeanor only at funerals—and weddings.

I must not be expected to describe coherently the ceremony in which I played a prominent, though secondary, part.

We stood—she and I—at the end of the long drawing-room among flowers innumerable, presumably roses—for the month was June. I had no thoughts! My sensations were directed toward a vague attempt to realize that I was an ordinary two-armed, two-legged creature—not a centipede.

Then, as the Rev. Mr. Sweetlove approached with slow and solemn step, Horror, the divine Horror of the ancients, invaded every fiber of my being, for I saw he was not alone.

Walking in stately fashion at his side, equally dignified and far more fair to look upon, alert to his surroundings, determined to play his part in the family function, fully impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, came Jerry!

Happily unconscious of the presence of his coadjutor, the minister stopped in front of us—Jerry also. And then—well, then, I remember very little, except that we were married, and *they* married us.

Yes; in spite of specious arguments to the contrary, I have always felt marriage to be an excellent institution, because I know Jerry approved of it.

"Who laughs on Friday, on Sunday is sure to weep." Two years later, settled in a cozy central Massachusetts home, we heard of my Aunt Lydia's death. She had rejoined her ancestors in that cool, noiseless, dustless, and refined region of the realms of bliss reserved for New England Unitarians. Her carefully worded will, in which nothing was forgotten, left me among other legacies more important from a worldly point of view—the care of Jerry.

When we came to the funeral—my wife and I—Jerry received us with his usual stateliness, tempered by a subdued sadness.

He wandered aimlessly through the old mansion, often stopping before the closed door of my Aunt Lydia's room.

The time had come to him, as soon or late it comes to all of us, to feel the deep regret for some little attention, some kindly deed, left undone.

The old house was to be dismantled and then sold. It was the breaking up of a home.

"What did the Romans do with their Lares and Penates when they moved?" asked my wife, with a perplexed air.

"I always had the impression," I answered, "that moving was one of the numerous disagreeable functions of modern progress, like summer hotels, and that the Romans stayed 'put.' But if they did move, they must have taken their household gods with them."

"Then Jerry must go home with us."

"You might as well think of moving Independence Hall to Camden or the old State House to Chelsea," I retorted; but I knew my protest was a platonic one.

Jerry was present at the conversation and affected not to hear, but there was an ineffable sadness in his green eyes.

HE WAS CONTEMPLATING THE COUPLE.

"Give him to me," said Mary Moore, who was retiring from active life on an ample annuity from my Aunt Lydia's estate. "I know what he likes to eat, an' young people loike ye niver-r have good cooks."

My wife never agreed with Mary Moore, and we took Jerry back to Hereford with us in a covered basket. He bore the ordeal with stoical fortitude, nor did he once complain. But in our new house he failed to become acclimated and ceased to eat. The familiar, old-world atmosphere of Jericho was lacking, for the traditions in which he had been brought up had been lost by our younger set.

We called in the best veterinary doctor

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and surgeon of the county. He examined Jerry carefully and asked many questions.

"Old age and nostalgia," he said, cheerily. "Better chloroform him."

When he had gone my wife said he was a brute. I thanked her for not saying it before. For the doctor was only a man, and to him Jerry was a cat. He could not understand.

Three days later we buried Jerry beneath a peach-tree in the garden.

Possibly some ancestral New England enjoyment in funereal proceedings worked in our minds as we accomplished the last rites. I ordered a tombstone and composed for it an epitaph.

This epitaph is all that remains of Jerry for future ages, so I give it in an English version:

"Here lie the bones and ashes of the very good and very wise cat, Jerry, who lived, practising virtue, for many years. He departed, in search of the Unknown, the twentieth day of August, 1902. May he have peace!"

On the Deadwood Stage

By G. W. Ogden

THE little man was plainly nervous. For the past ten miles the driver, on one hand, and the express agent, on the other, had been pouring into his ears descriptions of the terrors of Antelope Pass, and the tragedies that had occurred there. He fidgeted about on the wide seat of the Deadwood stage as it rumbled and jolted over the rough mountain road, and evidently regretted that he had risked his life, for the driver and the guard assured him that it was indeed a risk to attempt the journey to Deadwood by stage.

"I've knowed fellers from the East to go plumb crazy goin' through the pass," said the driver, winking at the guard, "an' jump offen the stage an' go bouncin' down from rock to rock till they hit the bottom of the cañon, a thousan' feet below. One feller 'at went through last week—you remember that specticle feller with the brown suit, Seth—he got so seasick a-rollin' along there on the aidge o' nothin' 'at I had to tie him to the seat."

"They's been a good many fellers shot by road agents, too, down there at Stubbs' bend," said the guard. "Them fellers is liable to pop out any time an' begin shootin'."

"I've heard the scenery is remarkably picturesque in the pass," timidly ventured the little man.

"Well," said the driver, "maybe it is. I ain't a-goin' to dispute with you about that, 'cause I ain't never seen much of it myself. I got all I can do to watch the road an' my horses an' save the necks of my passengers. I never look up, onct I start through the pass. I done it onct an' nearly fell offen my seat, I got so dizzy. It was like climbin' a church steeple. A mile or so above me I seen the light of day, an' a mile or so below I heerd the water a-fussin' over the rocks. Sense then I keep my eyes glued on the road an' the horses' years, when I can see their years. Some of the turns in that there road 'r' so sharp you can't see the heads of the leaders, an' agin you can see the leaders an' can't see the wheelers. A snake tried to crawl around that there road onct, so a ole Injun told me. They found him the next day with his back broke."

"It gives a feller a funny feelin' the first time he rides through the pass," the guard remarked. "Hangin' there between the bottom an' the top of creation makes passengers think they're birds, sometimes. I've set up here many a time an' heerd 'em a-floppin' their arms an' a-jumpin' from the seats an' a-battin' aroun' somethin' fierce. When we've got two or three fellers from the East on at a time, Polk he always fastens the doors before we start through the cañon."

"I've seen fellers come out of the stage at Deadwood," said the driver, "as grayheaded as a bal' eagle, fellers 'at went in as blackheaded as you air. Of course, you got a right to ride outside if you want to, pardner, an' I don't want to discourage no man 'at likes to look at rocks an' busted pine-trees an' sich scenery, but if I was you I'd go inside when we stop at the top of that hill yander. We sort o' dive down offen that hill into the pass, jist kind o' cut the rope an' let her go."

When the driver pulled his four horses up at the top of the hill and carefully examined the wheels, axles, bolts, and screws of the stage, then went around to the horses and lifted the feet of each, closely inspecting their shoes, the little man amply evidenced his internal unrest. He stood up, sat down, stood up again, and finally, as the driver prepared to start, clambered down, clinging to the straps as tightly, with hands that trembled, as if the terrors of Antelope Pass were already spread at his feet.

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"I think I'll ride inside," said he.

The driver looked at the guard, the guard looked at the driver. Both grinned. When the coach started again, the driver said: "I'll jist whoop it up a little for that feller's nerves."

The other passengers in the stage were a woman with a baby, the wife of some miner who had doubtless "struck it" in the rich Black Hills; a Jewish pedler; an old man with a large revolver, and a Deadwood merchant. The little man sat near one of the stage doors, in which he had lowered the window-sash, peering out at the masses of riven granite that blocked the view on both sides of the trail. Sometimes, through a breach in the forbidding wall, he saw the craggy depths of the cañon below, and he noticed that the stage was passing over the uneven roadway at a speed that appeared to him to be reckless and unsafe.

Suddenly the character of the road changed. The horses clattered upon a solid ledge of stone that ran shelf-like along the lip of the cañon. On one hand the sheer side of the mountain reared its somber wall, on the other the cañon gaped, chilling and black in its unfathomable shadows.

"'Pears to me," said the old man with the pistol, "that this is foolish drivin'. I've handled the ribbons a little myself in these here mountains, an' I wouldn't call no such tearin' along good for the health, no time." He put his head out through the open window. "Hey," he called to the driver, "you better pull in, sonny."

The driver said something in reply which could not be understood above the noise of hoofs and wheels, and the old man sat down again. "Reckon he knows what he's up to," he said.

On the box the guard and the driver exchanged glances and grinned. "Wonder how he feels by this time," the driver shouted. The guard, not relishing the experience himself, frightened, in fact, so that he could not withdraw his gaze from the cañon below for more than a second or two at a time, shook his head.

"I'll tickle 'em up a little when we strike the straight piece of road down yander," said the driver. The guard's heart seemed to gorge his throat and choke him. He turned his fear-blanched face to the driver, reached out and laid his hand on the lines.

"Don't," he pleaded, "we're goin' fast enough."

The driver laughed, well pleased to see his brave-talking comrade frightened to the toes, transferred the lines to his left hand, and reached for the long whip which he had stood in its socket when they began the descent into the pass. He bungled some way, fumbled the lines, and those controlling the lead team slipped from his fingers. When the lead horses felt the restraining hand of mastery loosed, they became panic-stricken, and bounded away as if in a mad endeavor to free themselves from the great, plunging, noisy, heavy vehicle that rumbled behind them.

Luckily they had reached the stretch of straight, comparatively level road of which the driver had spoken. There was half a mile of it, and the driver hoped he might quiet the animals and bring them to a stop before striking the sharp turn in the road at the end of the level piece. He knew that, at the gait they were then holding, stage, passengers, horses, all, would go over into the cañon in rounding the sudden curve. The danger of that was great even on the straight trail, as the road was at no point more than ten or twelve feet wide, and at times it narrowed so there was scarcely a handbreadth between the outer tire and the edge of the cliff. He crowded the brake lever forward to the last notch with his foot, pulled on the wheelers with all his frenzied strength, and called to the leaders, coaxingly, to stop.

The guard, bereft of all reasoning power, save that primal one which urges man to preserve his own life first, crawled over the top of the coach, let himself down to the springs behind, and dropped to the road. He rolled over and over, clutching at the stones, and at last held firmly to one and stopped. Overwhelmed by the sickness that sometimes follows a terrific nervous strain, his head sank to the rocky roadway and his senses left him, while the stage, crashing at wild speed along the narrow ledge, hurried on to the appalling end which, it seemed, no human power could avert.

Inside the stage all was confusion. "He's lost control, we're runnin' away," the old man shouted. The others sprang to the doors and would have opened them, probably to leap to certain death, but the little man restrained them.

"You can't get out on the right side," said he, "because there isn't room for the door to swing open; it would strike the rocks. If there was room to open it, you'd fall under the wheels and be killed. Look down on the other side—you don't want to jump over

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there. Now, wait a little while, and I'll see what I can do to stop the horses."

Nobody knew what he meant, but he spoke so calmly, and with such a degree of authority and self-reliance that they thought he might do something. In a moment he was crowding his shoulders out through the small aperture of the window on the left. Presently he was sitting in it, his feet inside, reaching for the little iron railing which held the passengers' baggage to the top of the stage. He caught it, pulled himself upward, swung out from the side of the swaying vehicle with a lurch that threatened to break his hold, and drew himself to the top.

The lines that controlled the lead horses were trailing behind them, striking the heads of the wheelers and intensifying their frantic fear. A few hundred yards ahead the narrow roadway curved around a giant pillar of stone abutting from the mountainside, and disappeared. The little man saw it all in one comprehensive glance. He knew the runaways must be stopped before they reached that point. He said nothing to the driver as he climbed down to the seat, and the driver said nothing to him as the little man lowered himself to the swinging, unsteady tongue of the coach.

Carefully, but with determined haste, the little man walked out on the tongue, clinging to the back of one of the galloping wheel horses, until he clutched the lost lines of the leaders. Then he mounted the near horse of the wheel team and checked the frightened leaders like a veteran. When the stage stopped and the little man dismounted, the heads of the leaders were out of sight around the bend in the road.

The driver got down from his seat, looked about him, as one suddenly called from sleep, and wiped the streaming sweat from his forehead. The little man opened the stage door and was going in, when the driver touched his shoulder.

"Pardner," said he, "you ain't as tall as me, nor you ain't as wide, but you're a heap bigger man'n I am, any day in the week. If you don't feel like you'd be reachin' down too low, I'd like to shake han's."

THE GIRLS FLUTTERED.

The little man smiled, grasped the driver's hand warmly, smiled again, took his seat in the coach, and the stage lumbered on its way.

"Which shows," said the driver, after he had covered five miles, his shoulders hunched up in meditative attitude, taking up the thread of his thoughts aloud, as if continuing an argument, "the reason why this United States of American country's the greatest country on earth. Fu'ther, it proves it always will be. They's always been a man riz up to meet the e-mergency, an' you can gamble they always will be one. They's always a feller on hand, no matter how he may size up to them that's a-lookin' at him, that's able to swaller his own gizzard in the face of danger that's comin' like a snowslide down agin his country an' his people.

"Why did that little-bodied man act skeered when me an' Seth—Seth he's a hoofin' it after us, I reckon—throwed him that bluff? *Was* he skeered, 'r was he merely showin' his contempt f'r two sich onery liars when he clim' down an' went inside? He looked skeered, an' he acted skeered, but *was* he?

"Well, you c'n cert'nly search me!"

The Vanity of Foley

By Anne O'Hagan

THE clear September afternoon had begun to decline toward evening when Foley emerged from the station which had engulfed him more than twenty years before. With the relieved sense of the man whose destiny is at last decided he stood in the once familiar place. When, on the Western coast, he had received his discharge from the army, the back pay which the Government had paternally laid away for him, and his railroad fare to the place of his enlistment, the future had been bewilderingly full of possibilities. He might "go in" with Jenkins on a small fruit ranch in southern California; he might, with Otherwite, open on the edge of the reservation one of the saloons which had replaced the canteen; he might take a brief vacation and reenlist with all the benefits accruing from his former terms of service — added pay, good conduct marks, and all. Now his money was ignobly and riotously gone from him, and all business ventures were barred. The period of grace for reenlist-

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ment had passed. If he reentered the service now, it would be on the footing of the raw recruit. So it happened that after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, Foley was coming home.

The domed and bridged gorgeousness of the new station which had replaced the big brown bird-house of his recollection rather dampened his joy, but once beyond it he breathed a sigh of contentment. The low buildings of Bailey's Block, turning the corner in a bulging obtuse angle, had grown grimier with the soft-coal smoke of two decades, but that was all. The colors on the barber's pole before Frederick's were tending but little more toward the dun unity of old age; the "Attorney and Counselor at Law" of D. Webster Simmons still creaked as it swung below the second-story windows of that legal luminary's office. Frank Malizia's fruit stand was still prodigal of exotic color and grace. It faced with as bright a defiance as of old the triple grayness in which Puritanism, mill smoke, and sea fog had enveloped the town. It had grown, though—it now included the store behind it and the store next door; and surely that was Malizia himself, bustling out with a customer, Malizia with thick white locks instead of thick black ones, but otherwise unchanged, as vivid, as eloquent a personality as when Foley and his peers had been wont to levy tribute from the single stall. So he had prospered—the dago! Yet Foley could forgive him his good fortune for the sake of his likeness to the Malizia of old days.

HE FELL IN BEHIND THE OBLIVIOUS CHILDREN.

"I wonder would he know me," the homecomer debated. His loose, indeterminate mouth quivered beneath the long, fierce mustache which sun and wind had bleached to straw. He took a step forward. Then he paused. After all, he had been only one of Malizia's many tormentors—why should Malizia remember him?

He turned the corner. His blue eyes, eager for landmarks, looked out of the brown wrinkles the sun and the alkaline winds of the plains had graved. Suddenly they narrowed with resentment. There, pasted upon the red bricks below the recruiting agency, was the old, familiar figure that had been his lure so long before.

"'Twas the bad day's work for me when first I saw you," he apostrophized the gallant blue simulacrum of military glory. "You an' your promises!" His eyes climbed upward, over the ledge of the square little window where the gilt "U. S. RECRUITING AGENCY" was tarnishing day by day. He wondered what deep-chested agent sat there now, scanning the candidates for soldierhood who shambled before him. How bold he himself, Foley, had been when he marched up the dusty, narrow stairs to that room, and how his boldness had oozed away before the keen scrutiny of the man behind the rail. He saw himself again in the full-lipped, evanescent rosiness of youth, vain of his inches, vain of the set of his dark head upon his neck, vain—vain. To-day, coming home from nearly a quarter of a century of inglorious unsuccess, he was willing to acknowledge how puffed up with arrogance the boy had been.

He passed beyond Bailey's Block and toward the center of the town. His eyes, bent backward upon himself, took little note of the tangle of trolley tracks where, of old, the patient horses had waited on a single siding; of the new, big, stone bank building; of the shops with almost metropolitan bedazzlements spread behind their great plate-glass windows. Mechanically, he faced in the direction in which his old home lay, and his thoughts were not with the man who had come back, but with the boy whom the blue-paper doll of a soldier had recalled, the boy, half-braggart, half-idealist, who had signed away his future one rainy day as a revenge upon an unappreciative world.

Even Nora, his generally adoring little sister, had been unappreciative that day. Usually she had been his ardent champion against family criticism. Did he lie late abed on Sunday mornings? Not only did Nora, in the bare, scoured little kitchen, make his fresh coffee, reheat his beans, set forth butter for his brown bread, but she also violently declared that his week-day labors were the cause of his Sabbath weariness! His week-day labors, indeed! His work in

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the shoe shops had been brief. He had abandoned it to become the clerk in Popham's emporium. But though all the girls in Fairhaven had fluttered dove-like before his counter and had divided their admiration between his curly hair, his bold glances, and the printed lawns he showed them, he had not cared for the position in Popham's. It had been no job for a man of his parts—of his shoulders, of his chest. Besides, Popham had expected him to attend to the furnace, to open the store before the day was well awake, and to keep it open until the last light in the village was quenched in darkness. So he had left Popham's, and for a while every morning had been as Sunday to Nora, and to him every evening one of sauntering along the main street, of loitering, in congenial society, at the corners, of smoking countless cheap cigarettes, of being a "sport" according to his lights and those of his tribe in the little town.

How his father had stormed at his idleness, how his brother Pat had glowered, how the ugly word "loafer" had been dinned in his ears! And how Nora had defended him in public and upbraided him in private! Ah, it would be very good to see Nora again!

He was glad, on the whole, that it was only Nora whom he should see. He was glad that Pat had gone away to exercise his acquisitive and retentive gifts in another part of the world—Pat and the false Mary Ann Kehoe. In bibulous moments Foley always told his companions that it was woman's perfidy which had driven him into the army. Certainly Mary Ann had discarded him, despite his height and breadth and prettiness, for Pat, short and stolid and square-jawed. She had told him, to be sure, that it was his indolence drove her to make the exchange. And his blue eyes had burned darkly upon her as he had replied that the time would come when she would wish, with bitter heartache, that she had not made it. Then he had gone to the recruiting agency. Well, it did not matter much now whether he had been driven by woman's treachery or by his own conceit and idleness, his dislike of family faultfinding, his emulation of that blue-paper vision which had confronted him whenever he had lounged over to Malizia's to snatch a plum or a handful of chestnuts. He had taken leave of all his critics rather grandly, he remembered, prophesying a return which should humble and dazzle them. Truly, it was better that only Nora remained to witness that home-coming!

HE PAUSED IRRESOLUTE.

He left the bustling little main street and passed the old Common. Its elms threw feathery, late-afternoon shadows upon its close-clipped grass. The revolutionary cannon still marked its entrance. About it the great houses of Fairhaven stood, unchanged in twenty years—in a hundred and twenty years, for that matter. How could wood, how could brick and mortar, pillar, fanlight, violet-tinted glass—how could these convey such an impression of worth, of dignity, beyond the chance of mortal change? Once he had boasted to Nora that she should live in one of those houses, that her carriage should wait before one of those brass-knockered doors to take her for her daily airing. And now he was coming home to ask for a place in Nora's poor chimney-corner.

"She'll not deny it me," he told himself. "I'd never have asked it while Durgan was alive—queer that she married Durgan! But now—though it's no carriages I'm bringing her an' no deeds to houses, sure she'll give me the warm welcome."

He reproached himself a little that he had written so seldom to Nora. Scarcely ten letters had passed between them in all the time of his wanderings. They were "poor hands at writin'," both of them, and he had been the more derelict of the two. It had been five or six years now since her letter had come telling him of Durgan's death. He had delayed to answer till he should be able to send some substantial token of brotherly sympathy—"somethin' to help with the funeral," he had said to himself, "for Nora'd never be one to have a mean wake or to skimp with the carriages." But the time had never arrived, and now he was coming to her empty-handed.

"I'll help her with the bit of a place," he argued down his self-reproach. "I can be a good bit of use to her. I'll teach her some of them Chinese tricks of gardenin' I learned in the West. An' there'll not be so many to cheat her when it's known she has a man around to look out for her. As for goin' back to the army an' not burdenin' her—I'll not burden her, an' I'm too old for the army,

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anyway. That fever in China—I've never been the same man since."

He was out on the long road now that led to the open country. It was less changed than the center of the town. No trolley-line had spoiled its elms or lined it with "easily accessible" workmen's cottages. The old houses stood, each in its own acre or two, as they had done in his boyhood. Foley's heart beat a little faster as he glanced ahead. Nora and Durgan had taken the old place when Pat and Mary Ann Kehoe had gone away. He wondered if it was changed at all or if it still stood, its roof pitching over its single story, its shingles silver in the massed green of its lilac bushes.

A road wandered up a slope at his right. The tinkle of cow-bells sounded along it, and Foley looked to see two barelegged girls behind a half-dozen ambling, leisurely cows. Now that he was so near his journey's end, a sort of choking diffidence seized him. He dallied with the notion of his welcome, he delayed, he fell in behind the oblivious children, who pursued some argument shrilly.

"My mother," declared one breathlessly, "has a black silk for best an' a cashmere shawl an' a gold watch an' chain——"

"Pooh!" cried the other scornfully. "My mother's got a pink satin an' a diamond ring, an' when my Uncle Tim comes home we're goin' to live on the Common in Judge Cabot's place. My uncle is a general in the army."

"A general?" The questioner's voice wavered between awe and unbelief. Unbelief triumphed. "I don't believe a word you say, Nonie Durgan. You're the poorest people on the Lane—my mother says you are. A general! An' your mother goes out by the day."

"A general," repeated the other firmly. "He rides a white horse—snow white—with a bridle all set with precious stones. He's always sendin' my mother things—dresses an' rings——"

"Then why don't she wear none of them?" cried triumphant Skepticism. "My mother says she'd be ashamed to go out lookin' like your mother does."

"She's savin' her good things to wear when my uncle comes home an' we go to live with him in Judge Cabot's house," declared the other dauntlessly. "She says she wouldn't shame the neighbors by her fine things so long's we live in the Lane. He's goin' to send little Tim to college to be a priest, my uncle is, an' I'm goin' to have music lessons an'——"

They trailed on to the accompaniment of the cow-bells' slow, single note. Foley stood by a corner of the fence. His blue eyes gazed unseeingly at the vegetable garden stretching in loamy richness back to the little house, silver among its dark-leaved lilac bushes.

By and by he turned, sighing, and retraced his steps. When he came again to the place opposite the recruiting agency he paused irresolute. The early lights were shining palely in the street lamps.

"I can't. I'm tired of soldierin'," he said fretfully to himself.

The erect blue figure on which the street lights played, the promises beneath it—he knew them for what they were worth. Then he heard "a snow-white horse, a bridle all set with precious stones." He sighed and crossed the street.

Again Foley's vanity carried him up the dusty, narrow stairway and into the presence of the keen-eyed recruiting officer.

Proverbial Assurance

By CAROLYN WELLS

A MAN is known by the Company he floats.
Take care of the books and the funds will take care of themselves.
Monopoly is the best policy.
A good graft is rather to be chosen than great riches.
There's no tool like an old fool.
Don't kill the goose that buys the golden brick.

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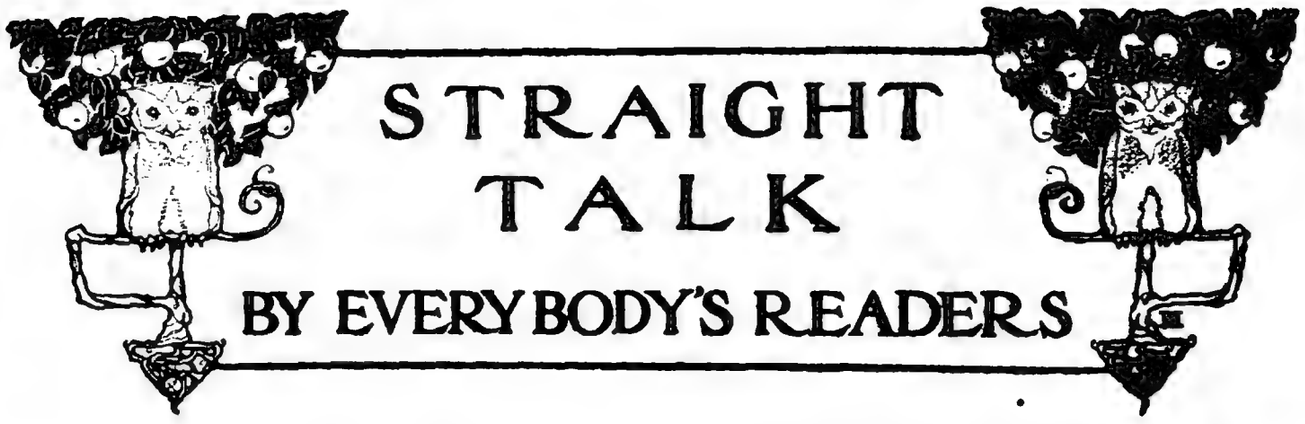

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

A COOPERATOR'S COMMENT

I HAVE read Mr. Russell's articles in EVERYBODY'S with great pleasure and profit. His last instalment, in the December issue, on "British Cooperation," is a very powerful and well-written article. Seldom have I read one so comprehensive and lucid, and yet I fear he has fallen into the too common mistake of supposing that an outside spectator is competent to describe what can only be realized by actual living participation.

True cooperation can only be interpreted by cooperators.

He says the "original idea of supplying a few staples of household consumption has been as far outgrown as that wretched one-dollar-a-week room in dismal Toad Lane."

Let me remind your readers that supplying household commodities was not the purpose for which the Pioneers opened a store. That was merely the means to the end.

A clause in the first rules of the society reads as follows:

"That, as soon as practicable, this society shall proceed to arrange the powers of production, distribution, education, and government," so that, in spite of its phenomenal success, the original objects of the promoters have not yet been outgrown.

Mr. Russell says he has seen cooperation tried twice in the United States, and fail, for which latter he gives the reasons.

I have been intimately identified with scores of cooperative societies in this country, most of which failed, but I never before knew them to do so for the reasons which he names.

I have known manufacturing concerns seek to induce their employees to establish cooperative stores in their midst, and offer them all the assistance in their power to do this.

In the early days of cooperation in Great Britain it was said that it would never grow beyond the minds and the morals of the people composing it. Is not this the answer to American cooperative failures?

Did space permit, I think I could show that cooperation is a radical cure for the world's disease, and that it has saved many others besides those who are already saved. I must, however, content myself with again repeating that I think Mr. Russell's article is a most excellent one and worthy the perusal of all students of sociology.

Lawrence, Mass. J. R.

THE PEOPLE'S TOOLS

I AM one of thousands who were delighted to learn of the series of articles with which EVERYBODY'S is to favor us from the pen of Charles E. Russell.

If we Americans will learn about what is being done in other countries that is truly helpful, we shall soon be in a position to remedy the evils that we all agree cannot continue, and for which some remedy must be found.

I am confident that the principle underlying the most successful movements that Mr. Russell will write about is that of cooperation.

I am satisfied that in cooperation we have a remedy that will do justice, not only to the great mass of producers, but to the struggling middle class of business men who are so often being driven to the wall.

Cooperation has within it the principles of justice and equality, without which no remedy can be satisfactory.

There are three kinds of cooperation: a limited cooperation, that some policy-wise firms are handing down to their men, to keep them satisfied.

Voluntary cooperation, in which a limited num-

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ber of people, restricted to one locality, cooperate in one or more industries.

It is evident that cooperation thus limited can be of no great value. The cooperation that will remedy existing wrongs and bring to the common people that prosperity and wealth that modern machinery and methods entitle them to must be national in its scope, and cover production, distribution, and transportation.

These activities are now carried on on so large a scale by great corporations and combines, that even suppose our Congress should pass and enforce all needful restrictive measures, it would not place the small business man and capitalist in a position so that he could compete with the big concerns.

These great activities, which furnish us the necessities and luxuries of life, and upon which we are all dependent, are privately owned, and the sole reason for this private ownership is to make profits out of the public.

Why, then, should not the people use the tool of government to own and control cooperatively monopolized industry? We should then be able to save for ourselves the great fortunes that are now being made off of us, both when we work and when we consume.

And industry would then serve us as justly as do the post-office and the public school.

Limited public ownership will not do, for if we own the railroad and the factory, but not the mine or source of raw material, we shall be held up on the price of raw material. In fact, the only safe condition for society is to own all industry upon which it is dependent.

The cooperation that will untangle our industrial snarl is the cooperation of public ownership.

This, of course, involves the necessity for a government that we control, and that we make serve us. But this is coming; in fact, monopoly is forcing us to realize that our united power in the national Government is the only power strong enough to cope with monopoly.

The tools of government are at our service. The duty of to-day is to find out what we need to do, and then do it.

Mr. Russell, I am sure, will help us to find out what to do. E. N. B.

Tacoma, Wash.

"BULLY FOR BEACH!"

KINDLY permit me to add my felicitations to those of the many who take delight in your delightful magazine, which, to me, at least, has grown to be a necessity. I have fairly reveled in the Lawson disclosures and the beef-trust exposé, and did not think you could get anything that would afford me more pleasure. You have, however, most agreeably surprised me in the new story by Mr. Rex E. Beach. It's a hummer. We have been treated to these sectional stories for a long spell now, and those of the South, especially, have been filled with a nauseating and sickly sentimentality and sectional prejudice. This Alaska classic, on the contrary, is a live story, full of the virility and primitive manhood of the man in front of the flag, and I for one tender you my thanks for what looks dangerously like the "American Novel," and say, "Bully for Beach" with genuine cordiality. S. M. G.

Jackson, Miss.

THE "OLD MAID" ENCORED

PLEASE let "the old maid"—if "old maid" she is, or still is after that article of hers, "The Autobiography of an Old Maid," in the December number of EVERYBODY'S, page 839—let her know that she is "necessary and important—or, at any rate, useful." That article of hers is apparently true to life, and if she will write some more like that they will be greatly appreciated. It is good to read an article which appears so artlessly true. One would be glad to look in on her in her old home in company with those new acquisitions of hers she contemplates having, to learn whether she had been successful in becoming a "happy old lady," and whether the others became happy, too.

Anyway, let her write some more—something as true to life as her last article. T. J. A. H.

Humberstone, Ont., Can.

"CRANKS"

THE single life for man or woman is the unnatural life, and the people who, through choice, lead a single life are, as a rule, unnatural people. Not only are they unnatural as regards matrimony, but when you get acquainted with them you will see that they have unnatural minds. We call them odd or perhaps cranks. I don't believe the old maid is to be considered fortunate or to be congratulated upon her lot. If there is any one who is to be congratulated upon the fact of her single-blessedness it is the person whom she might have married. As to the relative amount of happiness to be derived from single life and married life, I do not believe an old maid is competent to judge the case. I have been both married and single; she has not, and until she has I believe she is not justified in saying that married life is one of self-sacrifice on the part of the husband or wife.

To my mind nothing comes nearer fulfilling the divine ideal than for a young man and a young woman who are suited to each other to join their hearts and lives and go out into the world to bear life's burdens together, to share each other's joys and bear each other's sorrows. But they must be suited to each other. Their characters, tastes, ideals, and dispositions must be such that the natural every-day life of the one will not be distasteful to the other. Under such conditions

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there need be no living sacrifice on the part of either. C. V. C.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

A PLEA FOR THE BLACK SHEEP

I HAVE read with much interest all letters in this department, and especially those pertaining to child adoption. Will you kindly allow me to put in a plea for the poor little outcast with the red, red blood?

"Blood will tell" is only too true—"the black sheep in every family" bears witness to the fact that some time—somewhere—an alien streak has crossed the blue line and tainted it forever; but, my friends, it is the black sheep that most needs our prayers and love and care, and the blacker the sheep the more honor and glory to you for taking it, no matter what the case may be in the end. Do your best, and that will be much comfort to you, should the child go right or wrong; and no matter how far away it may stray, your teaching will not be wholly lost. The memory of a kindly word, a loving prayer, or a warm caress has stayed the hand of more than one criminal, and I would rather know that I had done this once than educate and care for a thousand well-born children that, in nine cases out of ten, would have come out right in the end anyway.

They all need us, but the redder the blood, the harder the climb, even in democratic America, and every lift you give will lift you, too, for it will not be a selfish lift in that case.

If you are contemplating the adoption of a child from a selfish motive, then by all means take the child that is well born, but if you are doing this to help the child in particular and the world in general, then give your attention to the poor little child of the black sheep, for he needs you.

Atlanta, Ga. J. E. J.

MISSIONARY MOTHERS

I CAN give E. S. E. the names of many people who have taken children not their own and "raised them," as they say here, and regard them as they would their own flesh and blood. No other investment will pay so well in love and happiness in my opinion as that of making a home for some homeless little one and bringing it up to Christian manhood or womanhood. Your heart will be full of love for it after a short time, and, as you have none of your very own, you will believe it impossible to love an own child more. Environment will offset the wrong tendencies of heredity, in nearly all cases. In fact, the best scientists claim that even disease is not hereditary, but that people are only predisposed in a certain direction.

Of course no one can tell exactly how any child will turn out, but you would have run that risk even with your little dream child, and love and intelligence and common sense go a long way in making good men and women, whether they be ours after the flesh or simply some of God's little ones whom we are "mothering."

Take your baby, two if you can afford it, and they will be company for each other (did you never have two dream children?); really the pleasure in one child is more than doubled in two, and the danger of one being spoiled or growing up too old for its years is lessened.

If there is one thing that should be encouraged more than any other form of missionary work it is just this, the taking of parentless children into childless homes that both may be blessed.

I would not go out of my way to adopt an illegitimate child, neither would I hesitate to take a "love child" to my heart if it came in my way. Nature knows little of a marriage certificate, and often the very qualities of mind and heart that caused the fond mother's fall may, properly trained, make for a splendid womanhood on the part of the daughter. Mrs. J. J. B.

Kansas City, Mo.

HATS OFF TO OHIO!

WHAT right has Mr. Wood to give such a description of the Ohio Reform School as to cause my boys to wish to be there? is the query of Mrs. M. H. S. in the December "Straight Talk." He has every right that any man has in a country where we have a free press.

The trouble is not with Mr. Wood, but with the standpoint of Mrs. M. H. S. If he has described the school as truly as he saw it, his part is done and he has benefited the country, because many of us are already asking why we cannot give our juvenile delinquents a fair chance instead of the poor schools which we now support.

Mrs. M. H. S. is wrong in two points: 1. She seems to begrudge the poor boys in Ohio their advantages because her sons do not have equal ones. This is a decidedly wrong and unpatriotic spirit. The country is to be kept in its position of power and integrity by the boys and girls who are now growing up, and they ought to have the very best training possible. Now Ohio stands for this, it would seem, for she takes the unfortunates who lack parental training, or who are more or less naturally vicious, and gives them a chance to become good and useful citizens. All honor to a State which is so far-sighted and enterprising.

2. Her attitude to *her* boys is wrong. A wise parent is willing for her children to learn the truth in any matter when they are old enough to comprehend it. Now if these boys are old enough to read EVERYBODY'S and understand Mr. Wood's article, they are old enough to be shown the weakness of boys who need truant-school discipline, the disgrace it brings to the boy, and the extremely sad case of boys whose parents are so unfaithful to their children, or else so weak-minded, that they do not give them proper correction.

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Now all fair-minded persons will deplore the conditions in which Mrs. M. H. S.'s boys are placed, and hope for a brighter day with better opportunities for the working people; but do not let us get down-hearted—our boys have a much better chance than the average boy in most other countries. Most of all let us congratulate the poor little fellows of Ohio that they have such a grand opportunity to become useful men and citizens. J. E. C.

Newton.

PUSH THE REFORM SCHOOL

MANY times I have read articles in EVERYBODY'S that have brought tears of joy or gentle sorrow to my eyes, and have wished that the tender thoughts that go with me for days afterward might, in some occult fashion, help the publisher and the author that have so helped me. Then would I resolve that a letter of appreciation to EVERYBODY'S should be written, telling of the joy and pleasure, benefits and uplift, amusement and instruction they are giving their readers, all the time pointing out and leading the way to better things.

When I read in the December number the, to me, beautiful, simple story of "On Christmas Day in the Morning," and from the first, tears of appreciation and remembrance filled my eyes and stayed there until the conclusion, I resolved I would wait no longer.

Mr. Wood's article on the Ohio Reform School was one that I felt must be seen and read by all. I told a number of the article, read it to others, talked of it to more, and, in the December "Straight Talk," found a letter concerning it that renewed my interest in it. M. H. S. clearly shows that others were also vividly impressed with the desirability of such schools for the general public as well as the unfortunate delinquents. But while we are working and waiting for the time to come when every boy may have such a school, by all means let the work along the line of reform schools such as this be pushed in every State. Why can we not have a series of articles along the line of reform work and education? You have been so successful in arousing interest and securing *results* along other lines that you have taken up, and surely this one of the best possible equipment of young America for future citizenship is full of the deepest importance. D. R. P.

Rochester, Pa.

THE BOY AND THE ROD

IN one part of a fine article on a "School for Boys," in the October EVERYBODY'S, the author says that corporal punishment for boys, bad boys, is commendable. I agree with him. The author gives an example of the bad boy, who falls on the floor, kicks, cries, screams, etc. I have seen that done by boys in school numbers of times, when the teacher would not be allowed to punish. Again, I've seen a ruffian fling a book into the teacher's face and likewise strike her, when she told him to see the principal. That boy was certainly "bad," and more. Likewise, I believe that no one should have denied the teacher the permission to punish the ruffian. In this case, the class interfered. Several of the boys seized the "bad" one and—well, he got his share.

That takes us to the law in our public schools; I mean the law regarding corporal punishment. I think it a downright shame that teachers are not permitted to punish directly. Boys—I'm speaking of them this while—have exceedingly short memories. By the time they arrive at the principal's office, they have forgotten why they are to be punished.

Indirect punishment hardly ever has a beneficial result, for by the time the tale has reached the principal, matters have changed and temper grown cold.

To this day I know some of my mates, all "very bad" boys, who say they are sorry now that blows missed them at school.

Another thing: Why are our school-teachers women that are not able to mete out punishment in a wholesome manner? For these the principal is beadle. Weak women, then, are not the proper educators for boys. "Like teacher, like student," says a German saying, and that is true. A woman can never bring out the manly traits in a boy. The woman's work is molding the heart, but never will she make a man out of a boy. Either the boy will master her or she will him and make an effeminate boy of him. R. A. J. M.

Milwaukee, Wis.

MILLIONAIRES, ATTENTION!

I HAVE a suggestion to make to any benevolently inclined millionaire who objects to pauperizing or insulting the people by the offer of gifts.

In a city like St. Louis, where the usual annual rental of residence property is at least ten per cent. of the selling value, build four or five hundred substantial, attractive, well-planned small houses in good neighborhoods, conveniently situated with reference to the business part of the city. There would be no difficulty in renting them, at ten per cent. of the cost, to careful, reputable, permanent tenants.

Charge up against each house three per cent. for interest, and all expenditures for taxes, repairs, insurance, and other expenses.

When one tenant has occupied a house for five years, credit him with the surplus earnings of that house as the first payment on the purchase price, the balance to be paid in monthly instalments.

A tenant who moves before the end of the five years should have no claim whatever upon the landlord; he has had the use of a good house at the usual rental.

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The plan would, I believe, encourage thrift, permanency, and care of property. Is it practicable?

A WOULD-BE TENANT-PURCHASER.

St. Louis, Mo.

HUMAN VAMPIRES

NOTING your careful exclusion of all forms of charlatanism from your magazine, I quote a few pertinent facts capable of verification, which should demonstrate the wisdom of your excluding all such nostrums and quackery from your magazine. It shows your determination to make EVERYBODY'S a factor in the moral, as well as intellectual, uplift of the race. A healthful mind cannot exist in a body benumbed by opiates or alcohol. I have in my possession reports from State chemists showing that most of the much-lauded nostrums recommended for aches, pains, rheumatism, headaches, etc., contain, when sold in liquid form, an opiate, and when in pill form, a poisonous coal-tar derivative. Nearly all so-called nerve and blood tonics are liquor, with a small amount of some cheap bitter added. Nearly all patent cough syrups are loaded with morphin. Practically all the advertising self-styled specialists are fakes of the worst sort who, being unable to succeed by the honest practise of medicine, resort to this device of preying on the minds of afflicted persons. By creating a drug habit, they may hold their patient indefinitely. If all newspapers and magazines would refuse to print the false statements and ridiculous testimonials of these people, we should soon stamp out these human vampires who exist solely on the credulity of the public. DRUGGIST AND PHYSICIAN.

Boston, Mass.

A DESPERATE NEED

THE recent case of the New York woman who committed suicide, leaving her husband in an insane asylum and her six children unprovided for, is a striking commentary on the inadequacy of the means for relief of the suffering. It is said that the family was a worthy one, the parents industrious and thrifty. But when insanity stops the man's ability to support his family, and the woman finds herself unable to earn a maintenance for herself and children, no alternative seems to present itself to her but to take her own life and leave society to solve, as best it can, the problem she found insoluble.

It has been stated that at least two persons of intelligence and education—a minister and a public-school teacher—were aware of the condition of the family. Had either of these persons known of any means whereby the woman might have continued her life of usefulness, and the children might have retained their home, it is presumable that such means would have been made known to her and the tragedy averted.

Obviously neither had any practical plan to lay before this despairing wife and mother. All knew that the State would maintain the insane man and provide for the orphans; and again, it seemed expedient that one should die for the many, since society has so far failed to learn the more excellent way. There was no organization that could say to the woman: "The State stands ready to assist your children, but not necessarily at the cost of your life. What money it would expend to maintain them in its asylums, it would willingly turn over to you to enable you to keep them in the home you have honorably established. If sixty-five dollars a month has proved sufficient to maintain your family, forty dollars will do it now that the State has assumed the care of the unfortunate insane. Both economy and humanity will be subserved by your continued life."

Can no means be devised that will render funds raised through taxation or private charity available in cases like this? Is the "system" so complex and unwieldy that it defeats its own purpose? Who shall simplify it and show us how to do good with intelligence and economy? E. W. B.

Newark, N. J.

IN DEFENSE OF DOCTORS

THE assertions of the author of the article "Stuffed to Death," in the September number, are so very unreasonable that it is not probable that many would be so unwise as to be misled by them. That "one-half the deaths in this country" are caused by the medical profession overfeeding the sick is so evident a misstatement that refutation would seem unnecessary; still it seems to me the article should not go unchallenged.

Abundant, nourishing food is an absolute necessity in the successful treatment of tuberculosis and is of more value than all the drugs ever given. Nourishing food, fresh air, and rest are the three things to be first considered in a case of tuberculosis. All other considerations are secondary. I say this because these three things are essential in maintaining the vitality of the patient and in developing a power of resistance against the encroachments of the disease, for it is a fact that the hope of cure rests entirely upon the resistance and vitality shown in each individual case.

In order to be successful the physician must attend to this hygienic phase of treatment in its minutest details and give directions with as much care as he does in the giving of medicines.

Tuberculosis is a wasting disease and attended with loss of weight and strength from the very outset, and this loss must be met by an abundant dietary, using choice in selecting a variety and endeavoring to procure those forms of food which will give the greatest amount of nourishment with the least labor to the digestive organs. Specific directions can only be given to each individual case.

Sheridan, Mo. H. P. M., M.D.

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WITH THE PROCESSION

A LOCK CANAL

It is supposed that President Roosevelt believes that the Panama Canal shall be a lock canal. This is in accordance with the recommendation of the five American engineers who signed the minority report of the Board of Consulting Engineers. It is also in accordance with the majority of American engineering opinion, and with American sentiment, which wants the canal built as soon as possible. The sea-level canal, however desirable, is too remote in point of time.

KOREA

At the moment of going to war with Russia Japan expressed "the gravest concern" about "the integrity" of Korea. Now, possessing by the treaty of Portsmouth, so far as Russia is concerned, "permanent political, military, and economical interests" in Korea, Japan is assuring that integrity with a vengeance. The lady is inside of the tiger. The Japanese protectorate or occupation is said to be unnecessarily harsh. The emperor protests. It must be remembered, however, that the Koreans are among the most gifted liars in the world; that the nation has scarcely impressed unprejudiced recent travelers favorably; that Japan is doing at least no more than Russia would have done had she won; that the Koreans seem too weak and decadent to take care of themselves; that the Japanese are probably too shrewd to squeeze the orange too hard; and that if it turns out that any American interests in Korea are injured the United States will be apt to find in Japan, with whom they will treat directly in regard to Korean affairs, a friendly inclination.

IRRIGATION AND IMMIGRATION

A natural yet rather curious result of the legislation for the reclamation of arid lands and the national irrigation system is an increase in the immigration to the Northwest. It may be true that the immigration laws have recently been better enforced, but it seems clear that the provisions of the reclamation act have been well advertised in Europe, and have attracted a class of competent small farmers, Germans and Scandinavians many of them, with a capital of $500 to $1,000 or so. It will be remembered that the Government provides easy terms for buyers of irrigable lands. Payments may be spread over ten years before title passes. The ultimate cost is some $25 an acre, so that the land is not cheap, in a sense. On the other hand, it will probably be worth two or three times the cost by the time it is paid for. Nobody can have more than eighty acres; if the farm be near a town, more than forty. The buyer must cultivate the land personally for five years, anyway. He pays no cash until after the first year's crops. The terms are liberal. To small foreign farmers with a land-thirst and a home-thirst, what could be more inviting? As usual, no drums or trumpets celebrate what is really important. This quiet building up of the country

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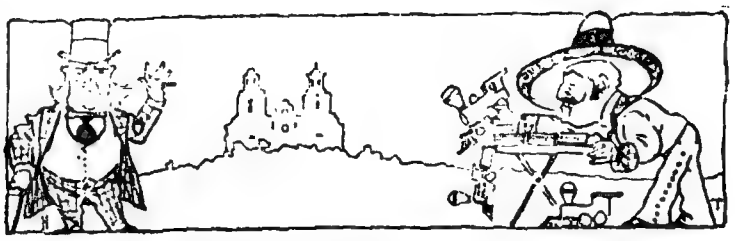
in its agriculture, its prime interest, "is labor that in lasting fruit outgrows far noisier schemes."



DO YOU WANT TO BUY SOME RAILROADS?

IN "the halls of the Montezumas" one bright dream is below par. The Mexican Government would like to sell to any one its fifty-one per cent of the so-called "merger system" of railroads. These are: The National Railroad of Mexico, which runs from Laredo, on the Texan frontier, to the City of Mexico, and includes certain great branches; the Mexican International, between Eagle Pass, on the Texan frontier, and Durango, with branches to Monterey and elsewhere; the Interoceanic, from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz, and its branches, and the Vera Cruz and Pacific, from Cordova to Santa Lucrecia, on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Government ownership of railroads may be a boon in the present and the bright goal of the future; but Mexico seems to be very sick of it.

A NEW VIKING HERO

To the new kingdom of Norway come new and unfading laurels. Captain Ronald Amundsen in a Norwegian expedition has fulfilled the dream of many generations of explorers and navigators by finding the Northwest passage; and he has found also the north magnetic pole. More than glory enough for one man and even one nation.

BEELZEBUB, THE LORD OF FLIES

IN spite of Uncle Toby, it may be held that the fly is not merely a poor devil, but a form of the devil himself, and outdeviled by the mosquito only. Who has not read about that strange "sleeping sickness" which finds so many victims in Central Africa? They sink into a fatal lethargy. Between 1901 and 1904 more than 100,000 persons died of it in Uganda. Where it appears, the majority of the population may be regarded as dead men. The British Government has discovered that the sleeping sickness is caused by a blood parasite which enters the body by means of a fly bite. Little or no pain is felt at the time. The parasite, sucked up by the fly from the blood of the animal it bites, multiplies in the man. For even as long as three years he may not know that anything is the matter with him. At last the protozoan reaches the cerebrospinal canal. The lymphatic glands of the neck are affected. The blood-vessels of the brain are obstructed. The brain is no longer nourished. Death is unavoidable. Of course the natives see no connection between the fly bite and the death so long removed. They let the flies bite, and will not even take the trouble to brush them off. The white man cuts down the jungle about his house, and makes that fly-proof and mosquito-proof. Though they know the cause of the disease, the doctors are powerless to save the natives.

MILE ROCK LIGHT

STEVENSON would have gloated over the building of Mile Rock Lighthouse. Mile Rock, jagged, ragged, at the entrance of San Francisco Harbor, has long been a danger and terror to sailors. It is but sixteen feet above mean low water. At mean high water its surface area is but 1,000 square feet. Too big at the base to be blown up. Surrounded by a collection of perilous swift eddies and currents. Government engineers made plans for a lighthouse there, but who would build it? A San Francisco man, James A. McMahon—and bully for McMahon!—took the contract. He took out a lot of skilled laborers in a schooner. They looked at Mile Rock and respectfully declined. They wanted to live. So McMahon gathered a force of those amphibious dare-devils called "deep-sea" sailors. They went to work last fall. Sometimes they could work an hour a day; sometimes not at all; and always they took their chances, and were copiously banged, bruised, all but drowned. The first thing to do was to chisel the rock, so as to leave a pinnacle. Round this steel plates were to be set, forming a cylinder forty-two feet high, to be filled with cement, and so, with the cooperation of the pinnacle, made considerably solider than the solid rock. The shape of the rock was such that an elliptical base, forty feet by twenty-five at its widest, had to be built. Outside this was the rock's "slippery slope," like Gettysburg's in the poem. The amphibious Mc-

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Mahonites had to come up to the rock in boats, jump ashore as they steadied these on the crest of the wave, tumble into the seething caldron sometimes, be yanked difficultly out, creep, crawl, cling, climb, swim—man-flies, man-fish, man-barnacles. Sometimes the storm raged so that they could not be taken off for hours. In three months the rock was chiseled, and awaited the plates. Think of the job of landing all that heavy stuff: the 1,200 barrels of cement for the foundation; the tons of steel for the base and for the tower, fifty feet high, which is to surmount it, and carry a third-order light and a fog signal. A plucky, skilful, and memorable work. Again we say: Bully for McMahon and his amphibious deep-sea men!

PEANUTS!

AT the word we smell not only that good food of man and child and beast, but the sawdust of the circus. The lions roar. The clown pours out his pleasantries. The tender crackling of shells is heard all around. Peanuts! Peanuts in the South, the West, the North. In the United States, a nut contemporary tells us, are 350,000 acres of peanut land and 170,000 peanutters. Three hundred million pounds of peanuts, worth $11,000,000, are produced here every year; and yet people talk of "peanut" politicians contemptuously. There are whole epic poems in the peanut. It is accomplished, the Admirable Crichton of nuts. Every part of it is useful. It beats peas and corn as a fattener of stock and poultry. It enriches the soil as well as the farmer. Praise, honor, and eat the peanut!

TALL TIMBER OF THE ANTIPODES

ONE by one the laurels drop, the "records" depart. For years have we not revered and sworn by "the big trees" of California? Surely, these were of all woods the skyscrapiest. Now our Australian brethren exalt their horns and point with pride to a certain or uncertain *Eucalyptus colossea*, said to be flourishing in the Dandenong Mountains, not far from Melbourne. This stands 494 feet, and is still growing. Can the United States beat it? Are all the American forest giants felled or measured?

BENEFACTORS OF THE BALD

ONCE upon a time, in fact last summer, there was a man who camped in Newfoundland. He was a good man, but, as to his top, substantially hairless, bald as an egg, as Mr. Rockefeller before St. Petroleum redecorated his roof and pinnacle. Mosquitoes, gnats, sand-flies, many kinds of impish, flying things bit, stung, and maddened him. But a great compensation was in store for him. For, lo! the barren headpiece hath borne fruit. The marble top hath sprouted. A tender, promising down is thick upon that tract of hard and polished skin. That hunter has hopes of a head of hair worthy of a poet or a hair-restorer advertisement. What caused this surprising crop? Mosquito massage, constant stimulation of the scalp, encouragement of the scalp, by that supposed enemy of the human race. It must have been the mosquito. No other bird has humor enough to conceive such a job.

NEW SCHOOL OF PHILANTHROPY

HERE is an excellent suggestion from an acute friend in St. Louis:

"I have read in the 'Procession' of Schools of Philanthropy in Boston, New York, and Chicago. These are of a general character, if I am rightly informed. But this is the age of specialism. Will not the great insurance philanthropist McCurdy, Senior, endow a School of Insurance Philanthropy? McCurdy, Junior, would be Dean of it; McCurdy, Senior, President, and Professor of Pure and Applied Insurance Philanthropy. McCall, Senior, would be Professor of Ethics. Depew would lecture on Altruism. G. W. Perkins would be Professor of Philanthropic Bookkeeping. 'Judge' Hamilton would deal with the Legal Aspects of Philanthropy. 'Our rantankerous friend up the river' would discuss 'Philanthropic Books That Have Not Been Published.' Tarbell would have a course on 'Goodness Always Gets a Rebate.'

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But I need not go into details. Is the plan a good one?"

It is better than good. But do not expect to get Mr. Perkins into the Faculty. He is too bashful.

A LONDON THOROUGHFARE

FAST disappears that old, shabby, narrow London dear to some of us ancients who have the happiness or regret to remember Temple Bar. Wide avenues, new buildings, "splendid" hotels—but everything used to be so much more picturesque and uncomfortable! The other day Edward VII and Queen Alexandra opened the street from the Strand to Holborn. The land alone cost $30,000,000. What was once, perhaps, the choicest nest of rookeries in London is thus reclaimed and dedicated to modernity. London is far from being incorrigibly beautiful. Still, we live in hopes of seeing the glorious day when it may be said of London, as the intrepid discoverer, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, said of Paris, that it has no slums. The London County Council is not niggardly. It bought 1,200 feet of land in Piccadilly and St. James's Street at the rate of $5,000,000 an acre, a fair price even according to New York standards.

SELF-MADE SHIMOSE

KILLING is more prized than writing. Consequently Dr. Shimose is more famous for the explosive powder named after him than for that counterfeit-defying ink of his on Japanese bank-notes. He is a good specimen of the self-made Japanese, "inheriting nothing but poverty and health," born in the poorest circumstances, borrowing books, studying and starving, taking the highest honors at the Imperial University, and now, at less than fifty, ranking among the great chemists and inventors of the world.

NORTHWESTERLY THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY

THE Great American Northwest, including that stalwart region which Colonel Donan used to call the Banana Belt, is growing so prodigiously that it will scarcely have time even to pish at theories of its greatness. A writer in the *American Inventor*, however, puts forth an ingenious and a plausible argument to show that mankind has "an inherent tendency" to move in a northwesterly direction. From Egypt—it would be more geographically exact to say Persia and Babylonia—the seat of empire and civilization passed to Greece, Italy, Germany, France, England. Most of the explorers of the New World took northerly routes. London, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington grow constantly to the northwest. New York does, so far as it can. If Pittsburg spreads eastward, it is because it cannot help itself, geography being mainly responsible. The majority of cities, according to our theorist, seek the northwest. Finally, the north pole has always been more fascinating to the adventurers of science than the south pole, and the Northwest passage has just been found after an age-long quest. Mighty interesting reading for the American and the Canadian Northwest; and the rush to the Klondike might be cited as another confirmation of the hypothesis.

SCHOOL OF SOCIALISM

MRS. E. D. RAND, of Burlington, Iowa, who died last year, bequeathed about $200,000 to endow a school of socialism. For twenty-five years the income will be used "to provide an intellectual center for the socialistic movement in the United States." This intellectual center will be established in the city of New York, and it is hoped to form branch schools in other cities. There will be a building, with reading and meeting rooms, and lecture courses on socialism, popular science, "the relation of the different arts and literatures to social development." Teachers and workers of socialism will be trained. General culture will be considered. Distinguished foreign socialists will be imported. Finally, the school will try to collect and furnish correct information about socialism for the use of teachers and writers not socialists. The school will be opened next fall. The program seems ambitious, and the endowment slight; but in the present state of the public mind, sound knowledge about socialism is sorely needed. A strong socialistic tendency may be detected in legislation, in municipal government; but mighty few persons who are not socialists seem to know just what socialism is. Anarchism and socialism are often confused. Almost anything new proposed by one party and opposed by the other is apt to be called "socialism." "Socialist" to some extent is a word of ignorant abuse. Let people find out what socialism is, and decide whether they want it or not.

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NO MORE PASSES

PRESIDENT CASSATT, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has ostentatiously torn up his free list. Never again, he proclaims, will anybody ride free on the Pennsylvania Railroad except the President of the United States. One railroad after another has long been trying to get up its nerve to make this announcement. Newspaper people, politicians, and grafters have been the principal recipients of passes. The newspaper reporter or editor who receives a pass takes it as an implied bribe to "be friendly." So does the politician, but less hypocritically. The grafter takes it just as he would take a red-hot stove if he could handle it profitably, because he needs the money it represents. The abuse has grown until at least one passenger in ten rides free. The return to the railroads is small out of all proportion; it is cheaper for them and as effective to buy advertising outright; the dead weight of cash in the drawers of the advertising department is most potent to tilt the editor up-stairs to a favorable bias. It is cheaper, too, to buy the necessary politicians outright and more easy to hold them to their sinful responsibility when thus bought. Finally, we are all beginning to learn that having to do with grafters is never profitable. The Pennsylvania has rid itself of a great and expensive nuisance and has gone far in the process of removing an insidious source of corruption from the lower orders of journalism and statesmanship.

THE PRESIDENT'S RAILROAD FARES

THE exception regarding the President of the United States is patriotic, but amusing. The railroad elaborates it by saying that it is a public duty to convey the President with extraordinary care in a special train under especially safe conditions, and that no money can be paid which would make adequate return for such service. There is at present agitation looking to the purchase and maintenance of a presidential train in which Mr. Roosevelt and his successors may make their progresses around the country. The movement actually resulted from an effort to discredit Mr. Roosevelt when he was a candidate for reelection by giving to the newspapers, surreptitiously and with unpleasant intent, details as to the actual cost of the favors which he had accepted from the railroads. (Other Presidents had accepted the same favors—but they were not as independent of the friendly interest and sympathy and approval of corporation influences as is Mr. Roosevelt, and the corporations hated to hurt their tender feelings by giving out unpleasant data.) Once the matter was called to his attention, Mr. Roosevelt, with characteristic frankness, acknowledged the iniquity of his own practise; since then he has strenuously paid his own fare. The President is always on Government business, even when he is taking his recreation. He is a bureau of the Government all in himself. The employer is supposed to pay the traveling expenses of his employees. We say we believe our President is bigger than any king—and we treat him worse than a hired man.

THE BIGGEST DRY DOCK

HAMBURG, which as a port seems to have beaten its brilliant rival, Antwerp, is building a dry dock which will be the largest in the world. It will lift 35,500 tons, which is a little more than twice the capacity of the present leviathan of dry docks. Thus the biggest ships of the world can be docked at Hamburg by the end of 1907 or beginning of 1908, when this dock will be finished. Some persons, themselves a good deal slower than the procession of facts, affect to believe that our German friends are "slow." The pace they are setting the world in industrial, commercial, and territorial expansion, in the construction of ships for the navy and the merchant marine, in growth of wealth and income, in business education and adaptability, in hunting and doing business, is just about the fastest now visible anywhere.

CONCRETE BRIDGES

CONCRETE is becoming, so to speak, the only wear for bridges, at least where the span is not so long as to make necessary a reenforcement by a network of twisted steel rods, the framework or skeleton of the bridge. This skeleton is filled in and over with concrete, the soft body of those steel bones. In a few days that soft material takes on a

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granite solidity. It is cheaper by a third than steel. It takes care of itself. And the older it grows the stronger it gets, a habit much to be desired for mortal men. An all-concrete bridge is building in Philadelphia. In the same town are going up two steel-span bridges, whose beds, approaches, and abutments are concrete. It is curious to recall that the essential solidity of Roman architecture, so famous for solidity, the "unseen substance" of the Roman building of the best period was a concrete of which a cement of singularly cohesive power was the chief ingredient.

PROPHETS AND PROFITS

If there are no genuine prophets and clairvoyants now, it must be because they have got rich and have retired from business. They bought Northern Pacific, for instance, at a quarter of one per cent. in 1895 and sold it for 214 in 1905. They stored away Union Pacific in 1896 at 3½, and parted with it last summer at 134. They loaded their strong boxes with Atchison at 8¼ in 1897, and brought it out at 90 this year. Their prophetic eyes saw that Reading common at 4⅝ was sure to reach 120 odd; that Northern & Western would rise in ten years from ⅛ to 86; that Erie common would shoot from 10 to 48; that Southern Pacific, despised at 12, would be worth 69 odd in October, 1905; that Baltimore & Ohio would jump from 9 to 112. Dear, dear! how easy it is to get rich by hindsight! Meanwhile, those of us who were not prophets and clairvoyants may get some satisfaction in seeing so many bankrupt railroads put on their feet, and the general prosperity mirrored in such comparative tables of earnings as these: Atchison, net earnings, 1895, five millions odd; 1905, seventeen millions odd; Union Pacific, net earnings in 1895, seven millions; in 1905, twenty odd.

TEMPER POWDERS

When your angry passions rage,
And their fire roars louder,
Fury's flame would you assuage?
Swift on that hot ash dump bromide of potash;
Gulp a temper powder!

Sir Lauder Brunton, English physician of note, says that when you hear bad news, grow peevish, or explode, when your liver makes you "touchy," irritable, and cranky, then you should take, or some member of your family should give you, a dose of bromide of potash or some other quieting drug. The result of quieting drugs is keener irritability. Sir Lauder must mean to be understood allegorically. He sees how often a man's wife, family, or friends have to be stung and bitten when a man is "out of kilter" and vents his state of mind or liver upon those nearest him. Open-air powders, exercise powders, change-of-scene powders are much to be preferred. A good old formal remedy was to count until that mechanical means drove the demon of wrath away. Here are simples of the same sort:

1. Repeat the names of the Presidents, forward and backward.

2. "Bound" three States and a Territory (most effective).

3. Hop across the room and back three times on one leg and three times on the other.

4. Say all the "eeny, meeny" and other "counting-in" rhymes you remember.

5. Chant "Let dogs delight to bark and bite" till you "feel better." Most ill temper is "nerves." Practises such as we have recommended "work it off," dissipate the heat, change the motion. They may be compared with relieving, harmless, unblasphemous, magical swearing such as: Gingerbread, gimcracks, Jupiter, juleps, johnnycake, Jackson, Georgia, John. Say it when you "feel like" nagging your family.

ROOSEVELT'S DAM

Roosevelt, an Arizona town of some 3,000 souls, was not rightly named. It is too near Salt River, a stream not to be thought of in connection with the livest and liveliest of Presidents. So Roosevelt will go out of business by 1908. To tell the truth, Roosevelt is but a camp of dam builders. The "highest dam in the world," 240 feet high—O Arizona, exalt thy horn!—is building across Salt River Cañon, an irrigation dam that will make a lake, under which Camp Roosevelt will be buried some 170 feet beneath the surface; a lake spreading water over 250,000 acres of now barren land, thenceforth to blossom like the rose. A canal carries the water to Phœnix. The works will be run by electricity, with a power canal some nineteen miles long and a tunnel nearly two miles (some 9,000 feet, anyway). On the whole, if one wants to "do things" in this age, engineering ought to make him happy.

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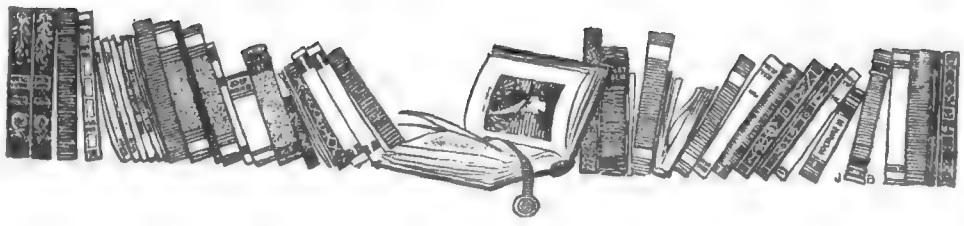

A Row of Books

"THE ANCIENT GRUDGE"

When it comes to stories of American realism, of which there is certainly a generous number nowadays, we are always grateful for one which is good enough to afford a supply of fairly interesting incident to set off and vivify the inevitable abundance of "local color," and we feel ourselves obliged to Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier for his clever history, entitled "The Ancient Grudge" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Here a number of definitely entertaining things venture to happen—to go through what Charles Reade once called the hollow form of taking place—and we do not feel ourselves at all swallowed up in the possibly important hue and color of the locality and deprived of the reasonable joys founded upon the popular facts of activity and incident which, there is reason to believe, the reader who pays his money for a novel feels should be included for the price. The tale opens with an exceedingly clear and unhampered account of how Floyd Halket saved Stewart Lee from drowning in the course of the Chester Water Carnival, on the Massachusetts coast; and we are carried along through an interesting consideration, involving many vivid details, of how Lee came to fret and gird under his sense of great obligation to his friend, how he quarreled with him at Harvard, how he took part against him in the riotous strike at the Halket Steel Mills, how he discharged his debt tragically at last. We have a somewhat faint memory of a German proverb which declares, as it seems to us, that "*Wer borgt einem Freund, kriegt leicht einen Feind.*" That is, one who is put under an obligation comes to be aware of a highly galling attitude of inferiority, and to feel a very bitter resentment in consequence. Oblige somebody in order to make an enemy. An absurdly wrong manifestation of human nature, but one of which that same nature is quite capable. The idea is set forth here with much cleverness and effect. An excellent story.

"BACK HOME"

An effective humor, gentle in its progression, greets us in Eugene Wood's charming book, "Back Home" (McClure, Phillips & Co.). The simple dialogue pursued in the introduction is full of irresistible and excellent humorous effect. The persistent lady conversing while the amiable gentleman is reading is a real figure known to us all. We were all aware of Mrs. Nickleby, Thackeray said, in effect, but when, before Dickens, had she been so perfectly, in so finished and overwhelming a manner, set before us? So here. These domestic distractions, that are at the same time joys, that make us growl, but with which we would not dispense, are a comfort, a blessing, not always immediately perceived, that we love to see artistically reproduced. It is one of the remarkable facts of our literary opportunities and experiences that the skilful hand now and then formulates effectively for us the thought that we had entertained only vaguely and with no real grasp of its potentialities. Here are many things recalled. They are of our experience, and yet somehow we pass them over. This book does for us what we inadvertently or through our incompetence neglect to do. Observe in the illustration the lady who has arranged for the upper crust of a pie and is engaged in cutting off the superfluous edge.

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We ourselves always wondered why there should be any curtailment of possible pie-crust. Still, there is something to be said for form. Observe in the lady's pleasant facial aspect the assurance that she is doing what is right. An excellent book, which, in all its chapters, whether treating of the firemen's tournament, the swimming-hole, circus day, the county fair, or Christmas, has furnished us with unalloyed delight.

"JULES OF THE GREAT HEART"

We were never especially enamored of dialect. We like the road that has been made easy by thoughtful and friendly hands. Joltings and "thank-you-marms" we leave by preference to those whose undulled ardor leads them to be grateful for difficulties and sharp disturbance. We love, admire, and even venerate the French language as much as we should think that Anglo-Saxon aliens and incompetents ought ordinarily to be expected to do; and yet, in surmounting Lawrence Mott's story of "Jules of the Great Heart" (The Century Company), we have found ourselves wishing that the French language had not been invented to make particular difficulties and exasperations for us, and to render our business of story-reading more arduous than it might be, even under the lightest and most merciful conditions. We recognize the strong and interesting character of Jules and of his great heart, and yet we ask ourselves, when so much and such excellent pathos is possible in the speech which is entirely plain to us, why we should have to read, in order to delight and edify ourselves with this valuable and doubtless charitably intended tale, such things as:

"A shrill cry, and a woman leaped past him into the open. 'Jules! Jules!' she screamed in ecstasy, and ran to the form that had fallen helpless. 'Marie—oh, Marie, dat toi h'at las?' Verbaux whispered as he felt warm arms about his neck and saw the longed-for face, as in a dream, looking into his. 'Mon Jules!' the woman sobbed, and pillowed the weary head in her lap. . . . Verbaux opened his eyes. 'C'est ben toi, Marie?' He groped for her hand. The woman kissed his bleeding lips for answer. 'Tu loove me encore?' She sank her face against his and her tears trickled over his shoulders. 'Ah attend so long pour toi!' she murmured softly. Jules sighed. 'Le Grand, v'ere ees he?' Marie asked. 'Mort!' he answered huskily. 'An' dat Annaotaha?' she asked again. 'Keel!' and his voice thrilled with anger. 'An'—an' toi, Jules?' Her voice trembled and she gazed steadily into the deep gray eyes. Verbaux smiled, and kissed the thin hand that caressed his forehead. 'Moi? je suis content!'"

A vivid and eventful tale; but why, after all, should we go across the border after a dialect in order to augment our knowledge of human disaster and sorrow? We know, but still we venture the question.

"THE WAYBACKERS"

If we ourselves are not particularly fond of dialect, still we find that dialect readily discovers for itself an abundant place in the world of fiction. As we lay down the French-Canadian specimen, we pick up the Yankee. In "The Waybackers," by Joe Cone (The Colonial Press), we find a number of homely matters and a plenty of dialect. We find that the river was frozen over in Narrowville. We find that conditions of life are alleged to have been narrow in the place named. We find that Jim Weeks, quite in the human way, puffed vigorously at his pipe when he thought it was going out. We find Jed Martin saying: "Purty fair breeze, but nothin' t' what I seen one fall when I wuz daown t' Hadley vis'tin' my brother Rob. Went daown t' go duck shuttin' 'long the shore uv Long Islan' Saoun'. Wall, sir, thet night it come on t' blow, an' talk erbout wind!" We wonder why Jed Martin could not have had the kindness to correct his speech. It would have saved much trouble to the author, to the printers, and to us. Why in the world should he have been at the painful pains to say "shuttin'" for "shooting"? Surely nobody else ever said it. We find Mrs. Perkins saying: "Wall, they hain't nobuddy new come sence I writ my las' letter, 'cept a Mr. Montgomery frum New York. He's a 'markable fine young man, Jane, an' we reckon he's got lots uv money the way he leaves it layin' raound." Why did Mrs. Perkins talk so? Had we, or other readers, ever done anything to her? Had we been ungenerous? Had we caused her pain? Everybody in the book talks the same way, and that is the divvle of it. In Artemus Ward's handsome and cherished phrase, "It is 2 mutch." We have seen reasonable and amusing things from Mr. Joe Cone. He has not crowded this book with them.

"THE PRINCESS PRISCILLA'S FORTNIGHT"

In "The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" (Charles Scribner's Sons), we have

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a particularly witty and delightful tale. A singular charm marks the writing in its opening part. Priscilla was bored by her life as a German princess, and ran away to England with Fritzing, the court librarian, an excellent scholar, sixty years old. A prince went after them. He found them reading Greek in a cottage, doubtless draped with woodbine and animated with morning-glories, and carried the princess back home. She was only two weeks away, as the title indicates, but that was long enough for the purposes of a singularly graceful and entertaining story.

"MR. BILL: A MAN"

WE wonder if it would seem impertinent to suggest to publishers that they should cut the leaves of the novels that they send to reviewers. We know the joy that people with literary enthusiasms used to feel at the opportunity to make their slow, laborious way through a volume with a paper-cutter. It was as nice as a black and damp newspaper. The joys of some are the distress of others. We have conscience and a certain willing habit of laborious work. We have two paper-cutters, if it is permitted to us to establish details. We have cut up and down and across far into the story of "Mr. Bill: a Man," by Albert E. Lyons (Richard G. Badger, Boston). We do not think it desirable that a novel should be written quite in the form of a sociological document. Some art, involving dramatic interest, should be involved. Persuade us, who are novel readers, by the sharp illustration rather than by the professional sermon. Surely we all remember the lawyer who wrote a novel and who informed us that the hero sank upon his knees before the heroine and "stated his emotions substantially as follows." We have seen novels a-plenty which justified the positive truth and verisimilitude of this anecdote. We have good reason to believe that its humor is not perceptible by some. This book by Mr. Lyons seems to us to lack the art necessary to the proper effect. "You are a socialist of the darkest dye," says the president of the industrial corporation to Mr. Bill. As a novel reader we wish that he had not said it. We think it likely that it can be proved that he did say it. Still we wish, inasmuch as he is not put up as a humorous character, and inasmuch as we should like to entertain an artistic reverence for him, that he had left it unsaid. Mr. Bill is just as bad. We looked through the book for an assuagement of our feelings generated at this point. We could find none.

"THE TORCH"

THE difficulty of coming to sure conclusions in regard to certain questions of undoubted subtlety is illustrated in Mr. George Edward Woodberry's consideration of one of them in his book of essays, "The Torch," made up of eight lectures on the subject of race power in literature, delivered before the Lowell Institute of Boston in 1903 (McClure, Phillips & Co.). The essayist submits that he was taken tenacious hold of in boyhood by the thought that all he knew or should ever know was through something that had touched his body. The thought served to initiate him in the broader conception that the soul is the center, and that life—the world—radiates from it into the enclosing infinite. Wordsworth, however, presented the matter differently. In his poem imaging our infancy he caused the infant to begin with the infinite, and the boy and man to live in an ever-narrowing world, a contracting prison that at the end resolved life into a common and finite thing:

> "Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing boy,
> But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
> He sees it in his joy;
> . . . . . .
> At length the man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day."

This was the exact contrary of the essayist's conception that life was an expansion. Tom Hood was of Wordsworth's opinion:

> "I remember, I remember,
> The fir-trees dark and high;
> I used to think their slender tops
> Were close against the sky;
> It was a childish ignorance,
> But now 'tis little joy
> To know I'm further off from heaven
> Than when I was a boy."

Still another poet, Blanco White, not very familiar to readers of this day, shared the essayist's conception. He found that with the setting of the sun and the appearance of Hesperus at the head of the host of the nocturnal heavens, "creation widened in man's view." For our part, after pondering this question duly, we feel that it must remain open. We are grateful for the essays. They set forth the poets and their power. The last four consider Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth,

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and Shelley. They are eloquent, in themselves poetical, and, as we have indicated, subtle. We have found them full of interest.

"MRS. ALDERMAN CASEY"

In Irene Stoddard Capwell's story of "Mrs. Alderman Casey" (R. F. Fenno & Co.), Mrs. Casey converses in a form of English that has been indicated by some rather heroic misspelling, and the reader will find it necessary to penetrate a dialect that is not without its difficulties in order to secure the fruits of the tale. We do not think that he will be deterred. Anybody can see from the frontispiece that Mrs. Casey is a lady whose acquaintance is well worth making.

"HEART'S DESIRE"

We found ourselves interested, when we came to Emerson Hough's story of "Heart's Desire" (The Macmillan Company), in the part which told us of Dan Anderson, the lawyer, and Constance Elsworth, daughter of the capitalist and promoter, rather than the part which rehearsed the somewhat too generous conversation of Curley, man of the plains, enamored of his own speech, and the successful undertaking of Curley to provide a supper of canned oysters for the Littlest Girl from Kansas. We had entire sympathy with the reasonable appetite of the Littlest Girl, and we could well understand that Curley was a person of prowess, warranted in talking as much as he pleased; but the others interested us rather more, possibly for the reason that they were less detached and purely decorative, and more in the way of affording some dramatic entertainment. We did not find ourselves traversing the somewhat difficult areas of this story with eagerness; possibly we were impatient and rather hopeless in places; but we recognized a cleverness in manner and wished that the vital parts had been as good. It cannot be said that Curley talked without point, but it is indisputable that he took his time in coming to it. His story of the cross-eyed horse did not begin to have so good a pace as that ascribed to the animal about which it was told. We recall a story by Emerson Hough, "The Mississippi Bubble," which, in our memory of it, was marked by rather persistent and glittering action. We recall another, "The Law of the Land," which was rather insistent upon the establishment of "local color." There is a good deal of color of the kind in this tale, and we should call it a careful picture rather than a chronicle crowded with agitating events. Doubtless there are readers who hate to be agitated. We should think they might read this narrative without undue pain.

"A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC"

There is a style of story-telling which seems rather to dissipate itself in verbiage. We are not speaking now of Mr. Henry James. Mr. Anthony Hope is "another story" and another story-teller. In "The Prisoner of Zenda" he certainly came to the point. "The Dolly Dialogues" ran on, but surely the interest of the reader ran on with them. As for "The Heart of the Princess Osra," that was a piece of history whose uncommon loveliness might well abide in a memory even more burdened and less apt to gratitude than ours. But it has seemed to us that Mr. Anthony Hope, in the course of the last two stories of his that have come to our notice, has not persistently been at the pains to afford us quite that keen and unintermitted entertainment that his genius and his conscience insisted on once upon a time. Mr. Henry James, too, is a chronicler of light facts of the imagination who may be said to have two measures of concretion and interest. He occurred to us, as he manifests himself in his looser and more dissipated periods, as we came to Mr. Anthony Hope's story of "A Servant of the Public" (Frederick A. Stokes Company). Here, as we endeavored to get on, it seemed to us that the author had laid a deterring hand upon us and playfully and yet strenuously pushed us away from the understanding at which it would have pleased us to arrive. We desisted after a time from that comprehensive and finished advance which it is our simple belief that a story should persuade us and compel us to make. We know, however, that this is a delicately told tale; that the verbiage of it is sensitive and in its manner excellent. We should doubtless have got through with it if we had been braver.

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

THE STRIKE

AS we write (December 23d), we face a strike of the typesetters, threatened for January 1st. As you read, the strike may be on; or it may have been settled. If it has not been settled it is likely to run for weeks, and we may be late with the March number. We bespeak your patience if we are late and your indulgence if the work is not up to our high standard.

Strikes are bitter experiences for all concerned. They are essentially pagan. They follow when some man or group of men try to get or keep some money or advantage that does not belong to them. Most often the fault lies with the employer; often with the employees; sometimes with both. Strikes are inevitable as long as men drive or grind or oppress their fellows; as long as the spirit of greed and not the spirit of good prevails; as long as men, relying on brute power, refuse to discuss or concede or arbitrate. When a strike is won, the victory may vindicate a principle or it may not. In a strike, victory is to the strong—the strong may or may not be right. The, general public, without knowing why, instinctively abhors a strike. And well it may, for the general public always pays the bill.

The banding together of working men into unions may be a mighty good thing for the working men. It is their only weapon with which to fight the greed of avaricious employers. But employers have not the monopoly of avarice and greed. There are unions, puffed up with many successes, more selfish and arrogant, and less considerate of the interests and comfort of the public, than the employers. Time was when employees made requests of employers. Later they made demands. Now they simply notify the employers that on a certain date such and such changes will go into effect. To a man whose genius and nerve have built up a big business, the methods employed by the unions are particularly galling. Yet the employers are themselves most to blame for this condition. The requests of their men met with too scant courtesy. If employers had shown even a half-way interest in their employees, unions would never have been formed. The working men were taught that they must force all concessions, and what more natural than that sometimes they should use their new-learned power unfairly? It is human.

In this conflict between the employing printers and the striking typesetters, or compositors, as they are called, we shall not attempt to say which side has the right of it, but we shall give you an unprejudiced statement of the conditions and leave you to judge. The compositors of New York are as fine a body of working men as you will find anywhere. The nature of their work demands that they shall be above the average of intelligence. Their organization, Typographical Union No. 6—called Big Six—is a model. It finds employment for its eight thousand members, maintains a hospital for their sick, a farm for their convalescent, a fund for their unemployed, provides burial for their dead and an income for the widows and the fatherless. It tries to exercise a wise control over the number of apprentices, so that there shall always be enough men for the work, and not so many as to bring down the wages of older men. The compositors are splendid fellows—intelligent, alert, painstaking, responsible.

As a union they move carefully, cleverly,

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powerfully. Once they determine on a course they are persistent, unyielding, implacable. That is their record. They are working under an agreement with the employing printers which expires January 1, 1906. Months before the expiration of the agreement they served notice on their employers that on January 1, 1906, the scale of hours would change from nine hours a day to eight hours a day, with pay for nine hours. They gave the employers plenty of time to consider, plenty of time to prepare. They offered to debate the proposition before the national organization of the employing printers—the Typothetæ. They collected a big fighting fund from their own members, so much a week from each man. Some of the employers were not members of the Typothetæ. Big Six, unfairly we think, began to bear down on these last November on the theory that whipping a few independents into line early would help them in the greater battle with the Typothetæ January 1st. Unfortunately for their plans they unwisely engaged the Butterick Company, publishers of the *Delineator* and other magazines, and pattern-makers on a huge scale. Single-handed, the Butterick Company grappled with Big Six, and by the middle of December was running an open shop.

The Typothetæ has collected more than $100,000 for the struggle, and encouraged by Butterick's victory is prepared to make the fight of its life and incidentally for its life. The employers protest that they should be permitted to have some say in running their own business. Most of them believe in unionism, but they maintain that all shops should be open to a good man, whether a member of a union or otherwise. The United States Government has adopted the policy of the open shop. Certainly it is consistent with free institutions. Then the employers maintain that the foremen in their shops should represent them and not the unions. It will be hard for many of our readers to believe that the employing printer has no representative in his own shop. A practise of the unions which seems to the employer utterly bad and full of menace to the working men themselves is the deliberate curtailing of the output. Each man shall do so much and no more. The expert must kill time. Plain robbery of the employer and the public. A premium on incompetence. But most harmful to the man himself. Again, here is a machine costing so much and run by so many men. The union sets about seeing how it may crowd more men on to the machine and at the same time how it may reduce the daily product of the machine. It is un-American, unmanly, ungodly. If persisted in, so the employers say, industrial America will die as England is dying.

But the union is fighting for the eight-hour day. What about that? The union holds that eight hours is the natural work-day. Eight for sleep, eight for labor, eight for recreation. The employers say: "We have to work more than eight hours and so do most people in every line of work." The union rejoins: "But you granted the eight hours to your electrotypers." "Yes, because their work is disagreeable and even dangerous." "Working nine hours robs us of our sleep," say the compositors; "most of us live an hour's ride from the shop, which means we must get up at 5.30 in the morning, which means going to bed at 9.30 if we would have a full eight hours' sleep, which means that we must cut out practically all social affairs." "But," say the employers, "you already voluntarily work nine and a half hours five days in the week to get a half-holiday every Saturday. If it is such a hardship, why keep it up? Why not work Saturday afternoons, as thousands have to, and shorten up the other days?" The unions reply: "With the shorter day we shall be in better shape to work hard." The employers say: "We haven't seen any signs that you are looking for hard work. We shall take more stock in such arguments when you quit killing time and curtailing the output."

"Besides," say the employers, "we notice that in all this discussion you say a lot about reducing hours, but nothing about reducing wages. All the time you are trying to put wages up and hours and output down; who is going to pay for this sort of thing?" "Why, the public," says the union. "All that you employers have to do is to push your prices up all along the line. It won't cost you anything. The country is prosperous; why shouldn't we share?" The employers answer: "It is true the public is prosperous and the public in the end pays the bills, but there is a limit to what the public can and will stand. What guarantee have we and the public that your union won't ask for seven hours or even six hours, a higher scale of wages, and a constantly diminishing product? It is mighty

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